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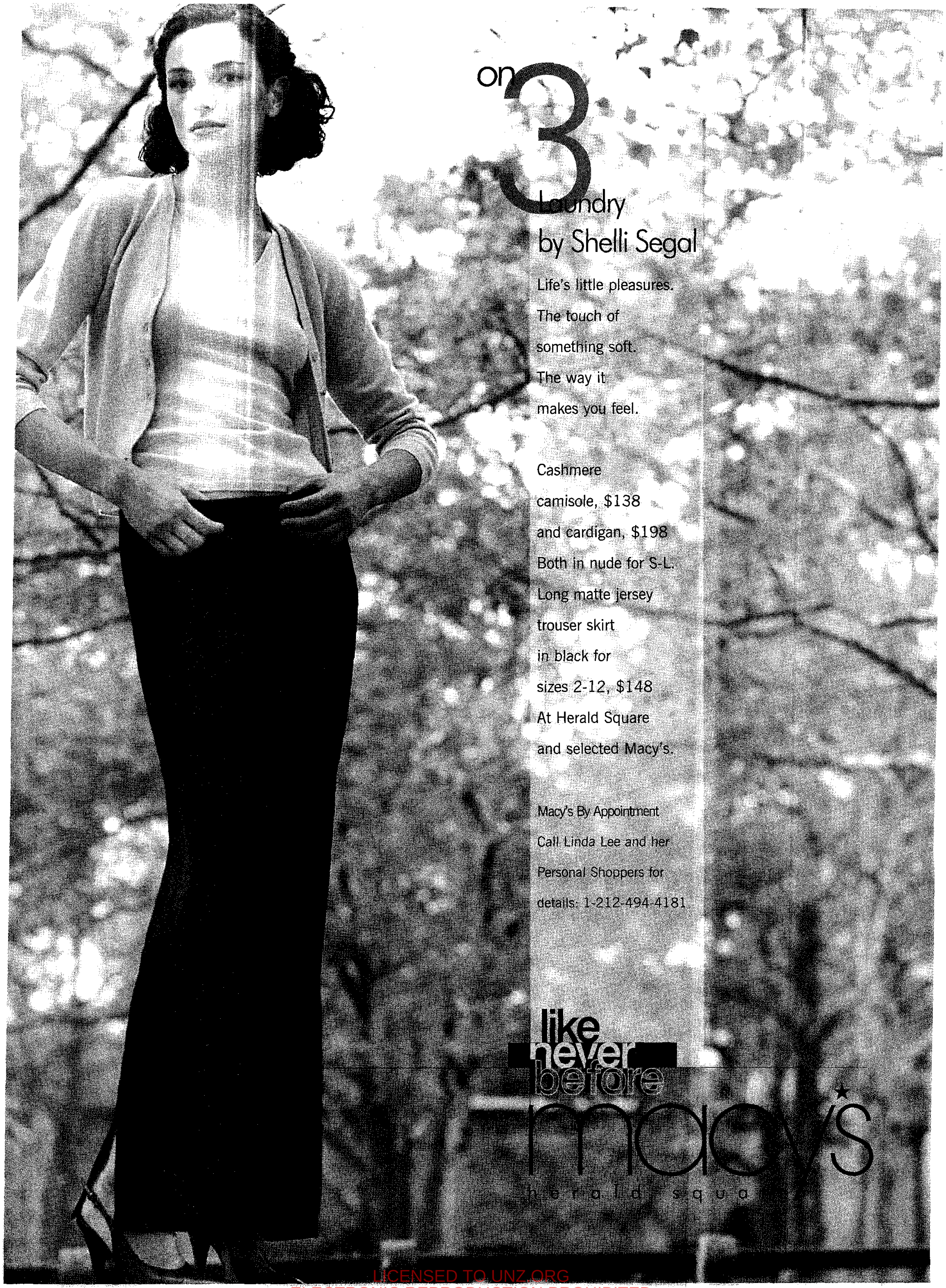

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by Shelli Segal

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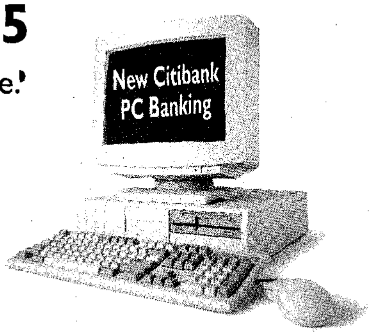

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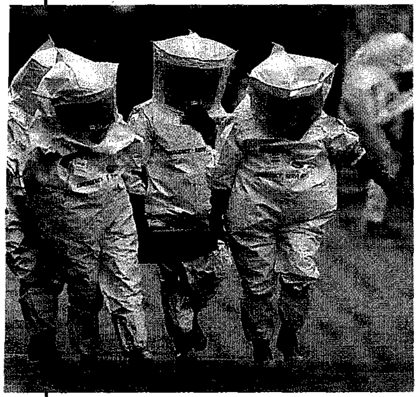

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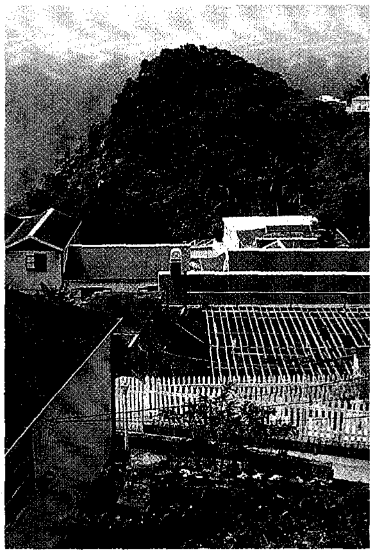

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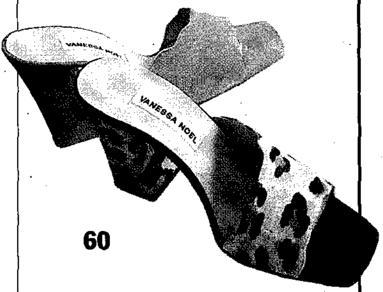

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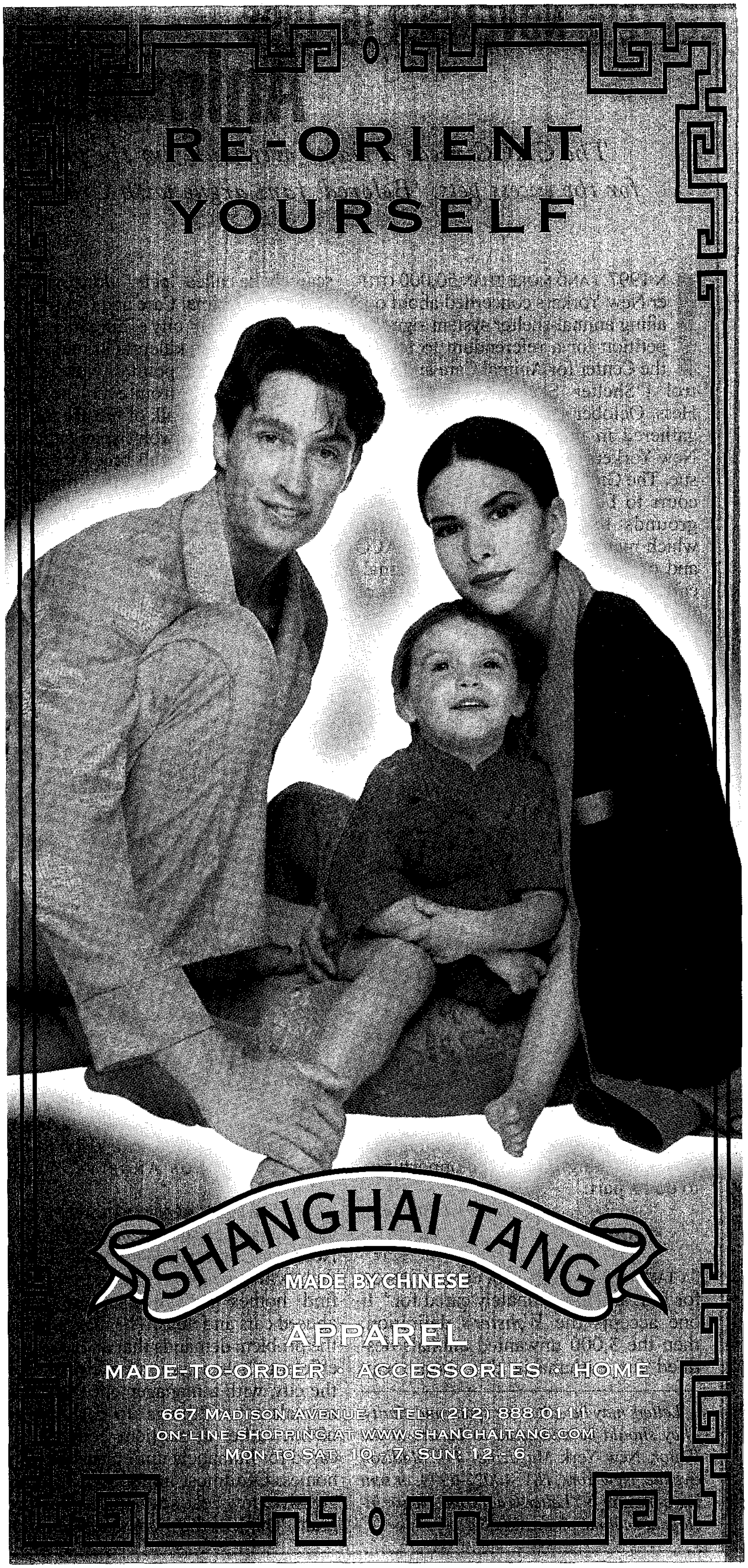
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Animania

The CACC needs a major overhaul, but the public has to take responsibility for the excess pets; 'Beloved' fans argue with Crouch's dismissal of book and film.

IN 1997, I AND MORE THAN 50,000 OTHer New Yorkers concerned about our ailing animal-shelter system signed a petition for a referendum to reform the Center for Animal Care and Control ["Shelter Skelter," by Elizabeth Hess, October 19]. The signatures were gathered in time for the election, but New Yorkers never got to vote on the issue. The Giuliani administration went to court to block the referendum on the grounds that the proposed charter, which mandated fund-raising by CACC and oversight of the agency by animal-care professionals, was a usurpation of the mayor's authority. If Giuliani put as much energy into reforming CACC as he did into blocking the proposed charter, the animal-control system might have improved during the past year.

Hallie Leighton
MANHATTAN

HOW LUCKY WE ARE! WE ADOPTED OUR canine family member from a modest but professionally managed no-kill shelter. The thought that in New York City he might have fallen into the cruel, inept hands of the CACC makes me sick. People who want to help won't donate money to have it squandered, or volunteer if they are going to face abuse and terrible working conditions. How sad that we have placed our trust in an administration that can't or won't do what it takes to fix this mess. (It sounds like it might mean cooperating with its critics, for starters.) An up-front investment in adequate facilities and transfer to capable management will allow the animal-loving (and voting) public the opportunity to do its part.

Corie D. Sharples
MANHATTAN

"A TAME ANIMAL KEPT AS A COMPANION OR for fun, and affectionately cared for." If one accepts the *Webster's* definition, then the 3,000 unwanted animals destined for euthanasia this month can scarcely be called "pets." Portraying the Center for Animal Care and Control, the mayor, and our city's bureaucracy as puppy and kitten killers sells magazines, but this simplistic point of view ignores the truth. People from every borough, tax bracket, and walk of life are the culprits. People who won't spay or neuter their pets, people who breed their pets to show their children "the miracle of life," people who buy animals from breeders and pet stores only to discard them when they're no longer convenient—these are the true executioners. A city of animal lovers? Hardly.

Jennifer Stevens
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

AS AN ANIMAL-WELFARE ORGANIZATION IN Los Angeles, we have been closely involved with major reforms, breakthroughs, legislation, ordinances, picketing, and cover stories that have pushed and prodded local animal control—sometimes kicking and screaming—toward more humane, proactive, and progressive treatment of the animals in its charge. We implore the animal lovers of New York City to speak up. Get involved. Gain control. Push the legislators. Don't despair. It works. We've done it here with everyone pulling together. However, it appears as if one of your greatest resources, the ASPCA, should be held accountable and dragged back into the fire as a partner in solutions to the betrayal of your companion animals.

Jamie Pinn
Executive Director
Humane Animal Rescue Team (HART)
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

AS ONE OF MANY NONPROFIT, ALL-VOLUNteer humane organizations operating in New York, Animals Can't Talk is faced daily with trying to rescue, care for, and find homes for stray, injured, and abused cats and dogs. The magnitude of the problem demands that an organized, efficient shelter system be instituted in the city, with a management that views animals not as "things" to be gotten rid of but rather as sentient beings to be cared for humanely until placed in good homes. Of utmost importance is an aggressive, low-cost spay-and-neuter program. Think of the money wasted on the current system when, as Hess points out, it is cheaper to sterilize animals than to warehouse and kill them. Gandhi said, "The greatness of a nation can be judged by the ways its animals are treated." The same can be said for a city.

Margaret Diesman
Vice-President, Animals Can't Talk
QUEENS

THE FACT THAT MAYOR GIULIANI WANTS TO spend millions to build a new stadium and millions more on a Yankees parade rather than help shelter animals to stop suffering and dying in hidden slaughterhouses gives me just one more piece of evidence about where this mayor's ethics, morals, and priorities are.

Elizabeth Mostov
MANHATTAN

WHAT A TERRIBLE WASTE—3,000 PETS A month! Do you realize how many Vietnamese that would feed?

M. J. Dawson
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Oprah *Is* Beloved

I'M STILL TRYING TO GET THE BAD TASTE out of my mouth after reading Stanley Crouch's review of *Beloved* ["Movies," October 26]. Not only does he miss the phenomenon of this brilliant film, but he has the audacity to call Toni Morrison's Pulitzer Prize–winning masterpiece "bad." The audience I saw it with opening night applauded emotionally at the end—my friends and I cannot recall when that last happened at a film. *Beloved* is outstanding filmmaking, the acting superb. We actually laughed out loud at Crouch's piece, realizing how threatened he is by women. "Push and pull together, girls," he crows cynically after citing particular scenes. We wonder, does he have the same problem with all the male-buddy films where there is scarcely a woman in sight? In a country where trashy exploitation movies are more successful than rich, literary, historic films or those that bravely deal with race issues, it is disturbing that a critic would so callously dismiss such a high-caliber work.

Gina Loor
SOMERS, N.Y.

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LETTERS

CALL ME SENTIMENTAL, BUT AM I THE ONLY one who found it impossible to accept Stanley Crouch's mean-spirited, condescending review of *Beloved*? Crouch's proclamation of Morrison's book as a "new-age mess of uncleaned chitlins," a "merging of tanning-salon Holocaust tale, self-help homilies, and *The Exorcist*," was a bit dismissive, even if he deemed it unworthy for screenplay adaptation or its literary prize. His condemning Oprah Winfrey's "masklike" constancy of emotion on one hand while praising her courage to express so many feelings on the other was disorienting. Crouch's swine allusions, referring to Winfrey as "piggly-wiggly" or "Babe," seemed sophomoric. Film criticism can be an unpleasant business, but for art's sake, do it with style or not at all.

Laura Pierce
ROSLYN, N.Y.

Big Mouth

IN HIS PROFILE OF SANDRA BERNHARD, "The Bitch Is Back" [October 19], Jonathan Van Meter got some facts wrong reporting my connection to her. For the record, I praised Bernhard in a 1983 piece published in *The Village Voice*. In 1988, when Bernhard performed *Without You I'm Nothing*, I expressed some disappointment, along with praise. She was angry and said so onstage, making it a running routine. A *Voice* editor then asked me to assemble a panel on lesbian comedians, and I invited her to come. On the message I left, I gushed, tangling myself in nervous declarations. I asked her to call. Instead, she played my message onstage every night thereafter. I never threatened her or her producers with legal action, as Van Meter reports. I don't even have a lawyer.

When she agreed to be interviewed by me for *Interview*, she said she wanted to rehash our relationship. I still stood by my point that she'd moved away from satirizing vanity to kvetching about not being famous enough. But I could see that I sounded proprietary—she said I'd identified what provoked her. For all those who like thinking Sandra can only be a bitch or that two women can't repair damage in a heartfelt way, this story will come as a disappointment.

Laurie Stone
MANHATTAN

I WOULDN'T CALL BERNHARD'S NEW SHOW a comeback. Once upon a time, Sandra's anti-celebrity shtick was funny because she was a hyperurbane satellite orbiting Planet Hollywood, desperate to land. Now I wouldn't be shocked to see her Katharine Hamnett maternitywear in a glass case *at* Planet Hollywood. She hasn't sold out; she's just too famous to make a "why did Courtney Love dump me" routine charming. I want the old, *Without You I'm Nothing* Sandra back—the one who told outrageous yarns about teenagers, secretaries, intellectuals, lounge divas, *and* Naomi Campbell. Without them, she's . . . still here.

David Thorpe
MANHATTAN

A Bitter Pill

MAIA SZALAVITZ DISCUSSES THE LOSS OF beneficial effect while on long-term antidepressant treatment, particularly the "poop-out" effect on Prozac ["The Body Politic: Mood Swings," October 26]. The tenor of the article suggests that while antidepressants are efficacious drugs, some patients inexplicably lose their beneficial affect. Furthermore, it is suggested that little is known about this, nor is it being investigated. Studies conducted in the Depression Evaluation Service at the New York Psychiatric Institute have examined this phenomenon, using pattern analysis to predict the relapse of patients with major depression during one year of treatment with fluoxetine or a placebo. We have had modest success in predicting which patients are likely to benefit, as well as relapse, while continuing on antidepressants. We are continuing to study this issue, and our clinic is free of charge for patients willing to enter into studies.

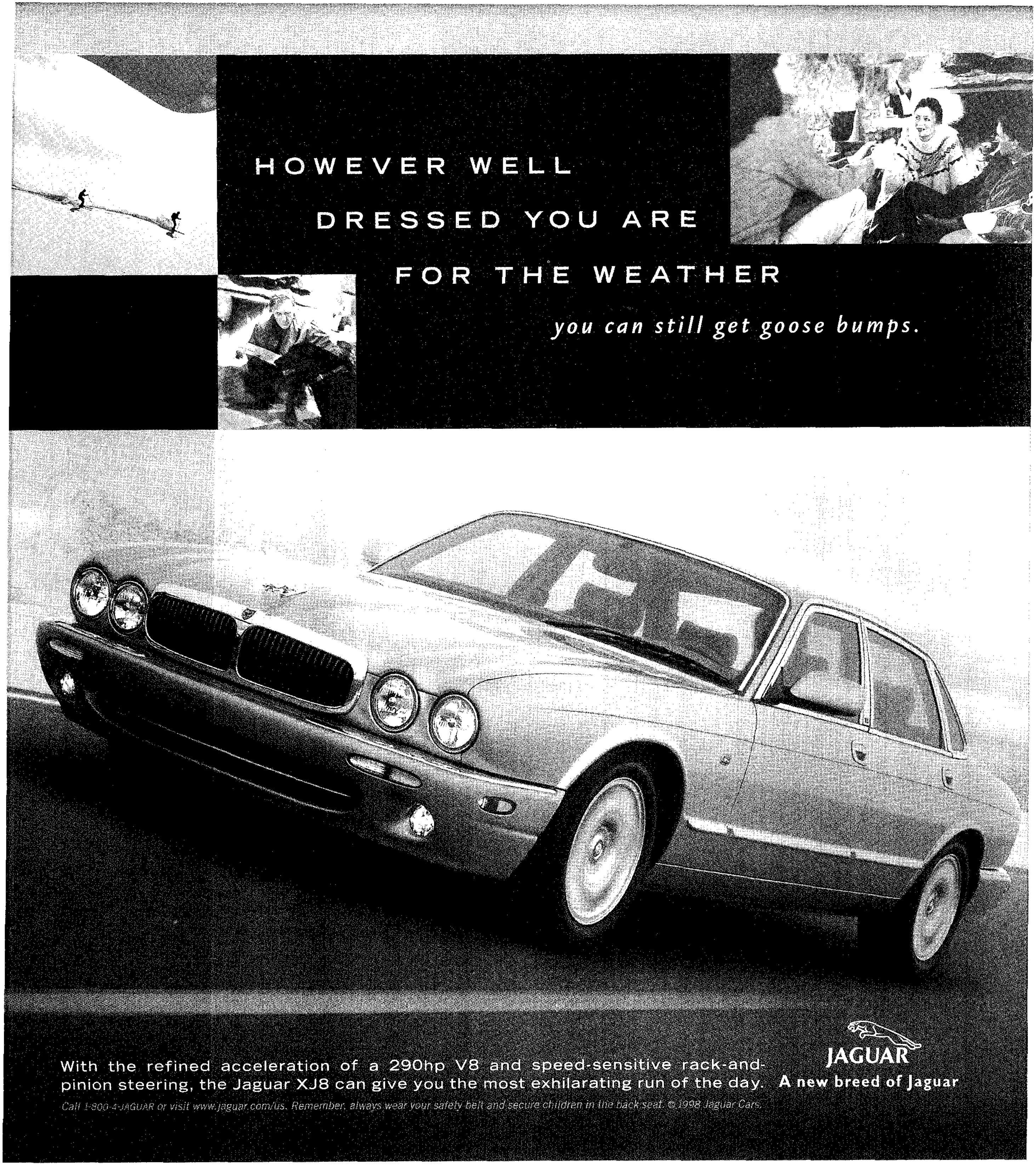
Frederic M. Quitkin, M.D.
Director
Depression Evaluation Service
New York Psychiatric Institute
MANHATTAN

Bad Trip

I WAS JUST IN VENICE AND HAD THE *WORST* time. I fought with my husband, and the whole city stank. After reading Gael Greene's article "Off the Menu" [October 19], I need to go back. It was so beautifully written that I feel as if I never saw the city she so lovingly described. Bravo!

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

Correction In Nancy Jo Sales's "Beyond Fake" [October 26], the outcome of Vince McMahon's trial on charges of "conspiracy to defraud the FDA" was reported incorrectly. He was acquitted on all counts. *New York* regrets the error.



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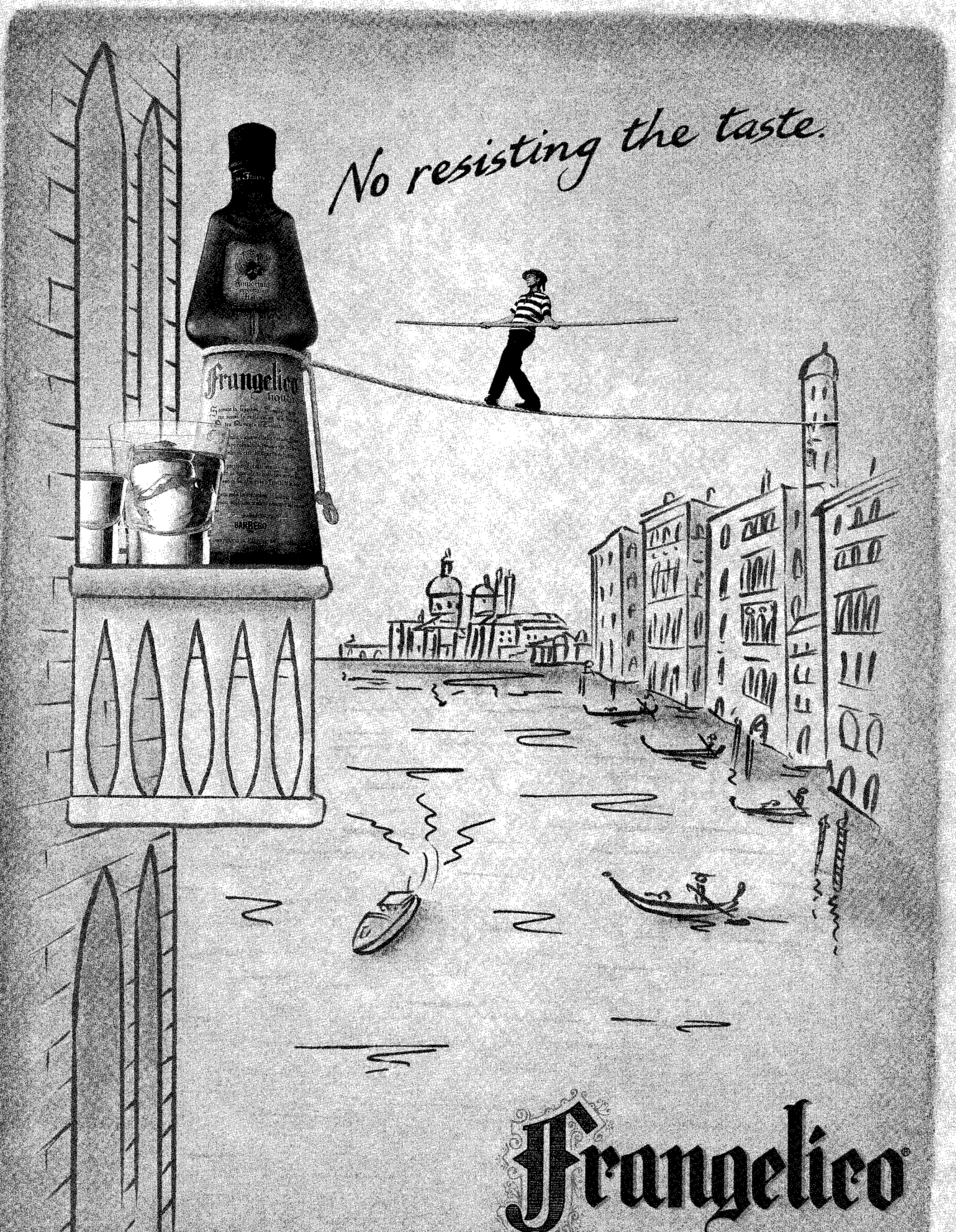
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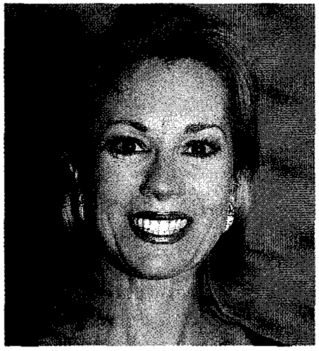
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

KATHIE LEE: THAR SHE BLOWS

Not since the sinking of the *Titanic* have so many people opted to abandon ship on a cold night. **Kathie Lee Gifford** steered a recent fund-raiser for the Association to Benefit Children held aboard the U.S.S. *Intrepid* into uncharted waters when she took the stage. During the dinner and auction parts of the black-tie gala, which attracted notables including **Christie Brinkley**, **Art Buchwald**, **Gina Lollobrigida**, **Billy Baldwin**, and the ill-fated **Al D'Amato**, a visibly edgy **Frank Gifford** complained to officials that the crowd was losing enthusiasm and that the program should move along more quickly. But when Kathie Lee made a relatively early 9:45 appearance, snickers ensued as she launched into a campy version of "Moondance." She then wandered among the $25,000 front tables, sticking her microphone into unwitting patrons' faces. "How long have you been married?" she asked one man. "Forty-five years," he said grudgingly. "Frank Gifford's been married 45 years," she cracked. "Too bad it took him three marriages to get there." Moving on to her next victim, she asked his opinion of matrimony. "No reply," came the terse response from a man who happened to be embroiled in a divorce. By that time, it seemed the ship might list from the swift departure to the coat check. Kathie Lee reportedly blamed the sound system and acoustics for the mass exodus—though an event spokesperson points out that the system was chosen by the shipwrecked songbird herself.



Kathie Lee Gifford: Woman overboard

TIGER, TIGER, EARNING—RIGHT?

Exactly how much well-placed friends are worth is a figure being calculated these days in the executive suites of *Business Week* magazine. **Richard Jenrette**, the Wall Streeter who sits on the board of the magazine's parent company, McGraw-Hill, is good friends with **Julian Robertson**, who runs the Tiger hedge funds. Two years ago, when Robertson made *Business Week*'s cover with the line THE FALL OF THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET, Jenrette and **Jack Kemp** wrote a letter to the editor supporting their pal Robertson, who sued the magazine. Eight months later, the magazine announced a settlement, with no funds changing hands, by publishing a statement acknowledging Tiger's "superior" subsequent performance. All was quiet until this past spring, when the magazine reported on Tiger's yen losses and a snafu with an investors' phone service. Jenrette wrote a personal letter to editor **Stephen Shepard** that, according to a source in the business community, included "the vague threat" that "the Tiger" would "roar." Jenrette's spokeswoman refused to comment. A *Business Week* spokesman, while neither confirming nor denying the letter's existence, insists that the magazine's coverage of Robertson "has not and will not change."

MARTHA STEWART'S COSTUME DRAMA

Martha Stewart doesn't appear to be a snob; she sells her own line in Kmart, after all. But designer **James Purcell** maintains that she attempted to pass off a dress of his as a **Giorgio Armani**. In *Confessions of a Window Dresser,* the new memoir by Barneys creative director and window-dressing rogue **Simon Doonan**, a caption claims that the Stewart mannequin wears an Armani dress. But the long black gown is actually by eveningwear designer Purcell, who tried to point out the fact when introduced to Stewart at the window's unveiling party back in 1992. "She snubbed me," says Purcell. "It was as if she couldn't accept the fact that they'd put her in a dress that wasn't by one of the world's most famous designers." Purcell has demanded a correction from the book's publishers, Penguin Bantam. "Doonan was extremely gracious and is handling the insertion of an errata sheet," says Purcell's lawyer, **Esther Widowski**. Says Stewart, "The dress was Simon's concept. I've never actually worn anything by Purcell." With the correction, the designer will finally get his own just deserts.

Martha Stewart: Bad credit

NILE RODGERS'S ISLAND HOPPING

In the seventies, everyone wanted to be a rock star; in the eighties, a hip restaurateur; and in the nineties, who doesn't want to be a hotelier? The latest to enter the hospitality industry: **Nile Rodgers**. A music-industry insider says the record producer and former Chic guitarist plans to open a resort on the Caribbean island of Turks & Caicos. In partnership with the Aman hotel group, the luxury Hong Kong–based chain, Rodgers (right) will develop a deluxe community complete with recording studios and television and film postproduction facilities. The tunes, at least, will be groovier than Club Med's.

FINDING HARMONY IN THE EAST

Restaurateurs **Eamon Roche** and **Nell Campbell** may be in love, but when it came to reinventing the couple's downtown spot E&O (Eastern and Oriental), Roche was all business. Campbell,

Photographs: top, Steve Azzara/Gamma Liaison;
middle, Gregory Pace/Sygma; bottom, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos.

BUTTERFLIES ARE (NOT ALWAYS) FREE

A "biosphere" of butterflies is being created on the Upper West Side—which is about as tough a task as you'd expect. The American Museum of Natural History had to cancel the members' preview of its new Butterfly Conservatory exhibit last week when all the butterflies died during a test run. "This is a very common thing," says museum spokeswoman **Mary Lou Edmondson**. "It's one of the really glorious things about butterflies, their sensitivity." (Sensitive *dead* butterflies might disagree.) The plan is for more than 300 varieties of tropical butterflies to spend their two to three weeks of life in a vivarium, or biosphere—a virtual rain forest in a 1,300-square-foot dome attached to the museum. Halide lamps will simulate the equatorial sun, and visitors will be serenaded by howler monkeys and parakeets on tape. Edmondson explains that curators released only a few butterflies as part of their first test. "That did not work, so we're changing the mix of trees now," she says. One theory is that a pesticide may have killed off the fragile insects. As of now, there's no opening date for the show. "We're still in the testing period," says Edmondson, who expects the members' preview to be rescheduled in "the next couple of weeks."

Roche's girlfriend of eight years—of whom he says, "I should drop a rock on her finger, but I haven't"—will have plenty of time to spend with their new daughter, **Matilda Violet**, since Roche just bought her out of the restaurant. Having already taken over partner **Lynn Wagenknecht**'s share in July, he intends to reopen the E&O space as an American-Mediterranean restaurant called Harmony by year's end. And Nell? She says she'll be "throwing a fabulous party for **Chris Blackwell**" in December at the Tides in Miami. She's also "hoping to do more acting."

SHOOTING GALLERY STILL FIRING BLANKS

It's possible—just possible—that movie people aren't always forthcoming about earnings. After making no return on his investment, a man who put money into the **Shooting Gallery**'s *Illtown* was surprised to see a prospectus for the hip production company claiming a 50 percent profit on last February's box-office fizzler. When "Intelligencer" checked into the matter in August, a Shooting Gallery spokesperson explained that there'd been "a simple accounting error," and that the jilted investor would get his money by September 30—a deadline the investor says "came and went like the wind." As for the Shooting Gallery? "I'm not going to comment on this," says the spokesperson.

RUDY DOES CAKE WALK IN BROOKLYN

Mayor **Giuliani** may have a distinct distaste for adult entertainment, but he still has a soft spot for cheesecake. City insiders say the mayor has given the go-ahead to name the corner of Flatbush and DeKalb Avenues a less-than-dignified "Cheesecake Corner" in honor of Junior's Restaurant, which has occupied that slice of Brooklyn since 1950. The mayor's office won't confirm the dedication, but at his last state-of-the-city address, Rudy pointed out Junior's co-owner **Kevin Rosen** in the audience, saying, "Great cheesecake," to rousing applause.

Anna Murdoch: Hollywood and fine

ANNA HOSTS; MALCOLM POSTS

BRENTWOOD POSSE: MIGHTY MURDOCH CAUGHT IN LOVE NEST WITH LEGGY CHINESE BEAUTY! was the *Salon* headline for a cheeky story on the coverage of **Rupert Murdoch**'s move into the Mercer Hotel with **Wendy Deng**, a six-feet-tall, 31-year-old Eurasian executive who works for him. Murdoch's story has made headlines around the world while his estranged wife, **Anna**, has avoided the spotlight. Until now. Anna moved out of the old Jules Stein mansion in Beverly Hills and into a rental home in Brentwood, according to a well-connected Hollywood source, who adds that she has already hosted a cocktail party in her new home. In fact, she's hanging out with a posse that's being called "The First Wives' Club" by some Los Angelenos, spending more time with friends like **Nancy Reagan**, **Betsy Bloomingdale**, and **Angie Dickinson**. Although most of these ladies are, of course, *second* wives.

X MARKS THE SPOT: It might be the most controversial stamp issue since the American public was asked to choose between Elvises sleek and bloated: Although the U.S. Post Office won't confirm it, a postal insider says that Malcolm X will be the next 32-center that isn't a flag, a lighthouse, or some sort of shrub. Then again, Bugs Bunny *was* pretty risky.

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

THE PHIL ZONE FILLS WITH FRIENDS

Sad news out of Marin County—that Grateful Dead bassist **Phil Lesh** needs a liver transplant—has the mobilized musician's friends. "**David Crosby**'s been talking to him a lot," reports one source close to the band. Crosby, who's doing well after his own liver transplant four years ago, may even join Lesh onstage for a "Phil Lesh and Friends" show in San Francisco on New Year's Eve or in January, says Crosby's spokesman. Lesh, 58, was hospitalized in September after a successful summer tour with the Other Ones (as the surviving members of the Grateful Dead bill themselves). RUMORS OF LIVER TRANSPLANT FOR LESH REPORTEDLY FALSE, read a headline in the San Francisco *Chronicle* at the time. Now it turns out that the rumors were true after all. Lesh, who extols the virtues of fatherhood and yoga classes in interviews, has the same type of hepatitis as **Naomi Judd**, says the band source. Lesh's spokesman, **Dennis McNally**, reports that "he's home and coming along well. He's even gained weight." But McNally won't get into any other details. "He isn't the president," he says. "His health is his private business, and his family has asked me to keep his business private."

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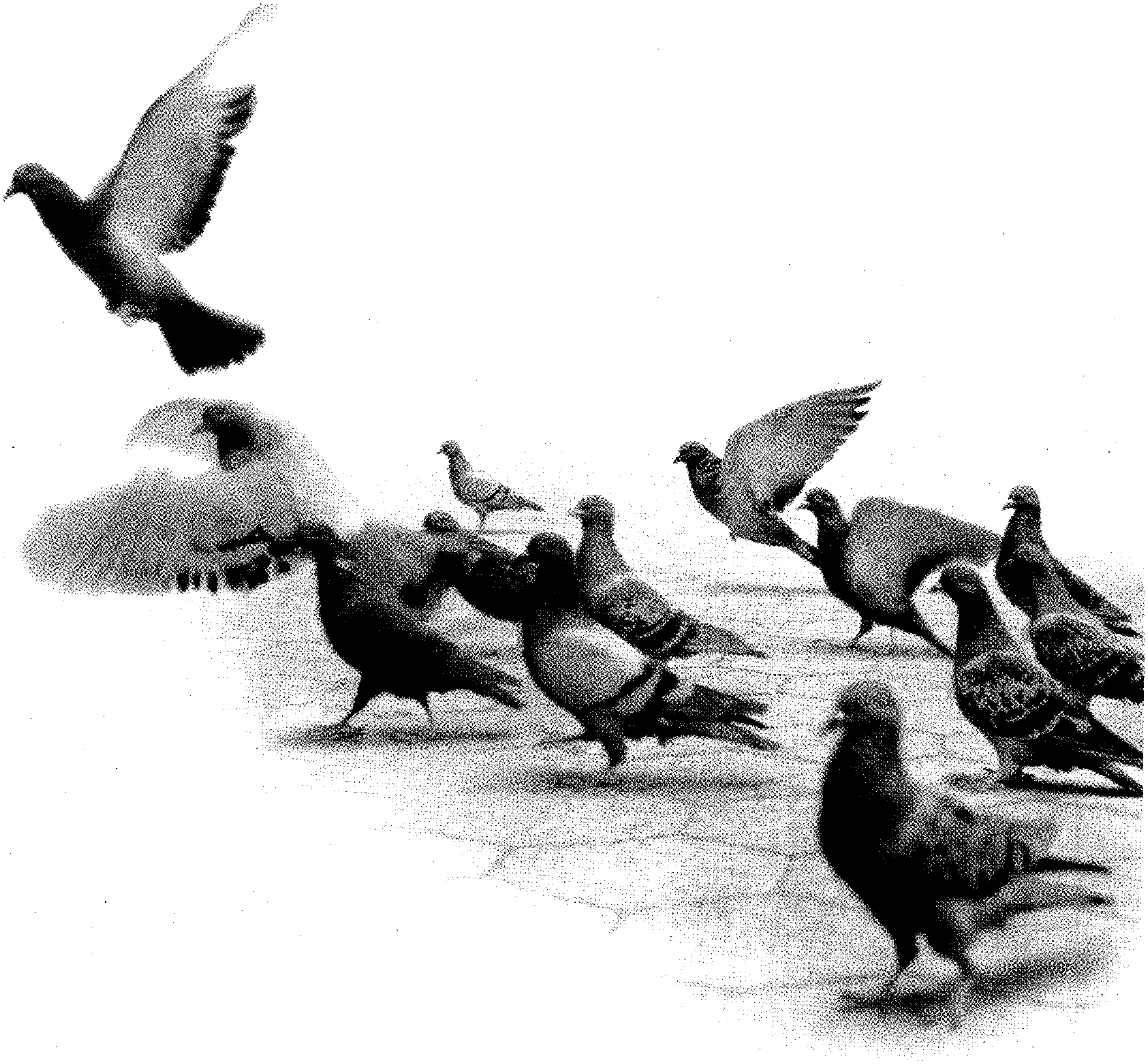

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NEW YORK POST

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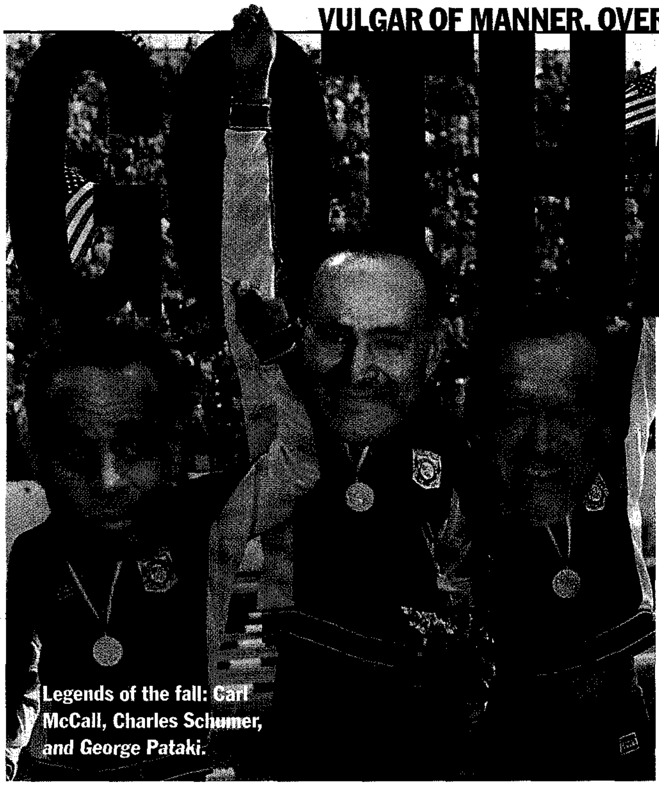
GOTHAM



Legends of the fall: Carl McCall, Charles Schumer, and George Pataki.

SCHUMERS AND LOSERS

The votes are in, but who really won?

THE FIRST WAVE OF EXIT polls that came in last Tuesday, around 2:30, gave Chuck Schumer a five-point lead over Al D'Amato. The D'Amato campaign faxed out word of a last-gasp stop: D'Amato and George Pataki would greet Long Island commuters at Penn Station.

By the time the 4:30 exit polls came in, Schumer was up eight. It was over, but Schumer couldn't rest. Aware of D'Amato's last desperate move, Schumer hit the 72nd Street IRT stop for fifteen minutes of meet-and-greet. That is Chuck Schumer, and it's why he won: Answer every punch. Even when it's in the bag. At the subway station, he was through the roof with adrenaline. Two dozen West Side Democrats, accustomed to licking wounds on Election Day, surrounded him, drunk with glee. "I just did New York 1," effused Assemblyman Scott Stringer. "It was so exciting to actually talk about winning!"

Speaking of winning, let's look behind the scenes at who won and who lost last week.

Winners: Obviously, **Schumer**—who was considered hopeless as recently as June. Also, his media man, **Hank Morris**, and campaign manager, **Josh Isay**. They ran a pressure-cooker campaign and hardly made a mistake. Schumer will make sure both are players in reshaping the state Democratic Party.

Of course, **George Pataki** was a winner, not only because of his victory margin but because of D'Amato's loss. Pataki is now out from the Fonz's shadow, free to remake the party in his moderate and clean image (never mind those two federal investigations into his administration). **Rudy Giuliani** and D'Amato still hate each other, so the Rude One's glad to see him out of the way. Coming attraction: the Giuliani-Pataki war. Republicans are scrambling to find a more moderate voice for their national ticket in 2000, and there's room for only one tree-hugging, pro-choice New Yorker. Giuliani can claim more accomplishments, but Pataki's a nicer guy; the party of Gingrich needs some nice right now.

Not only did **Jerry Nadler** get vast sympathy for being mocked by D'Amato, but the West Side congressman was Schumer's most visible surrogate. Nadler was genuinely enthusiastic about Schumer's getting to the Senate, and Schumer is the type who'll remember it, helping Nadler win

(continued on page 16)

SUBPLOT

LICENSE TO SPILL

THE BEASTIE BOYS HAVE done okay for themselves since leaving New York for L.A. They've launched a record label, a magazine, a clothing line; they've even found time to make a few big records. But missing a certain asphalt-jungle *je ne sais quoi,* the Beasties came home to record *Hello Nasty,* their fifth album.

- They didn't stop at old-school beats and Sugarhill Gang quotes, though: Last week, scoring major street-cred points, they flooded the city's delis, diners, and street carts with a million paper coffee cups emblazoned with the artwork from *Hello Nasty.*

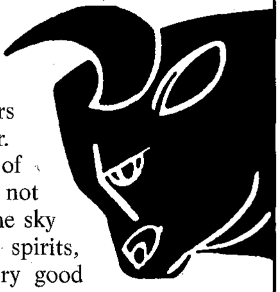
- The Beasties cups quickly became prized souvenirs among college-radio programmers attending the CMJ Music Marathon. Merchants, however, had a different view.

- "I'm more of a Beatles man myself," said Gabriel Botier, owner of midtown's Bagel Cafe, where the blue-and-yellow containers stood in rows behind the counter. "But [these cups] *are* five bucks less a case for me."

ETHAN SMITH

CAMEO

Don't Sell Yourself Short, Guys



WALL STREET PESSIMISTS ARE HAVING A rough time again. Sure, some hedge funds are getting the stuffing kicked out of them, and emerging-markets specialists are in as much demand as Kremlinologists. But the damn Dow keeps rising, and Nasdaq, too, as though no one cared that the world financial system remains a shambles. And why should they? No sooner does the market tremble than Alan Greenspan steps up to the mike, cutting interest rates and chatting about "investor confidence." KAPOW!—the cigar bars are SRO and the new Beemers are on back order. What's a prophet of doom to do? When not even the falling of the sky can darken people's spirits, it's hard to feel very good about feeling bad. But someday or other, the market's gotta turn. And then we'll be bullish on bears, and the pessimists will really have something to feel good about.

Photographs: FPG (medalists); Osamu Honda/AP/Wide World (McCall); Ron Frehm/AP/Wide World (Schumer); Ray Stubblebine/Reuters/Archive Photos (Pataki). Illustration from CSA Archive.

Schumer *continued from page 15*

federal money for his beloved transit and freight projects.

You may have thought *The Village Voice*'s best muckraking days were well behind it, but **Wayne Barrett**'s report that D'Amato, when he first ran for the Senate, missed 966 votes in his previous public office changed the race: D'Amato had to drop his Chuck-doesn't-show-up shtick, which was his main argument. *Jewish Week*'s **Adam Dickter** scored big in the caught-ya department, breaking the "putzhead" story and the Dennis Vacco "bandito" story.

Now the *losers:* Mainly D'Amato media man **Arthur Finkelstein**, whose rancid method (*too liberal, too Brooklyn, soft on the Holocaust*) was soundly rebuked here and in North Carolina, where he did Lauch Faircloth's campaign . His success has been based on stoking the suburbs' resentment of cities, but Schumer ran strongly in both.

Ed Koch will tell you he endorsed three winners, but the only candidate he really cared about was D'Amato. Brooklyn Orthodox Jewish pols **Dov Hikind** and **Noach Dear** shared a stage with D'Amato days before the voting. Chuck's not likely to return their calls too fast.

Daily News publisher **Mort Zuckerman** published a last-minute endorsement of D'Amato that read as if he was hoping no one would notice it (no one did, apparently). Zuckerman obviously figured that even if he guessed wrong, Schumer wouldn't hold it against him and D'Amato would. *News* staff members were embarrassed, and insiders laughed.

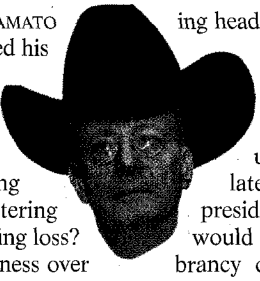
Finally, there's **Rupert Murdoch** and the *Post*. From the rabid editorials to the columnists' hard spin (like **Andrea Peyser**'s "pro-choice and pro-D'Amato" babble), the paper went bonkers. Last Monday's *Post* was unbelievable—every third story in the news hole praised D'Amato or banged Schumer. I'm surprised they didn't work it into the sports section—Chuck Shocker: I'd bench Vinny!

Michael Tomasky

EMPLOYMENT

Al D'Amato's Afterlife

The experts weigh in on the Fonz's next act.

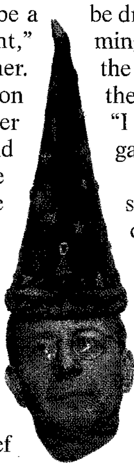


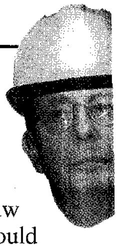
The Al D'Amato who delivered his first-ever concession speech last Tuesday was vital, upbeat, percolating with energy. Shattering loss? What shattering loss? It wasn't just giddiness over having been sprung from a stalled elevator containing Ed Koch and George Pataki. Al hasn't had to look for work in eighteen years, but to any headhunter watching him that night, one phrase jumped off the TV screen: self-starter. This freshly downsized man still had a contribution to make. Darn it, he was employable.

Subsequent newspaper reports that D'Amato "could become the state's banking and insurance czar" were encouraging—czar is generally considered not a bad job—but the soon-to-be-former senator should weigh all his options. Judging from a survey *New York* has conducted of various leading headhunters, the world is D'Amato's oyster.

"He could be director of Yiddish studies at a major university," speculates Ariel Associates president Gene Fixler. "He would bring back the vibrancy of the Yiddish language to the youth of America. He could spend his days reading the Torah. It would be a lifetime endeavor searching for meaning."

Stephen Viscusi, host of "Career Talk Radio," envisions Big Al's Place. "It would be a big family-style restaurant," he says. "Italian kosher. There'd be a Virgin Mary on a wall behind the register and a Star of David behind the bar. Al would come out wearing one of those white cook outfits with messy red stains on the front. He'd be shaking everybody's hand, wanting to know if they liked their food."





Debra Ryan, of Bonnell Ryan, foresees a diplomatic career ("Chief Insulting Officer at the U.N.—he seems to work well with others"), whereas consultant Diane Shea likes law enforcement: "He could team up with O. J. Simpson and find the real killers. He'd be great as the host of *America's Most Wanted.*"

"A phone-in yenta," says John Queenan, of Lee Hecht Harrison. "I see him like a Dear Abby with a 900 line. He'd be great at giving advice to the lovesick. I'm thinking men might be more comfortable talking to him."

Doubtless stirred by the senator's rendition of "Old MacDonald," Mike Frey, founder of Professional Retraining Outplacement and Staffing, sees a nascent wedding singer. "He'd be dressed in a white tux; he'd mingle around the tables with the microphone, interrupting the dessert," Frey explains. "I see him going on to a Vegas lounge act from there."

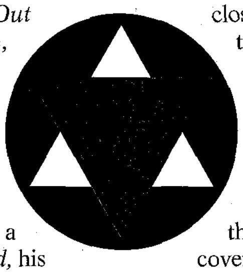
The range of possibilities suggested by such expert opinion correctly implies that D'Amato is the closest thing we have, after John Tesh, to a Renaissance man. He must choose carefully. He owes it to himself, yes, but also to us.

Neil K. Gray

RELIGION

A Different Kind of Orthodox Jewish Mixer

At first glance, it could have been a bar mitzvah: A couple of girls in knee-length skirts were discussing Jewish law. Young men in yarmulkes, balancing plates of kugel, listened to klezmer music. But the piles of *Out* magazine struck a different note, and on closer inspection, the tall, modestly dressed woman turned out to be a devoutly Orthodox pre-op transsexual named Dana.



In the basement lounge of Chelsea's Restaurant 147, 28-year-old Sandi DuBowski was hosting a fund-raiser for *Trembling Before G-d,* his half-completed documentary about gay and lesbian Orthodox and Hasidic Jews.

DuBowski, a Conservative Jew who "dips into Orthodoxy," began working on the project four years ago. "I'm so inspired by the courage of the people I've met," he said, greeting supporters.

"I came to the conclusion that homosexuality and Hasidim don't mix," said Michelle Miller, a lesbian who appears in the film. But one closeted gay rabbi who's prominent in the Orthodox community found reason for hope: "God did not create people he hates," he explained, munching on gefilte fish.

David, a yarmulked 19-year-old who lives with his parents in Brooklyn, says he was surprised at the number of Orthodox gays he discovered when he came out a year ago. And after a considerable amount of personal turmoil, he says, he's found peace with himself. "There are 613 Commandments," he notes. "I really believe that God won't mind if I break just one."

Patrick Foliard

Photographs: D'Amato, Frances M. Roberts; Hats, clockwise from top right, Esbin Anderson/The Image Works; Photodisc; T. Del Amo/H. Armstrong Roberts; Robert Farber/Image Bank.

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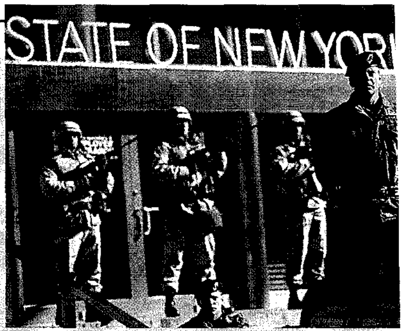
ENTERTAINMENT

Hollywood's Newest New York Love Stories



Bad news for the Big Apple in *The Siege.*

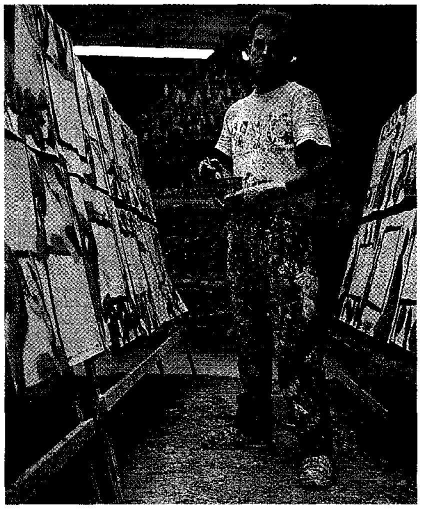
All through the seventies and eighties, the biggest New York–based movies were grim studies in violence, poverty, and desperation. From *Fort Apache, the Bronx* to *Escape From New York*, Gotham served as an embodiment of all the nation's ills. But lately, Hollywood's changed its tune on our town. In the recent spate of disaster movies, the city takes some punishing hits, but the underlying message has grown a good deal more subtle. Could Hollywood producers be trying to tell us something? And why don't they just pick up the phone, like normal people?

TITLE/PREMISE	DAMAGE INFLICTED ON NEW YORK	HIDDEN MESSAGE
***The Siege*:** Federal agents impose martial law after terrorists bomb the city.	An overzealous military commander takes control of the streets, seals off Brooklyn, and hauls thousands of suspects off to Shea Stadium.	Every New Yorker suffers when Giuliani-like crackdown tactics go too far.
***Deep Impact*:** Two comets race toward the earth, threatening mass extinction.	The Feds destroy one comet and let the other plunge into the Atlantic. Resulting tidal wave topples skyscrapers and decapitates Statue of Liberty.	To the U.S. government, New York's annihilation is a necessary, even uplifting by-product of our nation's defense.
***Godzilla*:** A huge lizard comes to the city in search of final nesting place.	The lizard's big feet and bigger tail destroy a large chunk of Manhattan. In the final gun battle, Madison Square Garden is demolished.	Despite the hassles, the city's a great place to raise children—of any nationality, or species.
***Armageddon*:** A maverick drilling crew flies out to explode a big, scary asteroid.	A shower of meteor fragments levels Grand Central Terminal and the Chrysler Building while leaving lesser buildings unscathed.	When the forecast calls for meteor showers, head for the nearest Trump development.

ART WORLD

Paint By the Numbers

New York's most prolific artist hits the big time in Europe.



Williamsburg artist Steve Keene in his studio.

MOST ARTISTS WOULD kick up their heels after selling even a couple of paintings, but having just unloaded 4,800 of his original works at a Houston gallery, Steve Keene is barely pausing for breath. Instead, he's running around his Williamsburg studio trying to crank out another couple of hundred paintings before he leaves for Germany. This month, he debuts at Cologne's Museum Ludwig, as part of the show "I Love New York: Crossover der aktuellen Kunst," which features such art-world celebrities as Felix Gonzalez-Torres, Jack Pierson, and Jessica Stockholder.

It's an odd turning point for Keene, who's better known in indie-rock circles than among the prestigious galleries of SoHo and 57th Street. For the past eight years, the paint-spattered 41-year-old has been selling thousands of paintings, for $1 to $20 apiece (according to size), at rock shows, record stores, and bars. He once made paintings to sell from a vending machine.

"I don't really see my paintings as individual pieces," he says, standing in the street-level garage space. "I like people to see them in huge amounts." As he spoke, he moved along two 25-foot-long easels hung on both sides with several rows of card stock. First he slathered a coat of yellow onto some of the pieces, then red on others, then blue on the rest. Behind him, 2,000 paintings sat in carrying bags, awaiting shipment.

His production-line approach has elicited a wide range of responses. Critics have demanded to know why he "sells himself cheap." A like-minded observer told him that his work "appeals to the worst in people." His champions, on the other hand, consider him a kind of neo-Duchampian trickster who cleverly subverts art-world orthodoxy.

But Keene, who has an M.F.A. from Yale, doesn't get wound up over theoretical arguments. He compares himself to "a baker making 200 bagels a day. I was never interested in sitting around and strategizing the perfect idea for a painting. I want people to see this stuff and then be able to take home a souvenir."

At Keene's Houston show, the original stock of 2,000 paintings went so quickly that the gallery had to limit sales; 300 would-be patrons queued up one morning for the chance to get a genuine Keene. "My goal is not to sell to twenty old rich people," he says. "I've been to a million shows in SoHo, and they weren't as fun as what I got to do in Houston."

Keene hopes to be on hand for the duration of the Cologne show, but it's likely to be a more staid affair than his usual venues. Eager as he is to reach a bigger audience, he remains wary of museum-world pretensions—especially as they apply to him. "The more I try to take myself seriously with art," he says, putting finishing touches on a few dozen canvases, "the less real and good it seems." JULIE CANIGLIA

Photographs: top, Bill Foley/Twentieth Century Fox; bottom, Robert Wright.

YELLOW JOURNALISM

THE TAXICAB REPORT

Cabbies On Call

IT'S A FREEZING NIGHT IN MIDtown, and Branislav Kulka is looking for a fare while his cellular phone glows green in between his taxicab's two front seats. Finally he spots Brandon Teitel, an 18-year-old freshman at NYU, who's chatting on a cell phone of his own while hailing a ride. "I don't think it's a big deal if drivers have them," says Teitel, sliding onto the backseat and reluctantly ending his call. "I mean, if they're obsessively talking on it for the whole ride, it annoys me a little."

As rates for cellular service decline and the dangers of taxi driving rise, a growing number of cabbies are plugging in. "I was in the car with three friends," says medical student Melissa Gill. "A phone rings, and we all start fumbling, pulling at our purses and our shirts, elbowing each other. It ended up being the driver's. What's more annoying is I had a complimentary Radio Shack phone and he had a StarTAC."

Status, however, is not the main incentive for drivers to get phones. "This is a necessity of every driver," explains cabbie Javaid Tariq, whose wife purchased his phone for him. "We are not sitting in an office—we're moving all over, downtown, uptown, the airports. This way, we can reach our families and our friends." And like many cabbies, Tariq also uses his phone for safety. When driving into ominous neighborhoods, he'll call up other cabbies to give them the destination and a description of the passenger "just in case anything happens."

It was the just-in-case factor that prompted Jason Diaz, a management consultant, to launch Cab Watch, a joint project of the Police Department, the Mayor's office, and the Taxi and Limousine Commission to equip 25 cabbies with cell phones for emergency calls. The program started this summer, and, says Diaz, "so far, we've had two fires reported, six emergency accidents, and one guy who saw someone pull a Crocodile Dundee–size knife." Another 30 phones will be distributed next week.

Edward Rogoff, a Baruch College professor who studies the taxi industry, has even bigger ideas: "Cabs should be allowed to have cell phones they could make money off of. That would be an enhancement of service and an enhancement of profit."

But not all passengers are so excited. Christopher Brescia, a Miramax lawyer, was on his way home from a Halloween party when his cab driver, engaged in a heated phone conversation, nearly careered into Tower Records. "I thought it was all over," Brescia recalls, "and I'm sitting here in the backseat in my sailor costume." The TLC has no policy regarding cell-phone use, but according to Commissioner Diane McGrath-McKechnie, "it'll probably happen over the next four months."

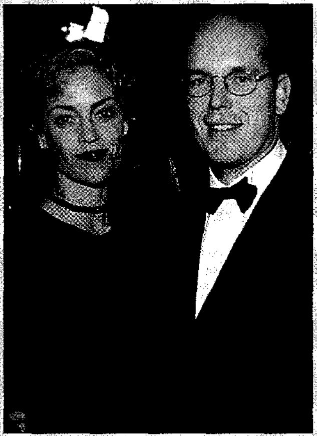
Tariq, however, thinks customers will need even longer to adjust. "People think we are cheap labor and why are we having the phone," he says. "Meanwhile, they are sitting there talking and talking, and we never get annoyed." SARAH BERNARD

THE SCENE

Royals Rule

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Photographers Mary Ellen Mark and Ralph Gibson at the South of Seventh fashion gala, a benefit for the SoHo Partnership.



Jennifer Grant and Prince Albert of Monaco at the Waldorf-Astoria for the 1998 Princess Grace Awards Gala, benefiting young performing artists.

Matt Nye, Candice Bergen, and Jann Wenner at Bette Midler's "Hulaween" party, a benefit for the New York Restoration Project.

Marianne Oudejans, Saks Fifth Avenue's Philip Miller, and Carolina Adriana Herrera at a New York Race for the Cure benefit, held at the UBS Towers.

At the opening of MOMA's Jackson Pollock retrospective, Ellsworth Kelly and Helen Frankenthaler.

Hamish Bowles and Princess Olga of Greece at Joe's Pub, for a party thrown by Jay Faires.

Illustration by Robert deMichiell.

GOTHAM STYLE

FASHION WEEK EDITION

Party People

"My least-favorite thing about Fashion Week is that, unfortunately, it must end," sighed Irina. "I just wish it would go on and on and on." It stands to reason that a six-feet-tall Siberian supermodel would have a unique vantage; the rest of the fashion flock, having made it through shows in New York, Paris, London, and Milan—only to return for more New York shows—had long since begun to wilt. "Yep, the fashion community really screwed up this time and put us all through the ringer," said designer Betsey Johnson. "Walking from the car to the middle of that Bryant Park—*ugh*, make me so tired," agreed Ivana Trump. So editors and designers went home to takeout sushi, leaving the nights to the likes of Puffy, who celebrated his 29th-birthday party with a bash for 1,000 of his closest friends at Cipriani Wall Street (Minnie Driver, Mark Walhberg, and Martha Stewart were among the zillions turned away at the door). "One word for this Fashion Week: *weird,*" said Naomi Campbell, stooping to peck Joe Pesci's highly pinchable cheek.

Hoop Dreams

At the BBar party for Sante D'Orazio's *A Private View,* Naomi Campbell—who appears in the book wearing nothing at all—wore the black tulle hoop dress that had sailed down Marc Jacobs's runway the night before. Price: $1,945. Careful with the drinks, boys.

We Are Not a Muse

"We're all united in the same cause—the beautification of America," said celebrity stylist Phillip Bloch at Oscar de la Renta's show. In previous seasons, he's squired Miss U.S.A. and Salma Hayek around to the shows, helping them to tone down their Hollywood glitz; this time, the lucky winner was Lauren Holly. "Seeing the fashion world from the inside is every girl's dream, and Lauren's is coming true," says Bloch. "If that glamour saves one girl from drugs or pregnancy, we've done our good deed for the day."

Gift Horse, Mouth Closed

Not only are fewer designers choosing to stage their shows in Bryant Park, but fashion journalists are finding fewer goodies in their once-fabulous gift bags. "Not enough free shit," declared *Paper's* Lauren Ezersky. "And it's all about the free shit." Press bags at the 1997 shows included a Kipling bag • Fila flip-flops • Twenty tubes of Elizabeth Arden makeup • Coupon for free Nine West shoes • Timex watch. At the spring 1999 shows: Butterfly barrette • Air France catalogue • Vidal Sassoon hair spray • One lollipop • Two LU cookies • Deck of cards.

ANNA HOLMES

Après Design, D.J.

Though he'd already cashiered his signature line (back before it was the thing to do), patchwork prince Todd Oldham kept his chin up and his hat in the ring. He threw a Fashion Week party at which he played D.J. in a West Chelsea garage. Spotlights swirled his name among the revelers—"See, they're still wearing my label," he said.

Soap and H_2O

Pancake makeup was everywhere at Kirsty Hume and Donovan Leitch's Lot 61 Halloween party. Leonardo DiCaprio and Lukas Hass came as Kiss—but they, after all, could spend the next day repairing the damage. Mere hours after appearing as a crime-scene chalk figure, Shalom Harlow (with Amber Valetta, below right) had to return to the runway, where she appeared bare-faced and spotty. Bob Mackie's ladies aside, this season's been predictably light on the makeup.

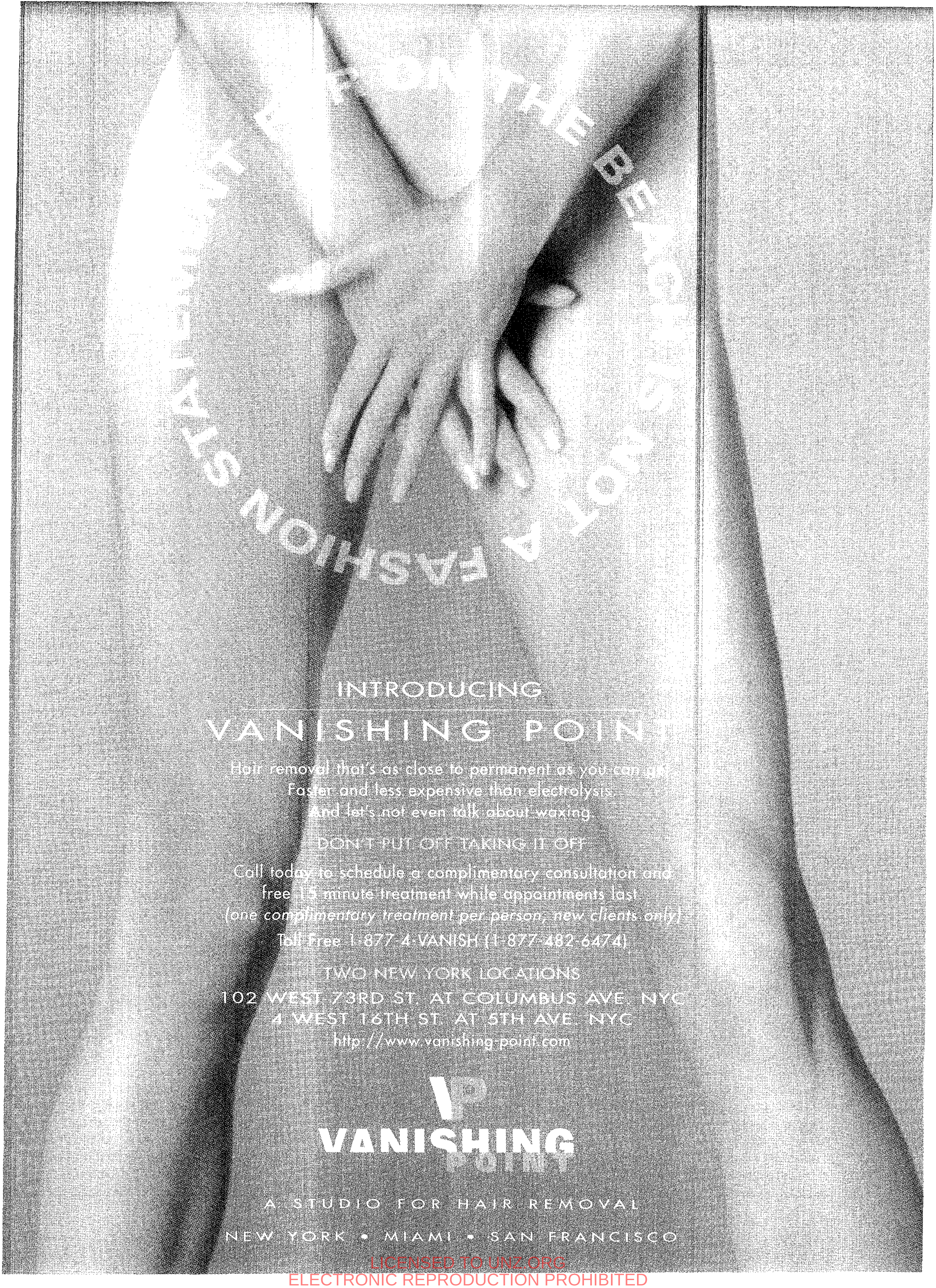
Give Them an Inch . . .

Following the runway return of eighties high-school favorite Marithé François Girbaud, the whole clan moved to the Angel Orensanz Foundation for a performance by Hedwig (she of the *Angry Inch*). "I am wearing Girbaud on my fabulous myself," yelled John Cameron Mitchell from the mike, as he rubbed his skinny chest. "It's beautiful and translucent—and waterproof," he yelled, spitting mouthfuls of Evian out onto the crowd. Jil Sander–clad editors squealed and made for the door.

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

ADDITIONAL REPORTING BY SHYAMA PATEL

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Patrick McMullan; Anna Holmes; Patrick McMullan (2); Philip Greenberg (2); Patrick McMullan.


ON THE BEACH IS NOT A FASHION STATEMENT

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Millennium Man

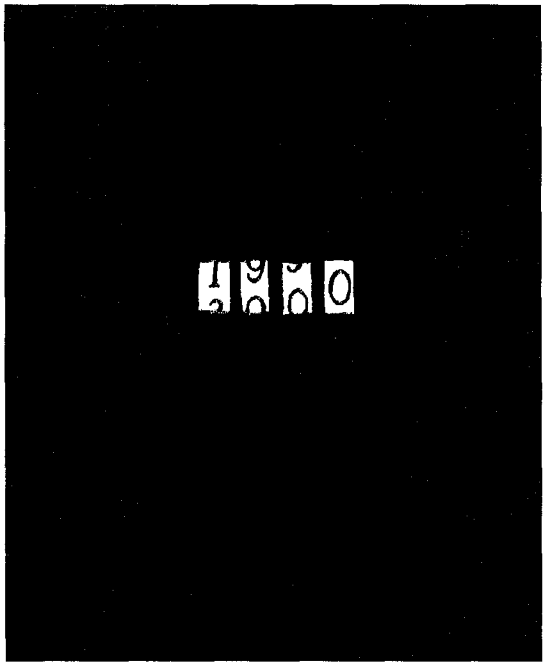
What turned Deutsche Bank chief economist Ed Yardeni from raging bull to bear? Not corporate earnings, not Japan, not even Russia. Hint: It hits—big—in thirteen months.

ED YARDENI IS AN UNLIKELY JEREMIAH. His voice never rises to a shout, and his tone always remains temperate. But the bespectacled 48-year-old chief economist for Deutsche Bank Securities, once one of Wall Street's most ardent bulls, now finds himself preaching a sermon no one wants to hear. You may think you know all you need to know about the so-called Millennium or Y2K Bug, which will disrupt computer systems on January 1, 2000. But one conversation with Yardeni, who thinks that Y2K problems have a 70 percent chance of causing a global recession, will dispel whatever complacency you might be feeling.

At a time when most of his peers have either adopted a "don't worry, be happy" approach or chosen silence on the topic, Yardeni has organized his own Y2K Global Action Conference, pushed the SEC to get U.S. corporations to open their books on their Y2K problems, and testified before Congress. His Website (www.yardeni.com), meanwhile, contains as full a discussion of the Y2K problem as you're likely to find outside the Pentagon.

On Wall Street, he's known as the "Y2K guy." And while Yardeni thinks that a public sense of urgency is necessary to avert disaster, there must be times when he wonders how he wandered into territory that might normally be considered Crankville, U.S.A.

YARDENI'S AWAKENING TO THE POSSIBLE implications of a Y2K meltdown may not qualify as a Saul-on-the-road-to-Damascus conversion, but the change in his take on the world economy has certainly been startling. For most of the past decade, Yardeni was one of Wall Street's biggest bulls and among the most articulate defenders of the thesis that the information revolution and the end of the Cold War had created the conditions for an economy characterized by all the things you'd want: low inflation, low unemployment, rising wages, and rising profitability. Yardeni thought "nothing was stopping the bull." In the late eighties, he predicted a 5,000-point Dow by 1993 (he was off by a couple of years) and then, "just to keep things simple," seized on the easy-to-remember phrase *10,000 by 2000.* It's a phrase that seems especially ironic, since, as Yardeni now says, "I still think we're in a new era, but not all new eras have to be golden."



YARDENI LIKES TO SPEND HIS SUMMERS, when the pace of business is quieter and money managers aren't constantly on the phone asking him what else they should buy, thinking deep thoughts. In the summer of 1997, pretty much everyone on Wall Street was a bull, and calling for a 10,000-point Dow didn't really put you ahead of the curve. The U.S. economy was being called a Goldilocks economy (not too hot, not too cold, but just right), so Yardeni went back and reread the story—literally (he has kids, so the storybook was close at hand)—and realized one thing: "There are three damn bears in it." Then he tried to figure out what three bears the U.S. economy had to worry about, and came up with deflation, irrational exuberance, and the Year 2000 problem. It was the last one that grabbed him by the throat.

"Wall Street's known about the Y2K problem for a while, but we've been focusing on companies that can make money fixing the problem," Yardeni says. "So I wanted to look at the possibility that maybe we wouldn't get it fixed in time. I spent maybe a little too much time surfing the Net, collecting information, of which there wasn't much, and came to the conclusion that this could potentially be a major adverse macroeconomic event. . . . Since then, the more I've studied this, the more convinced I am that it's going to be a huge problem. I'm now saying there's a 70 percent chance of a recession."

The basics of the Y2K problem are fairly well known. Most computer systems have internal clocks or are otherwise time-sensitive. But computer programmers, in an effort to save coding space or in a simple failure to anticipate, often wrote code that contained only two spaces for the year. As a result, when 2000 arrives, the computers are going to think it's 1900, which will be, to say the least, confusing, especially if their databases are full of people born after 1901 or of flights scheduled to depart on January 1, 2000.

What isn't well known—or, you might say, what isn't known at all—is what will happen when computers fail, and how far along toward repairing the systems we are. As far as the latter question goes, everyone involved—which is to say, *everyone*—seems to have woken up to this pretty late in the game. And while the federal government has actually made great strides in the past year or so (ironically, this may be one case where the government actually works better than the private sector), and while some large corporations have mounted well-publicized and costly efforts to become Y2K-compliant,

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

in most cases we're still in the dark.

A recent SEC task force on corporate disclosure, for example, studied a cross-section of U.S. companies and found that two fifths of them had not disclosed anything to their shareholders about their plans to fix the Y2K problem, and only 9 percent had presented a detailed plan. Two thirds of the companies had no timetable for fixing the problem. According to Yardeni, of the companies in the S&P 500, only a third have publicly reported what they're spending on Y2K. The basic principle corporations seem to be following is: If you say nothing and things go wrong, you might get sued; if you say something and things go wrong, you will be sued; therefore, say nothing.

What would it mean for things to "go wrong"? Here's the shortlist of what Yardeni thinks might happen: blackouts and brownouts across the country, since utility companies rely entirely upon computerized power grids; the establishment of no-fly zones because of failing air-traffic control systems; major problems with Medicare; troubles with the phone system, particularly in Brazil; and major disruptions in just-in-time manufacturing systems around the globe. As for New York City, which has not appointed a Y2K czar, well, Con Edison promises that it'll be in good shape, and Wall Street itself will probably be compliant, but in general what we're really going to do, Yardeni says, is "cross our fingers and hope the lights stay on."

That's a fairly gloomy picture, and it doesn't even deal with the really scary stuff, like what happens to nuclear weapons in Russia or all the computer-guided oil rigs and tankers around the globe. And what's really curious about all this is that while Yardeni has certainly been banging the drums about Y2K much louder than anyone else—well, much louder than anyone else who's not convinced that the people who killed Kennedy are also responsible for Y2K—there isn't really anyone who's studied the problem in depth who has been comfortable saying that everything will be okay. The G8 issued an official communiqué earlier this year saying Y2K had "vast implications" for the global economy. The IRS commissioner said that if the problem wasn't fixed, we'd have "a situation scarier than the average disaster movie." General Motors' chief information officer said there could be "catastrophic problems" in every plant. And Alan Greenspan told Congress, "My suspicion is that we're going to run into a lot of problems."

There's no way, in fact, that you can study the information that is publicly available and not think that things could go very wrong. And yet, for all that, *there simply is no sense of public crisis.* It's as if people assume that Greenspan or Bill Gates is going to push a button on December 31, 1999, and make everything all right. (Greenspan wouldn't let us down just six months before he retires, would he?) As a result, Yardeni *finds himself the Cassandra of Wall Street.* It's not a position he relishes.

"Look, I had a happy childhood," he says, laughing, "but I can't be naïvely optimistic. I realize that what I'm doing here is very risky. I had a very nice career as an optimist and a bull, and the institutional accounts I advise essentially have to be invested in stocks, so they don't want to hear this. I enjoy my job and I'd like to keep it, but I have to do it honestly. I hope this thing is as big a dud as possible, and if it turns out to be a nonevent, professionally I might have some dancing to do."

> *"I had a very nice career* **as an optimist** *and a bull, and the institutional accounts I advise don't want to hear this.* **I enjoy my job and I'd like to keep it,** *but I have to do it honestly."*

The tricky part of all this, of course, is that no one knows whether Yardeni is right. But it's important to see that Yardeni's understanding of what Y2K might mean is the flip side of his ideas about the New Economy. The New Economy depends upon an integration of computer technology into the fabric of everyday life, the globalization of economic activity, and the transformation of the entire manufacturing sector by just-in-time techniques that are possible only because of computerization. But all of those things make us infinitely more vulnerable to a breakdown in our computer infrastructure. Y2K, then, may be the most painful expression of a principle of technology we're only beginning to understand: Things bite back. ▬

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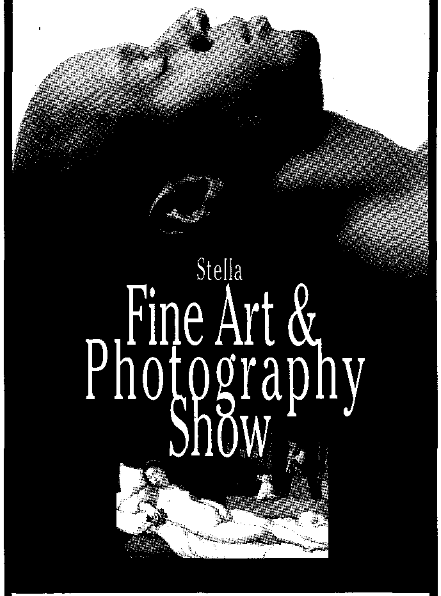

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Gates Unhinged

Sure, Microsoft's a monopoly, but the government's attack is pitched at something larger: hubris. As Bill Gates's deeply weird video testimony showed, it's not a moment too soon.

AMONG THE SCREENPLAYS I probably won't get around to writing is this one:

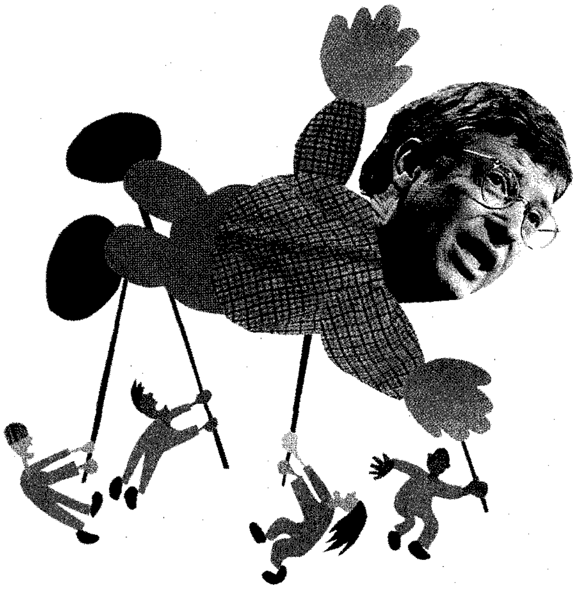
A team of thieves—Tom Cruise is certainly one of them—breaks into the wonder-of-technology, state-of-wealth home Bill Gates has built on the banks of Lake Washington near Seattle, his sprawling suburban construction meant to rival the great Newport estates and Hudson River mansions of the robber barons.

It's unclear, as we watch the gymnastics of these cooler-than-cool thieves, who they are—competitors, terrorists, abused business partners, cast-aside girlfriends? (It is also unclear to me exactly how they manage the breach—but having done my own rubbernecking around the Gates palace, I have a few ideas about how to get them over the walls.) Our thieves—along with Cruise, no doubt there's a nerd, a woman, an African-American, an Asian—are here to steal from the laser-protected nook off the Gates home library his $30 million acquisition, the symbol of not only his colossal wealth but his intent to control the intellectual wherewithal of our time. Yes, our intrepid and gallant thieves deactivate the laser, fool the digital voice-and-fingerprint-recognition locks, drop from the ceiling, and grab the *Codex Leicester,* Leonardo's 500-year-old journal about the properties of water and the nature of celestial light.

The *Codex,* of course, is being stolen not entirely for its own sake (although one of our thieves is in it for the dough he'll get when the *Codex* is ransomed back to Gates) but as a symbolic way to strike at the heart of his invincibility and the primacy of technology in American life (this is why I don't write these screenplays; they always go foreign on me).

My motive (or the motive of my thieves) for stealing the *Codex,* it occurs to me, is similar to what the jokester in Brussels had in mind when he pied Gates (an event that, at some point, may be remembered as the beginning of the end of the Gates myth).

ANOTHER SUCH EFFORT, OF COURSE, IS NOW taking place in Federal Court. You can probably even argue that the real motive of the Microsoft prosecution is to provide a symbolic humbling of Gates; it's only of secondary interest to the powers that be that this humbling will create a whole new business environment.



It's difficult to get a real sense of the human drama here from just following the press accounts (strangely, the only feel for the tragicomic proportions of the proceedings is in Michael Lewis's coverage of the trial for the Microsoft-owned online magazine, *Slate*). But if you place the famously hairsplitting technicalities of antitrust law to one side and see the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as a bureaucratic process for dealing with hubris, the real meaning of the issue for the court to decide is the difference between the ordinary hubris we tolerate in a democratic capitalist system and hubris of a *sui generis* and historic order.

The fact that there is a trial at all is at least in part the result of Gates's excessive pride: Any number of half-measures might have mollified Netscape and the government. His refusal to cut any competitor any slack, together with his increasingly explicit strategy to control not just operating systems and applications but, by extension, information, media, commerce, communications . . . Well, hell, what did he expect? There is a level of size and power and influence that necessarily invites a countervailing weight.

This trial is not, as the Microsoft defense would like to describe it, just a matter of weighing the relative benefits to the consumer of a browser as a stand-alone application or a browser that's part of the operating system. Instead, it's a grand, epoch-shaping fork in the road. Gates has really finally done it, in other words. He's claimed too much. Goaded too many. Bullied too often. Allowed arrogance to interfere with cunning. The sovereign state of Redmond has, one too many times, refused the arms inspectors.

It's a measure of how far out there Gates has gotten, how isolated, how James Bond–villainesque he's become, that he, along with the rest of the greater Microsoft community, seems to have little inkling that the world, as Microsoft knows it, is about to end. It is easy to be protected from which way the wind is blowing in hermetically sealed Redmond. "This case will be decided in a courtroom, and if we lose there, we'll win on appeal," Gates told a recent intimate gathering in Redmond, with Gotti-like certainty.

Doesn't he realize that he is the one on trial?

His video deposition—part resentful teenager, part defiant, sleep-deprived political prisoner (it's unfortunate for Gates that he has Clinton's video deposition to compete with)—clearly aids the

Illustration by Stephen Kroninger. Photograph (Gates) by Daniel Sheehan/Gamma Liaison.

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government in its effort to charge him not only with monopolistic practices but with frightening weirdness. Obviously it is not just business for him. He isn't just a chief executive. He's the mad genius. Remember Howard Hughes?

The nineties have been the digital decade, with Gates as its John Lennon–size icon. The mania and aspirations of the age have had their highest expression in the fortunes of the West Coast technology community. People there, we believe (and have been repeatedly told) are smarter, righter, richer (their relative sexlessness is a strange aspect of their glamour).

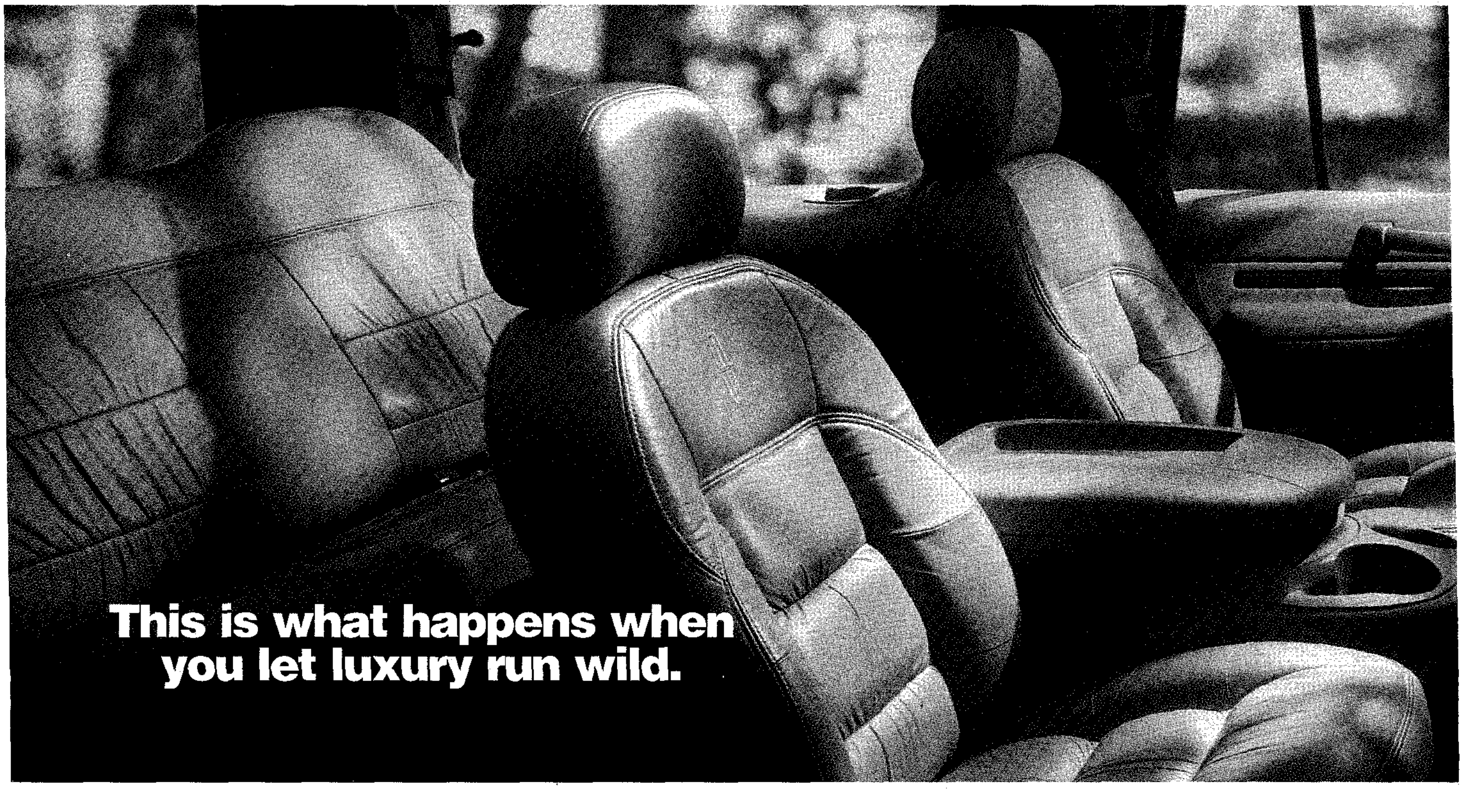
The trial provides some inevitable comeuppance.

No matter the outcome, the proceedings, moving into their fourth week, have already begun to whittle away not only at Gates but at one of the most sustained lovefests in the history of American business. All of the industry's leaders—executives at Netscape, Apple, AOL, Intel, Intuit, Oracle, Sun, Compaq, HP, etc.—these heroes of the realm, are, each trial day, revealed more and more to be the packaged-goods marketers that they essentially are. Not visionaries but shelf-space soldiers. The Microsoft trial strategy largely consists of the "everybody does it" defense. And everybody *does* do it: conspire to move whatever merchandise they're paid to move by screwing the other guy. So instead of being thought of as superintellects and innovators and utopians, these guys, at the end of the nineties, go back to being ordinary salesmen (each more bland or more sharky than the next).

Bill Gates has really finally done it. He's claimed too much. He's goaded too many. Bullied too often. **The sovereign state of Redmond has,** *one too many times,* **refused the arms inspectors.**

DECADES END, NOT ONLY AT THEIR APPOINTED hour but when their dearest myths start to shatter. So the Microsoft trial comes right on time. The possibility of a transmogrified Microsoft—or, in fact, the possibility of the end of Microsoft—works as quite a nice dénouement to the century, as well.

A radically transformed Microsoft would be such a profoundly uncertain and existential development that few people have stepped forward to begin the process of speculating about what, in the event of Microsoft's losing the case, the world will be like. Even as the trial moves inexorably against Microsoft (that Microsoft will be undone by e-mail is an irony that we should treasure for a bit), the technology community is still in a state of denial. Although Microsoft's global supremacy is little more than ten years old, anyone who has not wholly succumbed to the Microsoft world order is a relic (a pre-1990 IBMer, for instance, seems senile). What's more, even thinking the thought, no less openly creating scenarios, is a fearful gambit for industry movers who've grown up in the Microsoft era ("I would



Lincoln Navigator takes luxury deep into the great outdoors. With room for seven in three rows of leather-trimmed seats. Plus rich wood accents. To lea

love to speculate, but I don't think my partners would be too happy if I ended up on Bill's blacklist," said a venture capitalist of my acquaintance).

But slowly, as the trial drags out, the future starts to take on a distinct form.

Scenario one. The current Microsoft strategy is to keep the discussion focused on whether integration of the browser into the operating system is a detriment or benefit to the consumer. While it is unlikely that the judge will accept this limited version of the issues, if he does focus primarily on the browser aspect of Microsoft's behavior, then the remedy he might choose is to unhook system and browser. This solution, however, may, in the end, please no one and do little to diminish Microsoft's ambitions and dominance. In the next chapter, we can look forward to Microsoft becoming the kind of scourge that AT&T, U.S. Steel, and Standard Oil became before their breakups.

Scenario two. Microsoft is broken up. The knee-jerk objections on the part of Microsoft's defenders and antitrust cognoscenti seem to be that AT&T, U.S. Steel, and Standard Oil were broken up on a largely geographical basis, and how can the court subdivide the Microsoft campus? Breaking up the company thematically rather than geographically could produce an operating-system company, an applications company, an Internet-systems company, and a media company. A breakup consolation prize for Gates: the possibility that he may be able to sell significant parts of his holdings in the largest tax-free event in recorded history.

Scenario three. Release the Windows operating-system source code. In this scenario, applications would remain proprietary, but once they were integrated into the operating system—in the way Explorer has been integrated—they would become part of the published operating system source code. Obviously, the Microsoft argument will be that by turning Windows into something like UNIX you'll create the same kind of fractured system. But the counterargument is that opening Windows would cause a dramatic expansion for the software-creation business. Others—whether they're a hundred hackers collaborating on the Internet or a dozen programmers at Lotus—can alter and improve Windows' code and compete with Microsoft by releasing better, cheaper, fancier, faster, simpler, whatever versions. Would this kill Bill? What the hell!

WHO PLAYS GATES IN MY FILM? THE ROLE could be played one-dimensionally—from omnipotence to ruin à la the James Bond villains—or, as my thieves toy with him (perhaps cruelly sending him bits of the *Codex*), you see a man coming to terms with the limits of accomplishment and power. You need someone to project a very particular combination of innocence (the bangs) and anger (watch the eyes and the shaking leg). Otherworldliness too. And the loneliness of eggheadedness. Gates rocks. Not rocks, but *rocks*—with an inkling of autism (or as though davening in prayer). He is a man ruled by unnatural powers, trying to control his rage, unaware of his own naïveté, projecting a certain transcendence, of course.

Jim Carrey, I'd say (*The Windows Guy!*): walking up the steps in his huge artificial world, exiting through the set door into real life.

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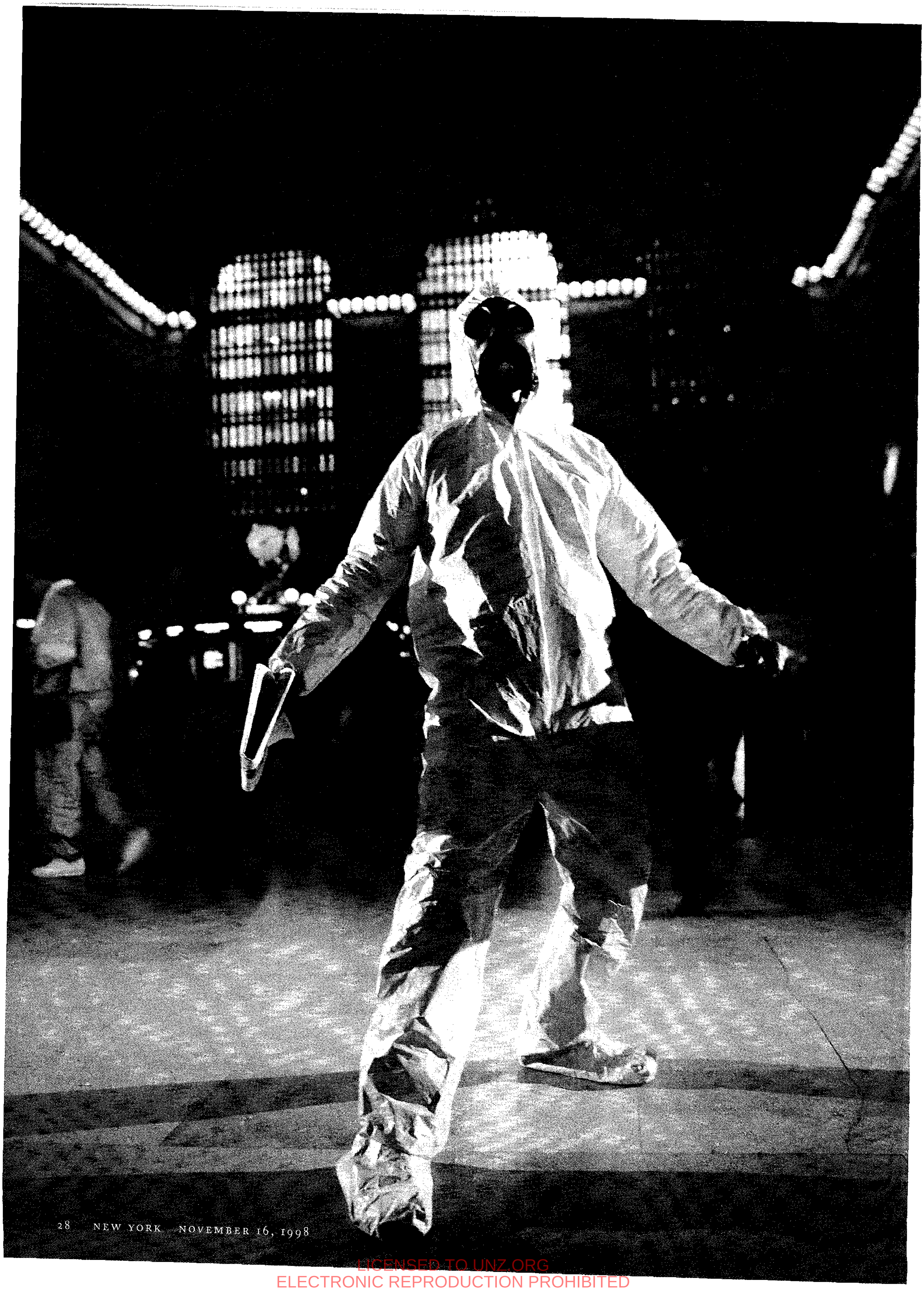

AS THE WAR WITH TERRORISTS HEATS UP, MANY EXPERTS BELIEVE MANHATTAN COULD BE GROUND ZERO FOR A BIOWEAPONS ATTACK.

SECURITY IN THE CITY HAS NEVER BEEN TIGHTER. BUT ARE YOU PROPERLY DRESSED?

BY ALEX WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLEO SULLIVAN

EVERY SO OFTEN, THE DOOMSDAY bells go off in the emergency room at Bellevue Hospital. A mysterious bug appears in one patient, then another, then another. Soon, the doctors and nurses are on alert: This could be their worst nightmare, an epidemic of a lethal biological agent like anthrax intentionally set off in Manhattan. It's like a fourteenth-century-style plague, but one launched, apparently, on purpose. The doctors and nurses act immediately to protect their instruments from contamination, which would render them useless. They begin quarantining patients, which is crucial to everyone's survival. They have almost no time for reflection. This could be World War III—the terrorist war.

Within half an hour, it becomes clear that more antibiotics might be needed than the hospital has in its pharmacy. "Before you ever get to 100 cases, you want to start to mobilize," says one doctor there. "You want to get a jump on this thing."

If it's a major strike, the hospital would want to get on the line to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, and perhaps the military, to requisition additional medicine.

It's at the point when these calls are about to be made, however, that the all-clear comes. The drill ends. Two or three people on staff knew about it beforehand. No one else did.

Such drills help the Bellevue doctor remain cautiously optimistic about the city hospitals' ability to deal with urban terrorism. "At the time of the World Trade Center bombing," he says, "Bellevue got the majority of the injured, and that was in a third of the space we have now, with fewer people on staff. Still, we had no problems."

But the World Trade Center bombing was a limited and unsuccessful attack. In March 1995, the global cult Aum Shinrikyo attempted to spark the apocalypse by puncturing plastic bags of sarin nerve gas in the Tokyo subways. Afterward, it was considered a botched operation. Still, twelve were killed and thousands injured. Many were bleeding from the mouth and nose.

"If you had numbers of victims in the tens of thousands from some sort of terrorist attack, *nobody's* ready for that," the doctor says warily.

"It's scary. But it will be scary when it happens." He catches himself: "*If* it happens."

IN GOVERNMENT CIRCLES, THE BUZZWORD for this threat is *CBR terrorism*—chemical, biological, or radioactive terrorism. It's a catchphrase for a universe of unconventional weapons that could be deployed against civilian populations. There are various types of radioactive material that could be spread in any number of public spaces—an atom bomb without the boom. But by now, post–Cold War, post–Three Mile Island, we seem to have become inured to nuclear-nightmare scenarios. Chemical weapons are a terrorist option more commonly discussed, particularly after Tokyo. But even chemical weapons have limited traction in the imagination. Mustard gas and chlorine gas are octogenarian World War I veterans. Even sarin dates back to the Nazis.

> **THOSE IN CHARGE OF PROTECTING US FROM CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL TERRORISM DON'T SAY IT "WOULD" BE TERRIBLE BUT IT "WILL" BE TERRIBLE.**

It is the biological weapon that has suddenly become our primary terrorist nightmare, offering a millennial mix of biblical plagues and Biotech Age sorcery. Reading over a list of possible biological "weapons"—anthrax, botulinum, brucellosis (undulant fever), cholera, plague, smallpox, tularemia, typhus, viral encephalitis—makes it seem as if a couple of centuries of medical progress had suddenly been rewound, and ancient germs were suddenly fresh, and lethal, again. What's new, then, is not the weapons. It's the possible target: you, me, and everyone we know.

Among those in charge of protecting us from chemical and biological terrorism, there is a distressing tendency to avoid conditional verbs in talking about terrorism. Often, it's not terrorism "would" be terrible but terrorism "will" be terrible.

For example, when Attorney General Janet Reno announced the Justice Department's award of $12 million to 41 cities to buy protective clothing, chemical and biological sensors, and decontamination equipment to protect against terrorists, she said, "The first hours of a terrorist attack are critical. This equipment will help local emergency personnel save lives."

The Department of Defense is coordinating a dozen doomsday drills for "first responders" (fire, police, and medical personnel) in 120 American cities, simulating, say, nerve-gas attacks at stadium rock concerts.

"What we're doing with the 120 cities is a preparedness program," a top Pentagon counterterrorism official stresses. "Is there a specific threat? No. But just because you don't plan on having a fire in your house doesn't mean you cancel your fire insurance. And the more fires that a fire crew has responded to, the more efficient they become." He adds brightly: "There will be a learning curve in this."

Locally, the authorities have been less given to the alarmist future tense, mainly because they have been virtually silent about the obvious, if quiet, counterterrorism push under way. Coordinating preparation for a potential disaster, whether it be hurricanes or nerve-gas attacks, is the two-year-old Mayor's Office of Emergency Management, headed by Jerry Hauer. Any questions about terrorism asked of any city agencies get routed to Hauer's office. Hauer did not respond to repeated requests to be interviewed for this story.

But the evidence speaks for itself. This summer, after two suspects in the embassy bombings were extradited and brought to jail downtown, the city erected concrete barriers around police headquarters, downtown's two federal buildings, and the courthouses, and, most symbolically, in front of the steps at City Hall.

At Yankee Stadium during the recent World Series, the painted-face pandemonium played out against a blanket of 600 on-duty cops, moonlighting cops working for the Yankees, and security guards. Last summer's Goodwill Games were presided over by the FBI SWAT team.

Last June, the mayor risked the inevitable "Herr Giuliani" cracks when he green-lighted a $15 million "bunker" on the twenty-third floor of the World Trade Center that not only is bulletproof and hurricane-ready but also boasts a closed

Photographs: Preceding page, styling by Leah Levin. Model: Kenneth Lyons/NMK. Gas mask from the Counter Spy Shop, NYC; briefcase from Trussardi. Opposite page, by Gino Domenico/AP/Wide World.

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THIS IS ONLY A TEST: Emergency workers evacuate a "victim" in last November's simulation of a terrorist strike in Manhattan.

air-circulation system, which makes it poison- and germproof.

Manhattan's FBI field office has suddenly received new funding and more agents, who in turn have been consulting with businesses in the city in an effort to tighten the security loop at city office buildings, closely monitoring who and what is arriving at their offices and who is parking in their garages, and increasing the number of security "observation points" on their premises. Locally, the Joint Terrorist Task Force, made up of representatives of the NYPD, FBI, Secret Service, ATF, and other agencies, collates and divvies up all intelligence that comes in on any sort of terrorism, national and international, "in a very aggressive posture, 24 hours a day," according to the head of the FBI's local field office, Lewis Schiliro.

Last November, the city's media were invited to watch its most public drill. One thousand law-enforcement officers and emergency workers and agents scurried around a two-block area in HAZMAT suits, barricading the street, set up portable decontaminating showers, and shuttled twitching and moaning gas-attack "victims" off to one of the participating 41 hospitals.

The good news is that experts throughout the country consider New York vastly better prepared than any other city in the country in this area. Says the Pentagon official, "Jerry Hauer has pushed the envelope further than any city manager I know."

But the news isn't all good. One company looking to win a portion of New York's Justice Department funding is the Philadelphia-based Aramsco, one of the world's largest distributors of safety-related gear, including germ and chemical suits, respirators, and even portable, inflatable decontamination facilities that can be flown in by helicopter. In his dealings with counterterrorism experts around the country, Aramsco co-owner Dave Naylor has caught a glimpse of why government officials tend to be mum on the subject.

"The people who are involved in this," Naylor says, "are positive it's going to happen. They feel like they have to make a big show of being prepared, because they know they can't appear to be doing nothing. But they'll say, 'Look, I don't know why we're spending all this money, because if we ever do get one of these attacks, it isn't like all this equipment is going to save all the people. We may be able to protect *our* people, as they put the other people into body bags.' "

NOT VERY LONG AGO, WHAT WE WORRIED about was crime. Crime was by no means an abstract anxiety. We sat down and factored our worst living nightmares into our daily routines—how late we should ride the B train, how deep into the park we would let our kids stray unsupervised.

Worry about biological and chemical terrorism isn't as straightforward. In a way, we've gone back to the future. This new anxiety is redolent of the bomb-scare days of the fifties, with the same overtones of xenophobia, science fiction, and Revelations drama. You can't protect yourself by buying four locks for your door.

When I was moving from Manhattan last winter and beginning my apartment hunt in Brooklyn, there were the inevitable questions to answer: Elevator building or walk-up? Fifteen-year mortgage or 30-? More space on a lesser block or less space on a premier block?

But, I noticed, those weren't the only questions I was asking myself. There were stranger—perverse, even—questions. If I'm now going to be riding the subway for 90 minutes a day, how much likelier am I to inhale a whiff of anthrax spores set off in a terrorist strike? Or will I actually be safer tucked away in the safety of Brooklyn, away from all those symbols of capitalism like the New York Stock Exchange that might serve as tempting targets for violent anti-American extremists from any background: the Middle East, the American militias, the

UNDERGROUND OPERATIONS: Many experts consider the New York subway system a prime target, just as Tokyo's was in 1995.

white supremacists? New York, it seems, has something for everyone to hate.

A chef I know was interviewing at a restaurant very close to Grand Central Terminal: "Do I take it? That's basically ground zero when the terrorists finally come." A 27-year-old management consultant I know was laying odds on the chances New York would soon see some megaterrorism. His bet: one in five.

Are we all crazy? Or just following the news? Iraq, a country that most experts agree still has a large biological-and-chemical-weapons arsenal, announces its refusal to comply with United Nations weapons inspections. Homegrown terrorists send envelopes full of "anthrax" to four abortion clinics in the Midwest (the attacks are later determined to be a hoax). Meanwhile, between network reports, ads for the Denzel Washington movie *The Siege* show us a vision of terrorists invading New York from within. And last February, two microbiology "buffs" were arrested in Nevada. Early reports alleged they were carrying a cache of "weapons-grade anthrax" to New York to attack the subways (the microbes turned out to be a benign veterinary anthrax vaccine).

"All my friends are pretty much paranoid freaks," a friend in Carroll Gardens says. "One of them thinks it's going to be a boat cruising along the Hudson, spraying nerve gas along the West Side Highway. But hey," she shrugs. "We live in Brooklyn. At least we are safe at night." She reconsiders. "I think."

"You know, one thing I'm starting to hear a lot is people saying they don't want to be in New York on New Year's Eve, 1999," says another friend, a screenwriter in her mid-thirties. "They just want to be outside the city, anywhere. There's just something too juicy about that date for terrorists. This sounds too weird to be true, but it is. My parents have a house in Vermont that they were planning to sell, and they've taken it off the market for a year or two. They just want a safe house. It's partly a terrorism thing and partly just a millennium thing."

Dan Cronin is an advertising copywriter by day and a stand-up comic by night. Cronin, 27, recently married Victoria Shaw, 27, an ad-agency account manager. They bought an apartment in Westchester. "We're *obviously* just such a sitting target," Cronin says. "We're the cultural and financial backbone of our country, and it would be pretty damned easy to drop some powder off a building." He laughs. "But New Yorkers *are* going to be New Yorkers until the very last minute. If anything, in the back of their minds, they're probably thinking, *Wow, maybe the price of that two-bedroom in Gramercy will come down.*"

A woman journalist I know was in Tel Aviv recently. She and her husband pulled their car into a parking garage under a department store. "All the doors were sealed except for the one leading to the store," she says. "A guard came up to us and made us open our trunk for inspection. When we finally got to the door to the store, we all had to take off our backpacks for another inspection. Afterwards, we just looked at each other and said, 'This is Saks in five years.' "

New York's department stores may not have fully come to grips with the new generation of terrorists, but the government is beginning to. President Clinton apparently missed Tom Clancy's 1996 novel *Executive Orders,* in which Iranian terrorists attack the United States with Ebola virus sprayed from atomizers. But after reading Richard Preston's recent bio-terror best-seller *The Cobra Event,* about a Satan bug that menaces New York, President Clinton ordered American intelligence to assess the feasibility of such an attack. This year, the government passed a virtual wartime budget, allocating $6.7 billion in anti-terrorism funds to agencies across the country.

It is estimated that 40 percent of terrorist attacks around the globe are directed, in some form, at American interests. The now-defunct Federal Office of Technical Assessment has predicted a rise in terrorism by 15 percent a year for the foreseeable future. And, the report concludes, the terrorist acts will inevitably grow more spectacular, simply because human beings are so good at growing jaded.

Lewis Schiliro, the local FBI field-office head, tells one story that even he, a 23-year veteran, finds chilling: "A few years ago, I had the SWAT team under my control. We were tasked with transporting Ramzi Yousef"—the convicted mastermind of the World Trade Center bombing—"who was being extradited back to the United States, down to jail in lower Manhattan. He came off the plane and he was shackled, handcuffed, and blindfolded. We put him in a helicopter to fly him down the Hudson River. It was an absolutely clear night, and one of the agents requested permission to take the blindfold off. I said sure. As luck would have it, what he finally focused his eyes on was the

LITTLE TERROR: Israel issues HAZMAT gear to all its citizens—right down to the smallest ones.

World Trade Center. One of the agents gave him a nudge and said, 'You see. It's still standing.' He turned to him and said, 'It would not be if we had the money.'

"We're used to dealing with the criminal mind—La Cosa Nostra, drug traffickers. People motivated by greed," Schiliro says. "This is different."

Retired Navy commander Chip Beck, a former Central Intelligence Agency station chief and veteran of the Vietnam ground war, warns that if this is a war, we're already losing: "Clinton says we're declaring war on terrorism, but we're not. Declaration is a formal thing, not a rhetorical thing. You get involved incrementally, and it becomes a game of Russian roulette." To win a war, you need to mobilize, to act in a concerted effort with clear goals in mind, he says.

And there is one other aspect of this alternative state of warfare that nobody but Beck seems to mention. "If you're going to fight," he says coolly, "you're going to take casualties."

He's talking about us.

IS THERE A SPECIFIC THREAT? NO. BUT JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T PLAN ON HAVING A FIRE IN YOUR HOUSE DOESN'T MEAN YOU CANCEL YOUR FIRE INSURANCE.

"*ANTHRAX*," SAYS MY UPPER EAST Side doctor, looking at me as if I'd just told him that I tend to turn invisible at various moments throughout the day. I have gone in for my annual flu shot, and just out of curiosity—sort of—I ask him if I could get a shot of a very different sort. He has never been asked for an anthrax vaccine before. He pulls a large book off the shelf and flips its pages. "It *is* a bacteria," he says, looking up at me. "It's one of those things you learn about in medical school, but you never see a case." He thumbs through a few more pages. "Hmmm. Looks like if you get it in your lungs, it's curtains. Most people only live about 24 hours."

The Department of Defense has identified anthrax, a livestock disease caused by a bacteria called *Bacillus anthracis*, as the primary biological threat facing U.S. forces during wartime. Anthrax, the "poor man's atomic bomb," in the words of one admiral, is the easiest biological agent to produce and weaponize. Iraq, in fact, already has admitted to doing just that.

In fact, the Defense Department owns the entire anthrax-vaccine stockpile. Last year, the military decided that all 2.4 million American soldiers will be given anthrax vaccines, at a cost of $130 million. Although the FDA-approved anthrax vaccine has been in use since 1970, many veterans' groups assert that these vaccines—which require six shots administered over eighteen months and an annual booster—are a factor in the much-disputed Gulf War syndrome and some autoimmune diseases (a claim vehemently denied by the government and many scientists). Even now, some soldiers are risking discharge by refusing their mandated inoculations.

A Defense Department spokesman tells me, "The department will not honor requests from private physicians requesting vaccine for patients, private citizens, or companies fearful of bio-terrorism."

Some experts think this is not bad policy. "The risk, although real and legitimate, is still a risk to a relatively low percentage of the population. You can't vaccinate hundreds of millions against a risk that diffuse," says Philip Russell, former commander of the U.S. Army Medical Research and Development Command in Fort Detrick, Maryland. "It would be expensive, and convincing everybody to get the vaccines would be impossible." Besides, Russell says, "if you inoculate people against anthrax and plague, you only shift terrorists to other options."

Nevertheless, in May, Clinton did announce sweeping plans to create strategic stockpiles of various vaccines around the country. A presidential panel (which included Jerry Hauer) recommended spending $420 million over five years for stockpiles of vaccinations and antibiotics. But questions arose about potential conflicts of interest. There were debates about what, and how much, we should stockpile. The plan has yet to be ruled on by Congress.

"We have nothing stockpiled. No one does. If there was a biological event that took place today, *I* would not know how to go about getting all the antibiotics or vaccine that we need, and I've been heavily involved in this issue for a number of years," says Michael Osterholm, the state epidemiologist for Minnesota, a leading medical authority on bio-terrorism who was part of the presidential panel.

"I was responsible for vaccinating 30,000 people several years ago here in Minnesota, along with giving them antibiotics, for a meningitis outbreak—we had an outbreak of nine cases in a week—and even under the best-laid plans already on paper, it took several days to mount together the resources to carry out even something of *that* magnitude. If I suddenly had to magnify to a community of 300,000, to a million, to 2 million, it would boggle my mind."

He then shifts the focus from anthrax to an even bigger nightmare: "What happens if it's a smallpox exposure in a major East Coast international airport? Think of where all the cases will be two weeks from now. It would be like seeds blowing in the wind."

Smallpox is a horribly contagious disease with a mortality rate of nearly 1 in 3 for the unvaccinated. Smallpox, of course, is supposed to have been eradicated since 1978, and kept for research in only two closely monitored laboratory batches in Atlanta and Russia. Regardless, in recent years it has come out that the Soviet Union kept enormous arsenals of weaponized smallpox, and no one knows where, precisely, they ended up.

Of course, most of us over 30 were vaccinated for smallpox as kids. There is only one problem: Most of the vaccination wears off after twenty years.

At present, the U.S. has a reserve of only 7 million smallpox vaccines held at an undisclosed location. Osterholm and the rest of the panel told the president that we need more.

"I don't know if you need a stockpile of 260 million smallpox vaccines, but I'd sure feel a lot more comfortable with 100 million. And that's not only for the United States. If smallpox raises its ugly head, even if it escapes from where they're working with it"—North Korea, Iraq, and Syria are heavy favorites, he says—"I'd be willing to ship smallpox vaccine across the world where there's a possible case." For New York City alone, he says, "you probably do want to plan for the worst-case scenario, for 10 million doses."

City hospitals try to stock up on, say, atropine, an antidote to nerve gas. Bellevue keeps a large cache of antibiotics in its

Photographs: opposite page, top, Nobuo Serizawa/Sankei/Gamma Liaison; bottom, courtesy of Israel Defense Forces.

pharmacy (for anthrax, you'd want penicillin, Doxycycline, or Cipro) but still could serve only maybe 500 or 600 in the event of an attack. But different diseases require different drugs. "If you try to keep all the antibiotics to treat every disease for every patient that could come in, you couldn't do it," one doctor says. "You'd become a warehouse, not a hospital."

More alarming is the fact that no vaccine or antidote is a match for a sophisticated enough scientist, who could genetically engineer his way around any cure.

One such scientist is Ken Alibek, born Kanatjan Alibekov in Kazakhstan. Alibek was a leading scientist in the Soviet bioweapons program that flourished for decades in violation of Richard Nixon's international 1972 Biological Weapons Convention. The Soviets bioengineered antibiotics-resistant strains of anthrax. They had missiles fitted with warheads carrying bubonic plague *and* smallpox *and* anthrax aimed at numerous United States cities.

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT EXPERTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY CONSIDER NEW YORK VASTLY BETTER PREPARED THAN ANY CITY IN THE COUNTRY.

"There is a huge variety of possible biological weapons," he says, "including bacteria, viruses, fungi . . ."

Fungi?

He shrugs. "There are some fungi that could be used for possible biological weapons," he says. "Unfortunately, they have up to 100 percent mortality rate."

Alibek says trying to develop a vaccine or antidote for each possible pathogen is misguided.

"We will spend hundreds of millions but never catch up," he says in a thick, jaded Russian accent.

What scientists need to focus on, he says, are new, generalized vaccines that make even a young body stronger against many types of infection. "What we need to develop is a nonspecific immune-system booster."

Indeed, government-funded labs are working on broad-spectrum drugs that attack wide classes of bugs—Ebola, anthrax, and the plague, for instance—by attacking them where they share characteristics, such as in causing severe inflammation.

"The problem is, it's not that big a deal to prepare such weapons," he says. "I had a teacher many, many years ago. He told me that for him, it would be enough just to have a small stable for horses to make sufficient biological weapons."

IN SEPTEMBER, NEW YORK'S JERRY HAUER visited Israel to study its highly evolved civil-defense preparedness, organized by its military's Home Front Command. Hauer watched a missile drill in Tel Aviv, took careful notes of the equipment and procedures the Israel Defense Forces employ, and watched a film Israel will air on TV in the event of an attack.

"The people of Israel are strong enough to stand up to any kind of threat," says Brigadier General Gabi Ofir, Home Front commander for the Israel Defense Force, through a translator, on the telephone from Tel Aviv. "Most of the adults in Israel have served in the army, and this influences the way they react to the threat." They are not given to panic, he says.

The same cannot be said for the United States. To American eyes, in fact, Israel's preparedness seems almost like satire, a modernized take on those campy old duck-and-cover civilian-defense movies from the fifties. Reading through Israel's instructions for its citizens in case of chemical or biological attack, I feel like I've fast-forwarded to the *Atomic Cafe* of the year 2015.

The instructions are as follows:

When a siren is heard . . . shut down all electrical appliances and air-conditioners and close all water and gas taps. Get into the Protected Space, easy-to-reach shelter, or sealed room already prepared for this event, and take with you the gas mask and protective kit. Do not leave your apartment for a shelter unless you can reach it within two minutes. Note: You may bring pets with you into the Protected Spaces to protect them. When all the members of the family have entered the room, complete the sealing of the room by using adhesive tapes between the door and the frame and between the frame and the wall.

The IDF distributes photos on its Website that show men, women, and even infants casually wrapped up in clear-plastic HAZMAT suits that look as flimsy as *Dr. Who* costumes. Since the Gulf War, all Israelis have been issued civil-defense kits that contain gas masks and supplies of atropine and powders to treat gas that comes into contact with the skin.

Without access to government kits, however, tremulous Americans have to scavenge their own preparation. Squadron Headquarters on Canal Street sells fifteen to twenty gas masks a week, ranging in price from $30 all the way up to $1,000. Leo Regall, a salesman there, estimates that maybe five of those purchases are made by people afraid of terrorism. Huron also sells full-body U.S. Army chemical-warfare suits, though so far, he says, they sell primarily to "kids making music videos." The Counter Spy Shop on Madison Avenue routinely reflects peaks in media-fueled anxiety. Immediately after the Tokyo-subway sarin attack, sales of the $99 Israeli gas mask—which normally hover around 25 a week—doubled, says Tom Felice, manager of the Madison Avenue branch. The company also sells the $7,000 SAW Minicad MK II, which looks like a heavier version of the Sony Walkman and can sniff out even trace elements of nerve and blister agents. The evening-bag-size Quick Mask is a folding, fire-resistant hood with a clear visor and multilayer filter that protects against hydrogen cyanide, chlorine and mustard gases, and nerve gases.

Those looking for the highest possible protection would seek out Level-A hazardous-material, or HAZMAT, suits, made of DuPont's vapor-tight TyChem, a fourteen-layer polymer fabric that has been tested against sixteen nerve, biological, and blister agents, and costs, from a company like Lakeland Industries in Ronkonkoma, Long Island, about $700 without a mask.

Dave Naylor of Aramsco says New Yorkers do indeed walk into his company's Long Island City retail outlet fairly often and buy cheaper protective outfits in the $300 range to store in their closets or car trunks. But, he says, they've been doing this for the 25 years he's been in the business. During the Cold War, the threat was nuclear. The neurosis was the same. But the likelihood was possibly quite different.

BACK TO THE FUTURE: Compared with the number of casualties chemical or biological weapons could inflict, the 1993 World Trade Center bombing looks like a small-scale attack.

"We're a free society. We're vulnerable," says Naylor. "I'm surprised it hasn't happened yet."

IF THIS *IS* WORLD WAR III, RICHARD Preston is a leading candidate to play its Ernie Pyle, typing out harrowing dispatches from the front. Preston, 44, is the author of two instant bio-creep-out classics, the nonfiction *Hot Zone,* about Africa's macabre Ebola virus, and the fictional but fact-based *Cobra Event,* now in paperback. *The Cobra Event* is about a genetically altered virus that threatens to turn New York into a Hiroshima for the germ-warfare age: The property remains, if not the property values. Fox 2000 recently purchased the rights to *The Cobra Event* for $3 million. Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman are rumored for the leads.

In the lobby bar at the Four Seasons Hotel, Preston begins unspooling an extemporaneous sequel to *The Cobra Event,* about a *real* bug, in *real* New York.

"What if somebody really and truly released anthrax correctly into Manhattan?" asks Preston, who wears dainty rimless glasses that accessorize well with his Ph.D. in English from Princeton.

"If somebody were to blow a kilo of anthrax into the air of New York City," Preston continues, "it would form a plume. The particles would plume out downwind 20 to 40 miles. Air currents and eddies around the buildings of Manhattan would cause a kind of spiderweb effect. The particles would tend to move up the avenues and down the side streets, and would be sucked into some buildings. But there is a three-day incubation period. So whoever released the anthrax would be gone by day three, when people would begin developing symptoms of the common cold. People all over New York would be saying, 'Oh, gee, there's something going around.' Sniffling. Runny nose. Dry cough. But then, you start to feel a little bit better. That's known as the 'anthrax eclipse.' The symptoms lift," he says.

"That's a prelude to death. All of a sudden, you crash from anthrax pneumonia. Your lungs fill with fluid, sometimes with blood. Anthrax causes a sudden breathing arrest, and you die extremely suddenly. Doctors who have seen death by anthrax say that they've actually been talking to a patient, asking how he feels, and the patient dies right there in mid-sentence."

That's the end of the individual, but certainly not of the problem.

"So all of a sudden, days after the release, people all over Westchester County, New Jersey, Long Island, and New York City would begin turning up in emergency rooms with what looked like pneumonia. And it would take doctors days to recognize this is anthrax, because most doctors wouldn't know a case of anthrax if it coughed in their face."

Mine certainly wouldn't.

THE BAD NEWS MIGHT BE THAT THIS IS 1962 all over again—we struggle to go about normal, productive lives trying as best we can to ignore the doom.

Then again, the good news might also be that it is 1962 again. We spent the peak Cold War years ducking and covering for rockets that never came. The Cuban Missile Crisis aside, we now look back on 1962 as a lost golden era. Maybe this time around, we should enjoy a golden era while it's here.

A little while ago, I had a very pleasant lunch with Dr. Carol Reiss, trying to assess the threat of bio-Armageddon. Reiss is a viral immunologist at New York University who consults to the Defense Advance Projects Research Agency (DARPA) in Arlington, Virginia. DARPA is to the American military what Q was to James Bond. It gave us Internet and stealth technology and now is funding research on any number of antidotes, vaccines, detectors, and generalized immune boosters to protect against bio- or chemical weapons. I hand Reiss a list of various potential bio-weapons and ask her to assess the risk of each.

"Uh-huh," Reiss nods clinically. "Anthrax, plague, smallpox. Brucellosis, yeah, that's a problem."

She then turns sunnier, however. "A lot of these agents would die if released during daylight," she says. "Sunlight would deactivate them. And something like Ebola, which Tom Clancy uses as his agent of choice—soap and water is enough to destroy it. *Just wash your hands.* You look cross-eyed at a lot of the viruses, and they're destroyed. They can't dry out, and have to be spread by coughing or sneezing or the passing of fluids."

Reiss is not given to apocalyptic visions. She's more worried about the little guys with an agenda.

"There was a cult up in Oregon a few years back," she says, referring to the Rajneeshis, who spread salmonella bacteria in salad bars in an attempt to knock out voters before an election the cult had an interest in. "That kind of thing is a much more likely scenario than someone having ten pounds of anthrax spores distributed off a ferry in the East River."

What we're talking about in most cases, then, is simply street crime writ large.

I tell her about my experience trying to get an anthrax vaccine.

"An anthrax vaccine wouldn't hurt you," she says. "And they only cost about $100."

I can't help reopening the public-vaccination debate. What's $100 apiece, for all that peace of mind?

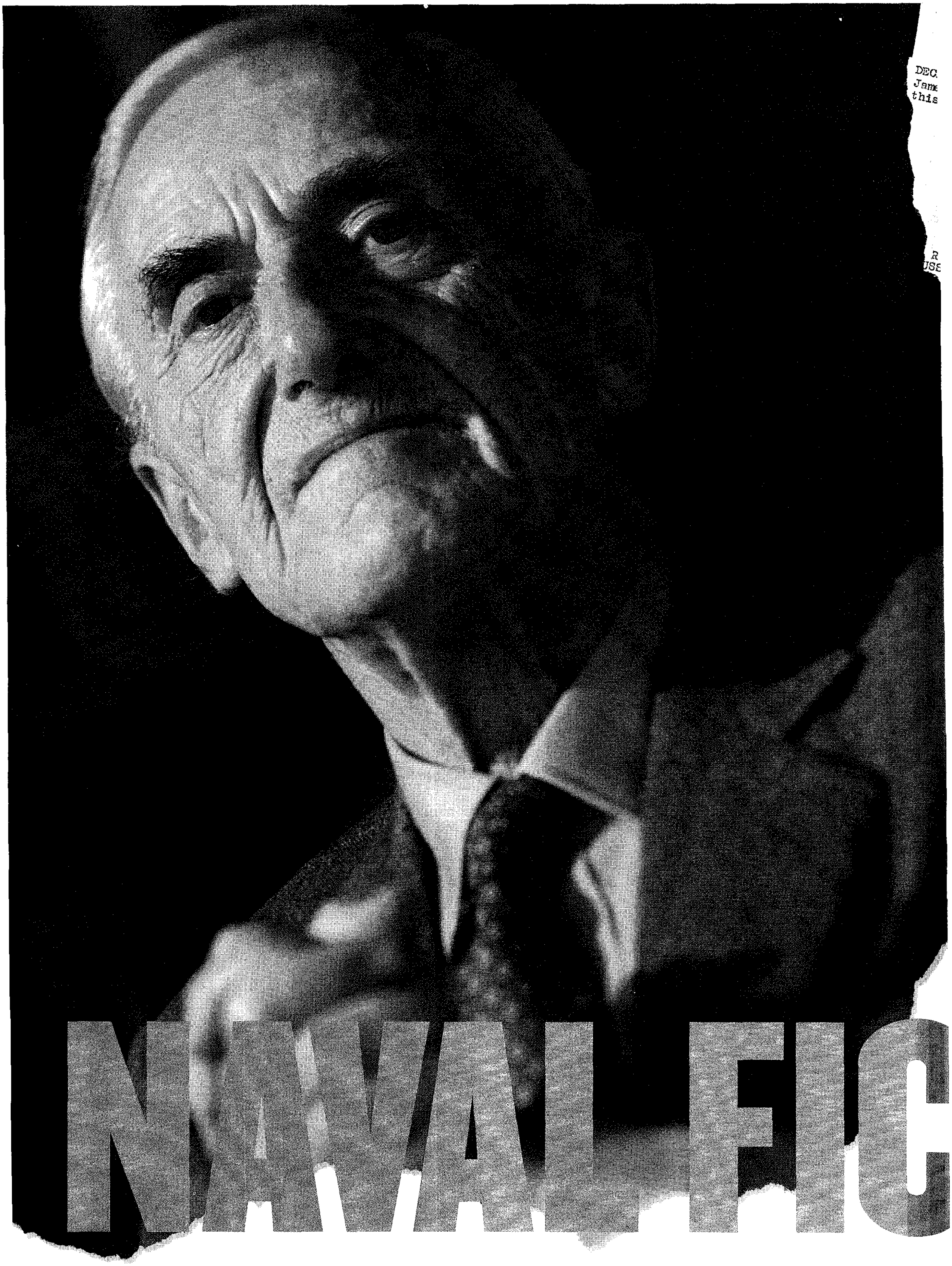
"Well, when you think of 10 million people in New York City, that's $1 billion. What I could do with $1 billion in this city. I'd rather make sure kids who don't have enough to eat have food this week."

Besides, she says, even staring into the heart of the threat daily, she can't work up much fear.

"I think the risk of my tripping on my steps at home is much greater," she says.

I hope she's right. ■

Photograph: this page, Kristine Larsen.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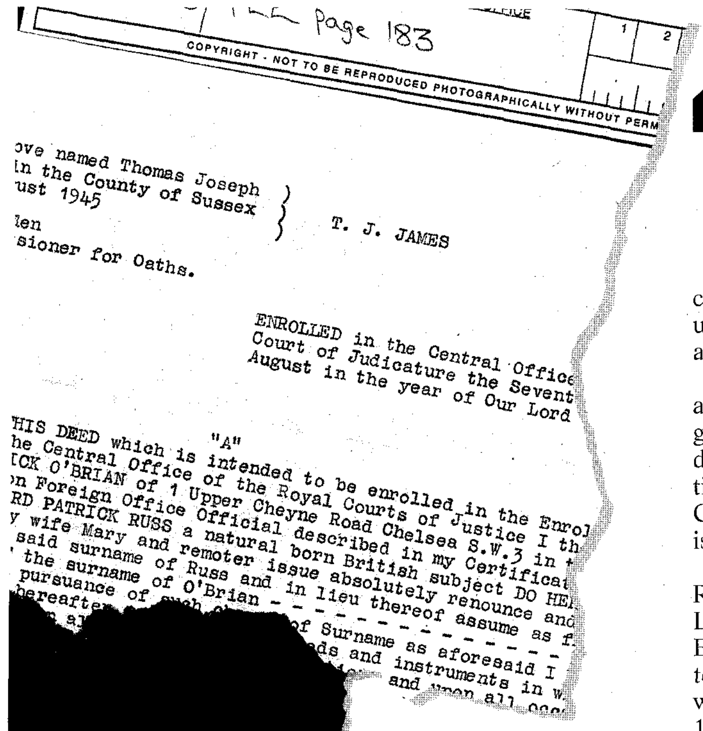

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T. J. JAMES

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AUTHOR, AUTHOR: Patrick O'Brian, opposite, and the 1945 document by which he legally changed his name from Richard Patrick Russ.

FIFTY YEARS AGO,
ENGLISH NOVELIST
PATRICK O'BRIAN
SECRETLY RE-CREATED
HIMSELF AS AN IRISH
CATHOLIC. EDITED OUT:
A WIFE, A SON, AND THREE
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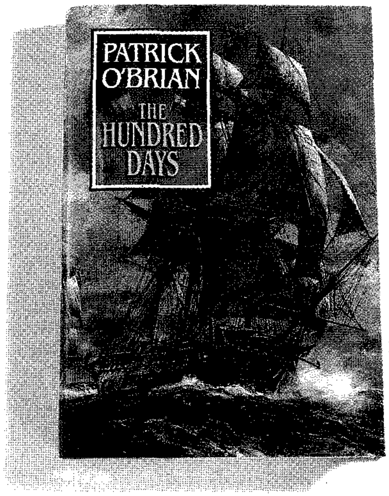
'QUESTION AND ANSWER," SAYS THE IRISH PHYSICIAN Stephen Maturin, "is not a civilized form of conversation." Maturin, who also works for British intelligence, is the most autobiographical of all the fictional characters in Patrick O'Brian's immensely popular series of books about the British Navy during the Napoleonic Wars. So it's no surprise that the author himself also hates interrogation, especially about his past. "That's a rather personal question" is his usual response to friends and journalists alike. Then he gives you an icy, menacing stare.

Still, that hasn't kept the 83-year-old author from sharing quite a few details about his life, details that critics and readers have eagerly used to explain many aspects of his work. For more than four decades—in print, in public interviews, and in private conversation—O'Brian has maintained that he was an Irish writer, raised Catholic, whose first published novel came out in 1951. In fact, he is not Irish Catholic, and his original name isn't O'Brian.

As it turns out, the writer revered as Patrick O'Brian was born Richard Patrick Russ, in London, the son of an English mother and a doctor of German descent. He was raised Protestant. In 1945, with the stroke of a pen, he legally changed his name and effectively erased his entire past, one that included eight brothers and sisters, a previous marriage, two children, and three well-reviewed works of fiction.



THE AUBREY-MATURIN NOVels, nineteen in all, are one of the great success stories of modern publishing. After decades of critical acclaim but low sales, O'Brian's star rose rapidly in the early nineties; sales now number in the millions. When the latest installment, *The Hundred Days*, was published less than a month ago, it jumped immediately onto the New York *Times* best-seller list, where it currently sits at No. 9.

Millions of faithful readers—a group that includes Walter Cronkite, A. S. Byatt, William F. Buckley Jr., John Bayley, and Supreme Court Justice Anthony Kennedy—have been actively led to believe that O'Brian was an Irishman who spoke his native Gaelic with the appropriate twinkle in his eye. ("It is an extremely difficult language," he explained to a San Francisco audience in 1995, "but it is the language spoken in Heaven.") His hometown, he told some, was Ballinasloe, and just last month the New York *Times* reported that he was born in Galway. The impression O'Brian usually gave was that he was raised in an impoverished Irish gentleman's household. His tutor, he was quick to point out, was "dear Miss O'Mara."

The official version of O'Brian's life, the short version he's been telling for years, is that he was born in 1914 in the west of Ireland. His mother died when he was very young; he had a peripatetic youth; and when the war started, he drove ambulances during the Blitz, then worked for British intelligence. During the war, he met and married his wife, Mary, and afterward they moved to Wales and then to a small town in the south of France, where they have lived ever since. Mary, to whom nearly all his books are dedicated, died earlier this year.

Photographs: left, Cheryl Clegg; right, Steven Freeman.

This is the only account of his life that close friends and colleagues ever heard. Yet this September, in England, questions were raised during a BBC Television profile entitled *Nothing Personal.* In the film, O'Brian revealed for the first time that Jack Aubrey, one of the series' two fictional heroes, was based on a brother named Michael, who was killed in the war. Yet as the film shows, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission has no record of a Michael O'Brian. After the show aired, O'Brian explained through his agent that he *did* have a brother who was killed in World War II, but his name wasn't Michael O'Brian, it was Sidney Michael Russ.

CÆSAR
by PATRICK RUSS
Illustrated by Harry Rountree
Hussein
Patrick Russ

UNDISCOVERED CLASSICS: Two early novels by Patrick O'Brian before he changed his name.

When London's *Daily Telegraph* dug into the records of Michael Russ, an English flyer who had indeed been killed over Germany, they discovered that he had enlisted under a false name, Sydney Michael O'Brien, and that after the war his brother, Richard Patrick Russ, had legally changed *his* name to Patrick O'Brian.

For more than two years, I've been quietly researching O'Brian's life, and my interviews in England, Ireland, and France confirm the *Daily Telegraph* story. But I also discovered a great deal more about his convoluted past. The 83-year-old author, whose novels are suffused with intrigue, arcana, love, and pain, is, not surprisingly, an extremely complex man, with a life and career as twisted as the narwhal horn he keeps in his living room. The full story, I feel, will only enrich readers' appreciation of his work.

RICHARD PATRICK RUSS WAS BORN on December 12, 1914, in Walden Chalfont St. Peter, a village outside London. He was the eighth of nine children of Charles Russ, a London doctor, and his wife, Jessie. In 1918, Jessie died of tuberculosis, and though he has seldom revealed any other details about his childhood, Patrick O'Brian has never shied away from mentioning the traumatic loss of his mother when he was a child.

Dr. Russ was well known for his work treating gonorrhea patients with electrolysis—he wrote articles for the prestigious medical journal *Lancet* and received a grant from the Royal Society—but in 1925, he filed for bankruptcy. The family had already begun to break up after Jessie's death, and the children apparently were shuttled back and forth between different family members. In Patrick's case, this may have included a stay in Ireland. He escaped into literature, first reading voraciously, then writing.

At the age of 14, suffering from chronic ill health, Patrick Russ set about creating a fictional character: the offspring of a male giant panda and a female snow leopard. "I did it mostly in my bedroom, and a little when I should have been doing homework," he confessed in a note on his first book's dust jacket.

Caesar: The Life Story of a Panda Leopard was finished in March 1930, three months after his 15th birthday, but the dry wit and unsentimental precision O'Brian's readers savor is already in evidence. Caesar furiously mauls two shepherds, then suddenly laments, with utter sangfroid: "I dimly felt sorry that I had needlessly killed these two useless things, for though I was hungry I could not bring myself to eat these smelly men."

In the fall of 1930, the book was published in England and the United States; translations appeared in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Japan. Russ was hailed as the "boy-Thoreau." And he only got better, following *Caesar* with a 1934 collection of stories about animals, and a 1938 novel called *Hussein: An Entertainment,* a marvelously readable adventure story set in India. Reviewers in the United States were particularly enthusiastic; the New York *Times* compared *Hussein* favorably to Kipling's *Kim,* calling it a "gorgeous entertainment."

Thomas Sugrue wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "The story of Hussein is a swift-moving, well-written account of events so fantastic that moonshine was certainly their mother. . . . Hussein, in quest of his Sashiya, is a hero as alive and as human as Tom Jones seeking his Sophia."

Russ married at 21 and soon had a family of his own, a son and a daughter. But with the coming of World War II, his brief good fortune ended. Over the next three years, he lost his daughter, Jane, to illness; his marriage ended in divorce; and his closest brother was killed, shot down on May 4, 1943, over Dortmund, Germany.

After driving ambulances during the Blitz, Russ apparently worked in London on "black" propaganda—radio scripts and literature used to undermine German morale in occupied Europe—and prepared false documents to confuse the enemy, all for the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office.

HE DANCED AWAY FROM INTERVI
TENET OF HIS MYSTIQUE—BUT A

During the war, he met Mary Wicksteed Tolstoy, a petite English-born woman who was married to Count Dimitry Tolstoy and had two children. She divorced Tolstoy, and married Russ in July 1945. A month later, he changed his surname to O'Brian. Why he did so remains a mystery. Perhaps he chose his new name in homage to his dead brother. With the war over and a new life beckoning, the couple had much unhappiness to put behind them. O'Brian's true motive remains obscure, but according to surviving Russ-family members, he completely cut himself off from his brothers and sisters. (His first wife recently passed away, and his son, now 61, still lives in London.)

After the war, the O'Brians left London, first living in northwest Wales for a year, then, in 1949, settled in a fishing village on the Mediterranean coast of France, not far from the Spanish border. O'Brian struggled to pull his writing career back together. In the fall of 1950, he published *The Last Pool and Other Stories,* a collection of tales set in Ireland and Wales. The London-born Irish novelist, poet, and playwright Lord Dunsany wrote in *The Observer,* "This charming book by an Irish sportsman is a genuine collection of tales of the Irish countryside." O'Brian already had the name. Now he had the nationality.

In 1952, his "first" novel, *Testimonies*

Dean King, the author of two books about Patrick O'Brian's work, is now writing a biography of O'Brian for Henry Holt.

Photographs by Steven Freeman.

(called *Three Bear Witness* in Britain), got rave reviews in the United States, including one by Delmore Schwartz. Suddenly, O’Brian was hot, and when *Harper’s Bazaar,* then publishing some of the best new fiction in the U.S., bought two of his short stories, O’Brian claimed for the first time to have been born “in the west of Ireland.”

While he seems to have created his new identity unflinchingly, he was anything but thorough. The third novel he wrote as Patrick O’Brian, *The Road to Samarcand* (1954), featured characters he’d created in a number of published stories written while he was Patrick Russ. He also allowed his publishers to put his photo on the book jackets.

He never mentioned his father, his siblings, or his first wife to anyone. It was as if Patrick Russ, who had so many sorrows—including the loss of a child and a brother, and the breakup of his family—had disappeared. The replacement, Patrick O’Brian, had none of those problems. Even close friends and editors of long standing had no idea he had a son. His novels and stories from the fifties and early sixties, on the other hand, were still filled with the darker side of life, including family dysfunction, infidelity, murder, and addiction. The new work never completely coalesced, and his career declined. For two decades, he made his living primarily by translating the works of Simone de Beauvoir and others.

It wasn’t until 1969, with the publication of *Master and Commander,* the first of the Aubrey-Maturin novels, that O’Brian once again hit his stride as a writer. That novel’s theme of divided loyalty, as well as its mismatched heroes—a bluff, courageous English officer and a saturnine, half-Irish polymath—unleashed something deep within him. At the age of 54, he found himself as an artist, and even though it took a while to reach his natural audience, the rest of the story is well known. Modest commercial success in Ireland and England climaxed in an explosion of interest in the United States.

HARD QUESTIONS—INDEED, HIS FETISH FOR PRIVACY BECAME A CENTRAL
TIMES, HE SEEMED TO RELISH LEADING REPORTERS AND AUDIENCES ASTRAY.

Success, however, trapped O’Brian within his own lie. He tried to dance away from interviewers’ hard questions—indeed, his fetish for privacy became a central tenet of his mystique—but at other times, he almost seemed to relish leading reporters and audiences astray. “If I hadn’t been Catholic, I would surely have been a Communist in the 1930s,” he once told a writer for the New York *Times.* And to an audience in Portland, Oregon, he compared himself to Stephen Maturin, saying, “We’re both Irish Catholics.” Also, he did nothing to contain the speculation that his wartime intelligence work may have involved activities more swashbuckling than those associated with the kind of London desk job he actually held.

Still, in the 1992 novel *The Truelove* (called *Clarissa Oakes* in England), O’Brian acknowledged the strain of the deception in words that only he and his wife could truly appreciate. Clarissa Oakes, a former prostitute being transported to Australia for murder, tells Maturin: “When I was young I formed the opinion that impertinent questions . . . did not deserve true answers, so I used to say whatever came into my head. But I can’t tell you how difficult it is to maintain a lie for any length of time with any countenance. . . . You skip from emergency to emergency, trying to remember what you said before, running along the roof-top at full speed: sadly wearing.”

O’BRIAN HAS ALWAYS INSISTED that his private life has nothing to do with his writing, though he himself once wrote a detailed and intimate biography of Pablo Picasso, a book that used the painter’s private life to elucidate his work. Not unexpectedly, he declined, through his agent, to be interviewed for this piece. “I believe that hell would have to freeze over before you would get any comment from Patrick O’Brian on this,” his American editor, W.W. Norton’s Starling Lawrence, told me.

“Lives are complex,” says Stuart Proffitt, O’Brian’s English editor for many years. “No simple person could have written those books. Patrick is known for two things: One is that he is an extraordinary writer, and the other is that he wants his private life to remain private.”

His stepson, Nikolai Tolstoy, confirms that O’Brian is distressed by the recent stories. “He’s very upset,” says Tolstoy, “but there is no such thing as bad publicity. It could only sell books.”

Richard Snow, who wrote the first major piece about O’Brian in this country, took the news in stride. “I have a deep investment in this man’s work, and it’s funny—I don’t feel in any way betrayed by this,” says Snow, the editor of *American Heritage* magazine. “Had he made any actual statements that he had drawn his characters Jack and Stephen from specific experiences he had himself, I could see people being annoyed. In fact, he has never made any such claims.”

Last year, Trinity College in Dublin gave O’Brian an honorary doctorate (and he is reportedly spending part of the winter there as a guest of the provost). The university had no official comment on O’Brian’s apparent deception, but one professor tried to explain its position: “It doesn’t really surprise me. There is quite a tradition of Englishmen reinventing themselves as Irish. We conferred the degree because of the excellence and interest of his work.”

BORN AGAIN: The “first” novel by the author (as Patrick O’Brian), in 1952.

PATRICK O'BRIAN
testimonies
A NOVEL OF LOVE IN A WELSH VALLEY
testimonies
BY PATRICK O'BRIAN

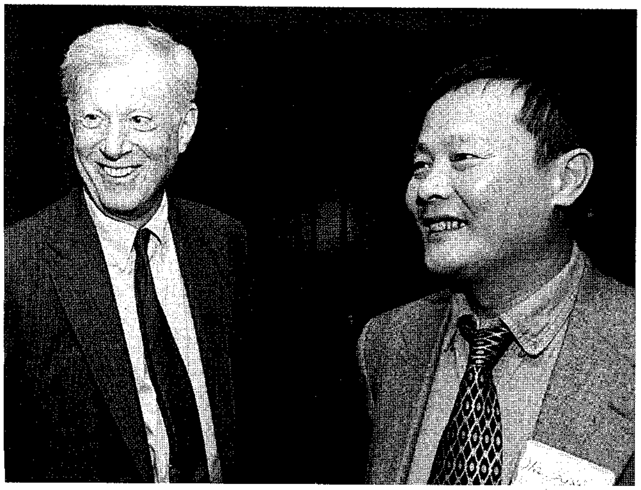
Even if some readers feel betrayed, O’Brian’s remarkable life, along with the rediscovery of his forgotten works, should enhance his reputation and deepen the resonance of his extraordinary novel series.

O’Brian’s former agent Richard Scott Simon has known the author since the sixties. “One knew that you just jolly well didn’t ask him questions about his life,” he told me. “He was extremely clear about that.” Scott admits that he was surprised by the new revelations. “But,” he hastens to add, “it makes no difference as to my feelings towards him.” ■

Freedom Fighter

For 20 years, consummate insider ROBERT BERNSTEIN has used his connections to bully governments on behalf of dissidents from Andrei Sakharov to Vaclav Havel to Wei Jingsheng. And then he has them over to dinner.

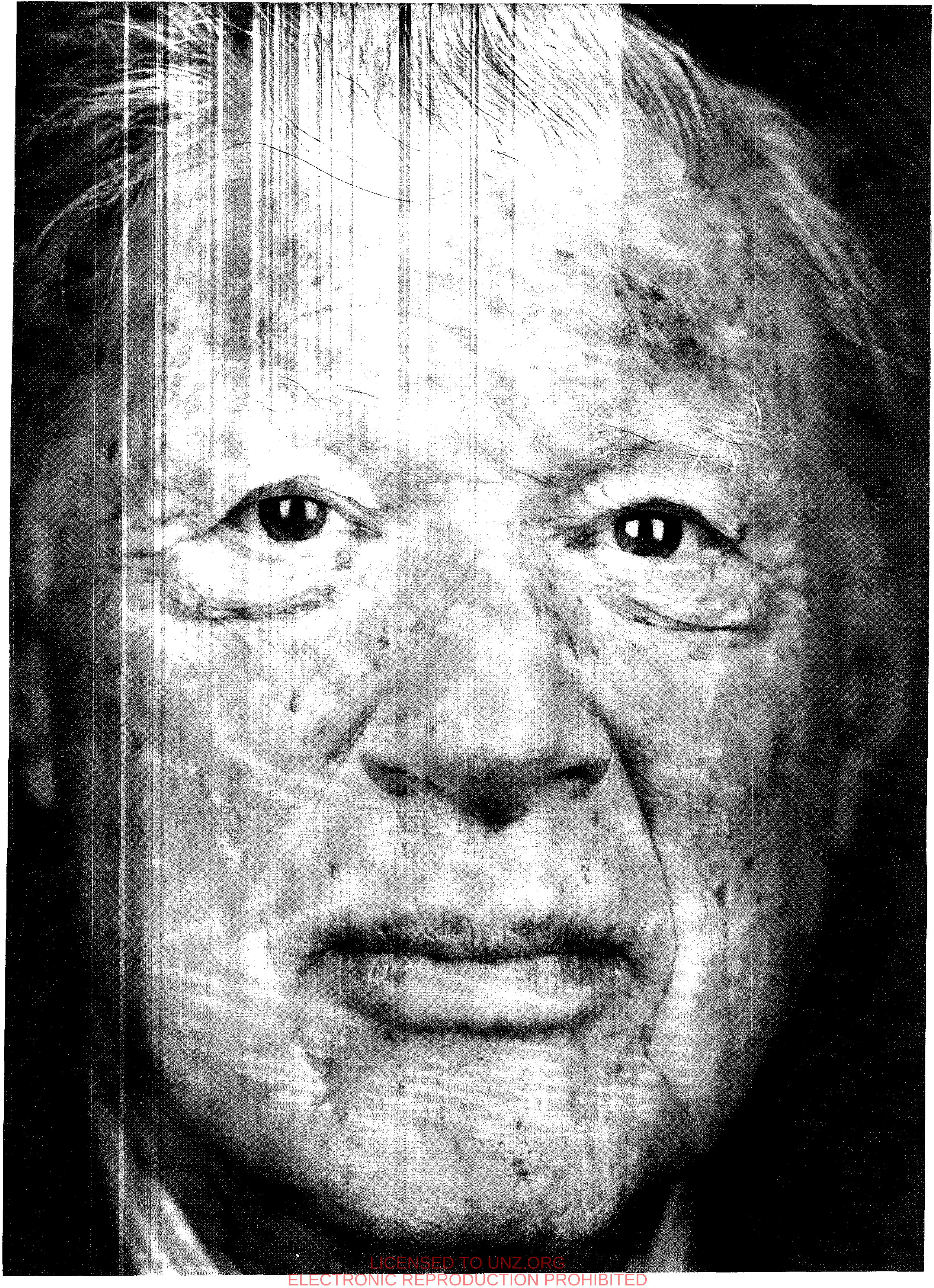
BY MERYL GORDON



OVER THE WALL: Human Rights Watch founder Robert Bernstein with Chinese dissident Wei Jingsheng at the New York Public Library, following Wei's release from prison in 1997.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN SCHOELLER/SABA

Photograph: left, Philippe Cheng.



TONG YI IS NOT A FAMOUS NAME, and sitting at the West End Cafe, this pretty 30-year-old woman with her backpack and law books looks like any other graduate student. But in 1993, Wei Jingsheng, one of China's most famous dissidents, hired Tong Yi to type up his prison letters. In the spring of '94, she and Wei were thrown in jail for daring to meet with John Shattuck, then the assistant secretary of State for human rights. After nine months in a detention center, living with ten women in a cell so small they couldn't turn over to sleep, she was sent to a labor reeducation camp. Ordered to work two shifts, illegal under Chinese law, Tong Yi protested by refusing to get out of bed. "I was beaten," she says, fingering a lingering red scar just above her lip. After a second, brutal beating, she smuggled out a letter to her mother. "I told her that I will protest again and again, I will not be treated like an animal, I would rather die."

"When people hear my story about prison, they ask me, how can you still smile after what you've been through," says Tong Yi. "If there's a smile on my face, it's because of Bob Bernstein."

It was Bob Bernstein, the founder of Human Rights Watch, who'd received a fax from Tong Yi's panicked mother. Bernstein had met Tong Yi in Beijing some months earlier, during a visit to find a publisher for Wei Jingsheng. "When you meet someone," Bernstein says, "you really personalize it. It's not just some person being beat up. You think, *She could be my daughter.*" Publicizing her cause, getting stories in the papers and on the BBC and the Voice of America, made a difference. "They made a lot of noise for me," Tong Yi says, and a publicly embarrassed Chinese government stopped the beatings. After she was released from jail in May 1997, Human Rights Watch helped Tong Yi come to New York. Once here, she joined Bernstein in an intensive lobbying campaign for the release of Wei Jingsheng, who was finally freed last November.

Bernstein then coaxed Columbia University provost Jonathan Cole into giving Wei a position as a visiting scholar, and to provide a scholarship for Tong Yi's law-school and living expenses, which Bernstein is raising money to underwrite. She will spend this Thanksgiving at the Bernsteins' weekend retreat in Bedford, as have a steady stream of Chinese and Russian political exiles over the years. "The pilgrims invited the Indians," jokes Bernstein's son Peter, the publisher of Random House's Times Books. "My father invites the dissidents."

"Some people who love human rights aren't comfortable with human beings," says Harold Koh, a Yale law professor and HRW board member interviewed shortly before he was confirmed as Shattuck's successor at the State Department. "What Bob has done is another level of commitment."

ALTHOUGH THE BEST WAY TO SELL TICKETS to a New York fund-raiser is to fête a famous face—a Wall Street titan, a celebrity—Human Rights Watch traditionally has honored little-known heroes at its annual dinners, prisoners of conscience and field monitors who risk life and limb in places like Bulgaria and Nigeria. Next week at the American Museum of Natural History, however, the group will celebrate its twentieth anniversary by breaking with tradition and honoring Robert Bernstein, who more than anyone else is responsible for the creation of Human Rights Watch. Starting out with a vague notion of pressuring the Soviets to comply with the human-rights provisions of the Helsinki Accords, Bernstein, the former chairman of Random House, built an organization with a $15 million annual budget and 150 employees, including a large Washington lobbying operation.

Human Rights Watch is the quintessential Establishment protest organization. Board members include Vartan Gregorian, the president of the Carnegie Corporation; Sid Sheinberg, the former head of MCA/Universal Pictures; and Anita Roddick, the founder of the Body Shop. Bernstein counts David Geffen and Paul Newman among his biggest contributors. The group has become as influential, if not more so, than its respected British counterpart, Amnesty International.

"Human Rights Watch has stolen some of Amnesty's thunder," says James Hoge, the editor of *Foreign Affairs.* Amnesty, founded in 1961, is a grassroots organization whose 1.1 million members frequently join in successful letter-writing campaigns and whose average member donation is $30. In contrast, Human Rights Watch, underwritten by foundations and wealthy individuals (Irene Diamond has contributed $30 *million* from her late husband's real-estate fortune) is an unabashedly elitist operation with an extremely well-connected board and staff members comfortable picking up the phone to leak stories and twist the arms of D.C. policy-makers.

Photograph by Claudette Colbert, courtesy of Robert Bernstein.

"Some people who love human rights," says Harold Koh, "**aren't comfortable with human beings.** What Bob has done is another level of commitment."

Moreover, the diplomatic British and brash Americans play by different rules in investigating abuses: Amnesty asks governments for permission to send fact-finding missions, under the theory that policy can be influenced by dialogue. In contrast, Human Rights Watch staff members tend to just show up and start taking names. "We sneak in if we need to," says Kenneth Roth, the group's charismatic executive director, who previously worked as a federal prosecutor under Rudy Giuliani.

Bernstein has excelled at seizing public attention by applying the same publicity techniques he used to sell books to marketing stories of political prisoners and

SWEET FREEDOM: Robert and Helen Bernstein toast Andrei Sakharov and Yelena Bonner shortly after Sakharov's release from prison in the mid-eighties.

government torture. "Bob's a bit of a showman," says an admiring Aryeh Neier, the first executive director of Human Rights Watch and now president of George Soros's Open Society Institute. "He always had a gimmick. One of his great strengths is that he identified personally with people who became dissidents."

To publicize the plight of jailed Soviet physicist Yuri Orlov, Bernstein created a FORGOTTEN MAN OF THE YEAR poster that mimicked the *Time* format; Orlov was ultimately released from a Siberian labor camp and deported to the U.S. in 1986, thanks in no small part to Bernstein's tireless efforts lobbying the Reagan administration to press Orlov's case. "Bob rigorously defended me," says Orlov, 74, now based in Ithaca and consulting at Cornell University. "It was extremely important in helping release me." In recent years, Bernstein, who at 75 still comes across as something of an outsize, enthusiastic boy, has turned his attention to abuses in China, helping block the post–Tiananmen Square regime from hosting the 2000 Olympics. First he wrote to sportswriters, who began championing the cause, then he threatened ad sponsors like IBM and Coca-Cola with bad publicity.

At Bernstein's office, located high in the HarperCollins building on 53rd Street, the mementos include a large photograph of Andrei Sakharov, a framed saying—"There is no limit to the good a man can do if he doesn't care who gets the credit"—and, of course, books, rows of them that he's helped publish over the years, with an emphasis on volumes by such dissidents as Yelena Bonner, Yuri Orlov, Jacobo Timmerman, and Wei Jingsheng.

"You've got to read Wei's letters," Bernstein insists, wielding the new paperback edition of his 1997 book *The Courage to Stand Alone,* and urging me to write about China's abuses rather than about him. As one editorial writer wearily puts it after years of being barraged by phone calls and material by Bernstein, "Bob is obsessed with China."

In fact, obsession is the hallmark of Bob Bernstein's personality: If he thinks he's right—whatever the issue—he's always been stubborn enough to go way beyond the ordinary. "He stops at nothing," laughs his wife, Helen. Their three sons, Peter, 46; Tom, 45; and Bill, 42, vividly remember Dad's long-running battle over his erratic Volvo, in which Bernstein complained not just to the company but the king of Sweden, making up memorable ditties to amuse his family ("If Swedish girls had Volvo parts, they'd screw in fits and starts"). Then there was Bernstein's epic battle with the Landmarks Commission when he was ordered to change an apartment window, spending tens of thousands of dollars in legal fees to keep the status quo. He's directed this same over-the-top intensity to the human-rights movement. "Bob is like a religious convert who wants others to be converted," says Harold Koh. "He has a wonderful in-your-face quality that I love—he's just a fighter."

ASK BERNSTEIN ABOUT THE ROOTS OF his interest in human rights and he credits his maternal grandfather, Jacob Bloch, a German immigrant who was a successful butcher in New York until he was financially wiped out by the Depression. "In the 1930s, he wrote to the Jews in his hometown and said, 'You've got to get out,' " Bernstein says. His grandfather helped pay for passage and signed immigration papers to bring in 75 people, promising the new immigrants they could always get a free meal at his home. "I remember in my boyhood going to my grandfather's house and meeting the refugees, hearing unbelievable stories."

Bernstein's father owned a prosperous company that printed designs on fabric. The son attended Harvard, served in the Army in World War II, and joined Simon & Schuster as an office boy. He was hired by Bennett Cerf in 1957 to join Random House as sales manager and brought pizzazz to marketing, renting helicopters to take the little-known children's-book author Theodor Geisel (a.k.a. Dr. Seuss) barnstorming around the country, the precursor of today's multicity author tours, and coming up with such lucrative publishing ideas as pocket travel guides.

His love for creating a splash was perhaps a way to overcome a crippling shyness. "He has a low opinion of himself, even now," says his wife, Helen. As Bernstein puts it, "It wasn't until I was 35 that I made a decision that if people asked me over, I didn't have to decide whether they meant it, I just had to decide whether I wanted to go."

As head of Random House from 1966 to 1989, he built the firm from a $40 million company into a $800 million publishing colossus through ambitious acquisitions (Ballantine, Fawcett, Pantheon, Crown, etc.). But even as he was focusing on improving the bottom line, he was drawn into political activism as the father of three draft-age sons. "When the draft was upon me, my parents said if necessary they'd move to Canada," recalls Tom, the president of Chelsea Piers. "Dad got very involved in George McGovern's campaign."

Bernstein was simultaneously drawn to the plight of Soviet dissidents, especially writers whose work was banned. On a mid-seventies visit to Moscow, he was taken to dinner at the home of Andrei Sakharov and Yelena Bonner by Washington *Post* correspondent Peter Osnos (who would later go work for Bernstein at Random House) and his wife. "We spent hours sitting in the kitchen talking, and Bob was captivated," says Susan Osnos, today the associate director of Human Rights Watch. At another dinner on that visit with Sakharov and other Soviet writers, Bernstein was stunned to see the KGB outside taking pictures. "It scared the shit out of Bob," Osnos said. He went home with a handshake contract to publish Sakharov's memoirs.

Bernstein worked hard to mobilize his sometimes reluctant colleagues to press for free expression in the Soviet Union, a fitting apprenticeship to his true calling as an international do-gooder and prelude to the founding of Human Rights Watch. In 1978, former Supreme Court justice Arthur Goldberg asked him to do even more to back Soviet human-rights activists. In Moscow, eighteen Russian writers and intellectuals (including Yuri Orlov and Natan Sharansky) had been jailed for trying to pressure the Soviets to live up to their commitment in the 1975 Helsinki Accords to end human-rights abuses.

Bernstein didn't have to scratch around for seed money or write grant proposals: Goldberg called McGeorge Bundy at the Ford Foundation, who handed over a $200,000 two-year commitment to launch Helsinki Watch (later renamed Human Rights Watch). Bernstein began by recruiting names—university presidents, labor leaders, well-known writers—to give the cause heft and cache. He hired Aryeh Neier, who had been the head of the ACLU, to run the fledgling group, and brought in Orville Schell, the head of the New York Bar Association, as co-chairman. "In this world, you can do an awful lot with a good letterhead," Bernstein said. "We started picketing the Soviet Embassy, writing Op-Ed pieces, trying to get a few lines in the press."

Unlike the scruffy idealists of, say, the antiwar movement, Bernstein and his colleagues at Human Rights Watch have always operated by using clout. At a recent meeting for the group's newly organized New York Committee for donors, an inadvertently comic moment occurred when the group began discussing recruiting celebrities to endorse a campaign to ban child soldiers. "Harry Belafonte lives in my building—I'd be happy to talk to him," one man volunteered. Upping the whom-do-you-know ante, a woman replied, "Matt Damon was my son's roommate at Harvard."

Still, back in the early days of the human-rights movement, it was a big deal to have heavy-hitters willing to use their Rolodexes for this not-terribly-popular cause. Jeri Laber, the first staff member hired at Helsinki Watch, remembers being startled to hear someone in the office say, "I'll call Cy [Vance, then the secretary of State] and see what I can do."

Laber, whose unusual résumé includes a master's degree in Russian, volunteer work at Amnesty International, and a stint as a *Fannie Farmer Cookbook* editor, met Bernstein on a picket line in front of the Soviet consulate. She became Helsinki Watch's first monitor, slipping into Eastern Europe on a tourist visa to document the crackdown in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Yugoslavia.

Meanwhile, Bernstein kept looking for ways to tweak the Soviets. Since *Pravda* had originally published the human-rights accords, he reprinted thousands of copies of that issue, which he planned to distribute in the Soviet Union. "Bob was so keen on that," Laber says with a laugh, "but we had no idea how to get them in, and they sat in a storeroom for years." No matter. He published calendars featuring jailed dissidents, and staged a "Moscow Book Fair in Exile" at the New York Public Library that highlighted censored works.

But the Soviet Union is hardly the only country to have jailed and tortured citizens, and the group began expanding its mandate and adding staff, launching Americas Watch to monitor atrocities in Central America and, later, adding Asia Watch, Middle East Watch, Africa Watch, etc., until the entire globe was covered. Neier established a rigorous training program to teach the staff how to interview victims and document torture in order to produce reliable, nonideological reports that the press and governments would take seriously. Neier, Bernstein, and Schell also wrote countless Op-Ed columns, testified before Congress, and twisted arms whenever possible to press for the release of political prisoners overseas.

Though cause and effect can be tricky things to gauge, there have been a number of emotional high points over the years at Human Rights Watch. Jeri Laber recalls going to Washington to lobby the Reagan administration to press for the release of Yuri Orlov at an upcoming Moscow summit in 1986, and was stunned a week later to get the message, "You've got your man." When Vaclav Havel, the once-jailed playwright who has gone on to lead the Czech Republic, made his first trip to New York, he stopped by Human Rights Watch

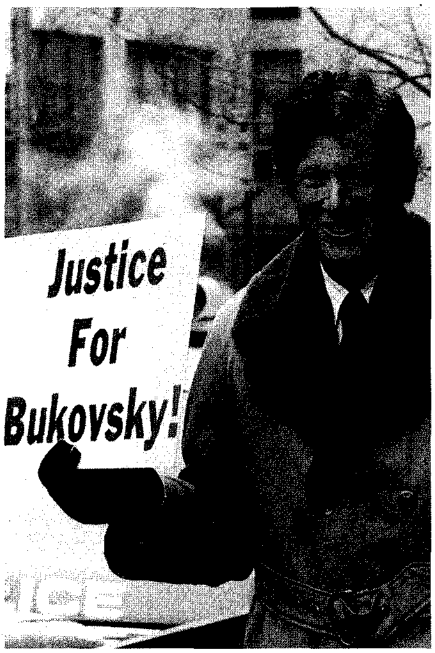
DEATH MARCH: Human Rights Watch investigators helped focus world attention on atrocities in Kosovo, where ethnic Albanians buried their dead last February.

to thank Bernstein, saying, "I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you."

BY NOW THE ORGANIZATION THAT BERNSTEIN built has moved to second-generation status, with the improvising crusaders giving way to a professional staff. Under Roth's aggressive leadership during the past four years, Human Rights Watch has expanded, doubling the budget and enlarging its California office to attract wealthy entertainment-industry donors. "Meeting with Ken Roth turned me on to this group," says movie mogul Sid Sheinberg, who after joining the board has spread the word to his friends. A Los Angeles fund-raising dinner, scheduled for late November, features Michael Douglas as emcee, and guests will include Barry Diller and Jeff Katzenberg.

It's in terms of policy, however, that Roth is making his mark, taking the controversial step of examining abuses at home as well as abroad. "We believe the American government needs to be held to the same human-rights standards as the rest of the world," Roth says. In the past two years, the group has reported on U.S. women's-prison conditions and sexual abuse by guards, the treatment of immigrants detained by the INS, and police brutality in a dozen U.S. cities including New York (a report that sent Roth's ex-boss Giuliani into a rage).

For a group that single-mindedly pursues a human-rights agenda, it's not surprising that Human Rights Watch has knocked heads with presidents for twenty years, but the theoretically issue-friendly Clinton administration has turned out to be a major disappointment. "There's been a real lack of leadership on tough issues," Roth says. On the current battlefront, Human Rights Watch is trying to pressure our government on three issues: to back the International Criminal Court; to sign an international agreement to ban land mines (the American government wants an exception to continue to use mines in Korea); and to be part of a global effort to ban the recruiting of child soldiers (the Pentagon has balked because the armed forces recruit 17-year-olds).



FIRST WATCH: Bernstein in 1978, marching for Soviet writer Vladimir Bukovsky.

"Sometimes they're **too ideological for me,"** Bernstein says of the new generation at Human Rights Watch. "But they've got to be to get their case across."

Talk to Washington officials about Human Rights Watch, and they praise the group's research while rolling their eyes at the organization's ideological purity and unwillingness to compromise. "We depend on land mines in Korea to protect 37,000 American soldiers against a million-person Korean army," says Ken Bacon, a Pentagon spokesman. As for the child-soldiers ban, he says, "What this group seems to forget is that we have an all-volunteer army. The focus should be on countries that conscript young children and force them to fight." Indeed, even some Human Rights Watch insiders quietly grumble that it's a waste of resources to fight over whether the age should be 18 rather than 17.

The State Department's ambassador for war crimes, David Scheffer, who has debated Human Rights Watch staff members over the International Criminal Court, complains that the group can be misleading in its zealousness. "If you don't accept everything they want," he says, "they paint you as being in opposition to the whole concept."

Ask Bernstein about the group's moral righteousness, and he laughs. "Sometimes they're too ideological for me," he concedes. "But they've got to be, to get their case across."

AND, OF COURSE, THE WORK CONTINUES. In blood-soaked Kosovo this fall, Human Rights Watch played a vital behind-the-scenes role in spotlighting the latest Serbian atrocities. Two HRW investigators, Fred Abrahams, a 30-year-old New Yorker who speaks fluent Albanian, and Peter Bouckaert, 28, a Belgian lawyer, were in Kosovo in late September documenting the plight of refugees when they got a tip that Serbian troops had massacred a village of Albanian civilians.

"I was cynical; I thought we'd report on one more atrocity with no impact," says Abrahams. So the next morning he called New York *Times* reporter Jane Perlez, whom he'd met on previous Kosovo trips. He and Bouckaert piled into Perlez's armor-plated Land Rover along with a *Times* photographer and a translator. The journey was a nightmare: Every time the group stopped at small villages to ask directions, they found fresh graves, the consequence of carnage wrought by Serbian forces in the name of tracking down rebels. Reaching Gornje Obrinje, the fivesome were guided by villagers on foot through the land-mined area to a grisly forest scene: fifteen people butchered by the Serbian police. Turning back, the group stopped at another village, Golubovac, where police had lined up and shot thirteen more. Here, amazingly, there was a survivor, a severely wounded man who had played dead and now was eager to give graphic details of the attack.

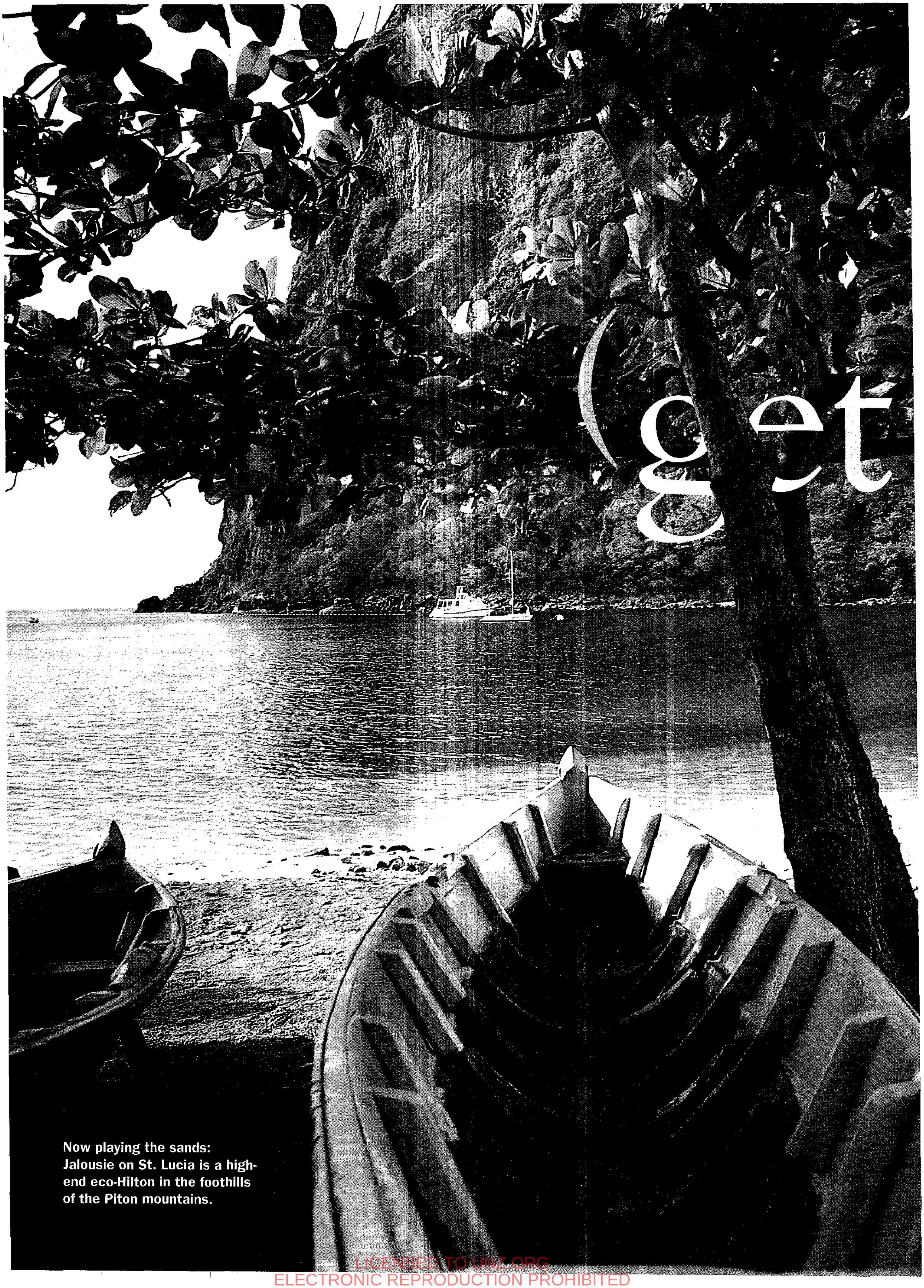
In October, Perlez's front-page New York *Times* story—SURVIVOR OF KOSOVO MASSACRE DESCRIBES THE KILLING GARDEN—more than any single event galvanized international outrage over the Serbian government's barbarous tactics, sparking threats of NATO air strikes. Under pressure from the United States and the United Nations, a new round of negotiations forced Yugoslav president Slobodan Milosevic to reluctantly agree to withdraw troops and halt the slaughter.

For their part, Abrahams and Bouckaert gave a blur of interviews to the networks, news magazines, even Vatican Radio. Back in America, the duo briefed officials at the United Nations, the White House, and the State Department.

"Human Rights Watch can get to places we can't go and get information we can't get," says David Scheffer. "I find their research, their raw information, to be extremely valuable."

Small wonder the crowd will be cheering Bernstein on November 16. "He's a visionary," says Eric Schwartz, the National Security Council's senior director for humanitarian affairs—and former Human Rights Watch staff member. "He helped put human rights on the map." ■

Photographs: this page, courtesy of Human Rights Watch; opposite, Gamma Liaison.



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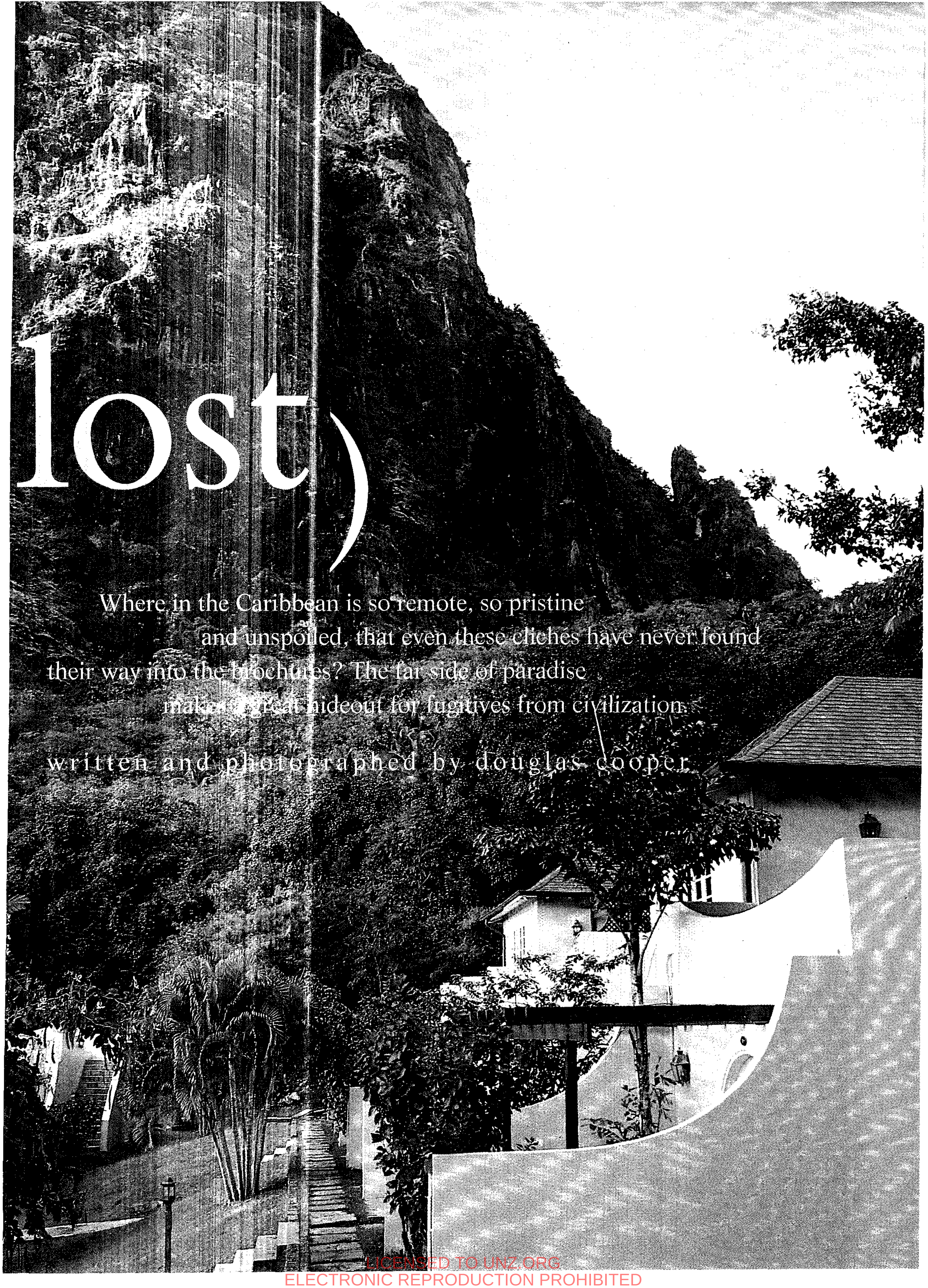
Now playing the sands: Jalousie on St. Lucia is a high-end eco-Hilton in the foothills of the Piton mountains.



lost)

Where in the Caribbean is so remote, so pristine and unspoiled, that even these cliches have never found their way into the brochures? The far side of paradise makes a great hideout for fugitives from civilization.

written and photographed by douglas cooper

Slither and yon: Lizards, bats, and pink flamingos call Guana Island home. Each stuccoed house has its own sexy view of the Caribbean.

Old Hollywood agents never die; they just end up in the Caribbean feeding melon balls to four-foot lizards. Okay, so it's kind of cryptic as a T-shirt slogan, but it makes for a nice parable. Let's say you really want to get away. From It All. Including all those people who are Trying to Get Away From It All. Where on this congested planet do you go? Let's restrict our search to the Caribbean, a favorite quadrant for escapists ever since those early bohemians, the pirates, sought to escape tedious bourgeois restrictions (the law).

My search for the sequestered experience takes me from the British Virgins to the Grenadines, and includes tiny islands I have never even heard of. The first of these, **Guana Island**, is where I meet a Hollywood agent (insert pirate joke here) who inspires my cryptic parable. And not just any Hollywood agent. The affable guy—hilarious actually—who was performing manual labor around the place when I was there, and whose chief responsibility was to feed Cheepah, the giant rock iguana who lives near the main house, is Jay Moloney.

Moloney was Mike Ovitz's right-hand man at CAA. When Ovitz left to crash and burn at Disney, Moloney was part of the cabal that took over the agency. And, not to be outdone by his former boss, Moloney did his own flaming swan dive: an act of self-destruction that made Ovitz's look like, well, Disneyland. Hollywood looked on in horror as an orgy of drug abuse gutted Moloney's shining career and dumped him in the hospital after a car crash.

So here he is, still in his thirties, retired from the film biz and putting his life back on the rails. Friends who own Guana Island thought it might be good for him to get back to the land, doing Zen-like simple labor for the renovation of the soul.

Guana Island was named for a rock formation there shaped like Cheepah and her cousins: *Guana* means "iguana" in the local dialect and has no connection to *guano*, which means the accumulated excrement of seabirds. It is a private island, owned by the Jarecki family; 850 acres occupied by a single resort. Your fellow residents will be U.S. senators, famous entertainers, pink flamingos, and rare rock iguanas, some of which grow to six feet.

Thanks to Jay, Cheepah remains well-fed and doesn't scramble up the legs of guests in a fevered search for food. Cheepah is harmless (insert Hollywood-agent joke here), but she is four feet long and comes from the same broad family of creatures as Godzilla.

You could be as happy as Jay and Cheepah on Guana Island, if you have the right temperament. But if you expect certain standards of hotel luxury—air-conditioning, regular towel replacement, formal service—you will be miserable. The grounds are pretty, but hardly manicured. And there isn't a whole lot to do: there's no gym, nowhere to dance, and few organized events.

What Guana does offer—uniquely, I can say with confidence—is a charming botanist from China, a range of species encountered nowhere else in the world, and a clientele capable of being charmed by the above.

Guana Island is often compared to the Galápagos, which is not entirely fair. Guana is private; it is not a national park. The wildlife is pampered but hardly considered more important than the human guests. Still, relative to the Caribbean, Guana has a truly peculiar array of flora and fauna, and—to be fair—Cheepah represents a species of iguana considerably more rare, even, than the swimming iguanas of the Galápagos Islands. Four types of bat are native. More than 50 species of birds can be watched on the property, including black-necked stits, Bahama ducks, and yellow-crowned night herons; the breeding colony of brown pelicans is the largest in the B.V.I. Some of these species are pretty rare: roseate terns, magnificent frigate birds, and—once thought extinct—Newton's barefoot screech owls. You probably won't see these tiny raptors, however; fewer than twelve people ever have.

The resort itself is a series of white stuccoed houses, each with its own sculptured showering grotto and its own sexy view of the Caribbean. Were it not for the iguanas and the palms, you might easily think you were in Greece.

Each of the rooms near the main house is named after a different Caribbean island. I stay in "Barbados"—one of the more popular rooms—with a balcony framing a great expanse of sunlit sea. It is spare, almost utilitarian, but unquestionably *real:* The stucco looks old and nicely imperfect; the floors are concrete and the furnishings wicker; it does not feel like a hotel room. White Bay beach is the most popular of the seven beaches on the island; it's a ten-minute walk downhill, whereas some of the other beaches can be reached only by boat. White Bay is not huge, but since the island draws the limit at 30 vacationers, it's never crowded.

Forget your proximity to the world at Biras Creek: Each guest is given an old, rusting bicycle to navigate the property, and the rooms face out onto oblivion.

The two Quaker families who once lived on Guana hated each other and built a wall to divide the island so they could cohabit in separate peace. The wall is still there, but the strife is not; humans cohabit comfortably with geckos, hummingbirds, and each other. Entertainment is minimal but reasonably sufficient: croquet, two tennis courts, nature walks, snorkeling, and windsurfing.

Guana's kitchen sends out less-than-elevated cuisine, but it's nicely prepared and served. One evening the entrée is a breast of duck sliced and served rare; the next night it's lobster tails in a cream sauce, accompanied by fresh zucchini and broccoli. Lunch is a buffet, and breakfast features the occasional pleasant surprise: Who would have thought you could make a good pancake with *coconut?*

By far the best thing about the meals is the postprandial silliness. Guests are seated together in rotating patterns (although private dining is always an option); after dinner, groups often retire to the lounge to play parlor games.

Okay, parlor games are generally a form of slow mental torture. Still, I have a surprisingly wild time playing Library with a group of wacked-out guests. The game requires you to fetch a book from the library, for which each of the players has to invent a convincing opening sentence. Jay the ex-agent, however, has his own criteria for what constitutes a good opening sentence. My favorite: "The boil in his rectum throbbed as the pathetic little man beat the kittens to death."

It is easy to see why a guy who was once the right-hand man to the most powerful player in Hollywood might want to retire for a few months to Guana Island: You still get to dine with the brilliant and the powerful, but your sole responsibility is to lose at Library in the most entertaining manner possible.

Guana Island, 800-544-8262. $695 for double occupancy during high season; $1,390 for the North Beach cottage. Rent the entire island for $11,800 a night.

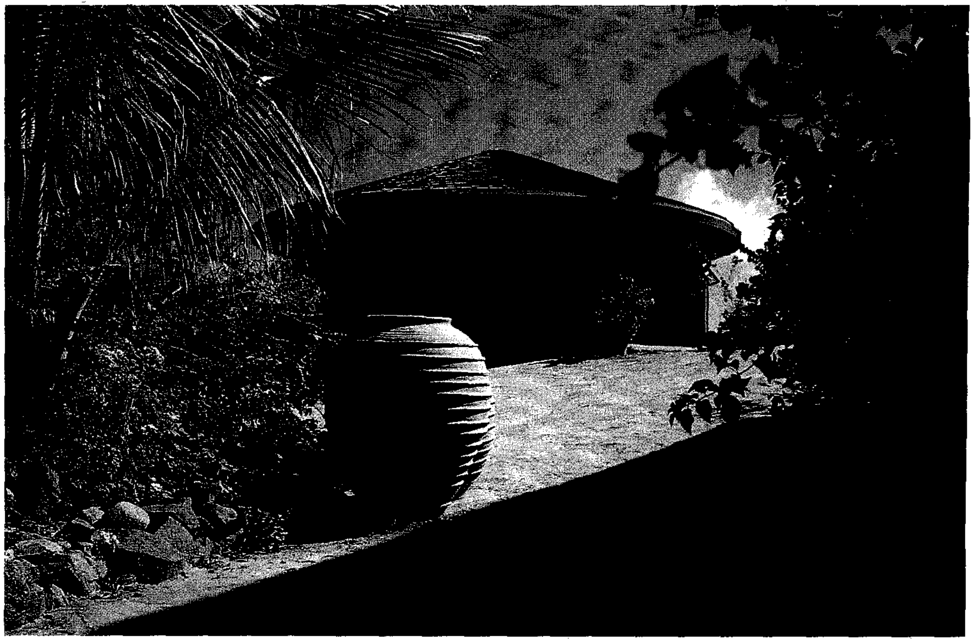
Terror on the High Seas

My next bid for remoteness is **Biras Creek** on Virgin Gorda, a resort with a history of catering to honeymooners. Biras was completely refurbished this year. The property is described in the literature as fortress-like, surrounded by water on three sides. The truth is that it's a couple of minutes by boat to the next resort over, Bitter End Yacht Club, and extremely convenient to Spanish Town.

Still, you could easily hole up in Biras Creek and forget your proximity to the world. The resort is nicely low-key—each guest is given an old, rusting bicycle to navigate the property—and the rooms face out onto oblivion. Our ocean-view suite has been newly decorated in a jaunty pan-Pacific style: teal and copper green. Sort of Maui-meets-Portland. Colorful fish adorn just about everything, and many of these fish are smiling. To turn on the overhead fan, you tug on a little glazed porcelain minnow. The property has the charm of an overgrown garden, which balances out the meticulous detailing of the rooms. If you want more than a latte and a sandwich, the main restaurant is one of the best in the region. It is perched high in a hilltop turret and features contemporary cuisine with a Caribbean slant: The changing menu might include a yellow-pepper soup, snapper seared in ginger and butter, or a simple grilled swordfish. Port and sharp cheese give dessert a British accent.

Fat terra-cotta urns flank the pool, which is elevated above the beach and has a view of the ocean. Down by the marina is a fully stocked dive shop. The modest beach is a bicycle ride away, and is manned by friendly youths who will teach you—should you be teachable—how to windsurf. There are two tennis courts, and the resort offers snorkeling and sundry water sports. But hiking and lazing about seem the most popular activities. Many of

Planters' punch: Honeymooners like to hole up at Biras Creek on Virgin Gorda.



Sea and ski: Chaletlike guest houses on Peter Island make for cognitive dissonance.

the guests seem to be friendly lovebirds from England, informal and gregarious without being intrusive.

Perhaps the most charming feature of Biras, however, is the informal approach to transportation: not simply bicycles but little Boston Whalers with outboard motors, with which guests are encouraged to explore the North Sound.

What Peter Island offers, in abundance, is *silence,* from the deserted acoustic of a wild natural preserve to the civilized hush of a tennis club.

A tiny map printed on the wooden seat points out the islands around you and where best to moor for snorkeling. On this map, a whimsical line of calligraphic fish indicates the boundary beyond which it is not safe to take one of the Whalers.

As I motor out of the Biras marina, I find myself praising this unique amenity: How many American hotels would have the courage to send you out in your own little boat, without checking first to see whether you even know how to swim? I, for instance, have the sailoring skills of a gerbil, but nobody even bothers to ask? (They also have a yacht you can charter; they used to have two, but a guest left the second one broken on a reef.)

I take my little Whaler to a spot on the map indicated as a good place to snorkel: a bay just west of Saba Rock. Or so I believe. I am in fact three islands over from where I think I am—well beyond the line of friendly fish on the map—and am about to attempt to land my boat on the ominously named Mosquito Island. In a bay even more ominously called Rocky Cove. As I approach the sand, a five-foot wave casually lifts me and the boat (and my stomach) and deposits us on a rock, then fills the boat with water.

It is only a short hike to civilization. I phone the hotel. The guy who runs the dock is a bit put out that I've managed to land his boat in a bay from which it can't be extricated until the tide changes, but he's a good sport. The rescue team from Biras Creek couldn't have been nicer—nobody says "You moron."

Biras Creek, 800-223-1108. A double in high season is $570 to $770, including all meals and activities; diving and waterskiing extra.

The Tropical Beaches of Norway

Peter Island goes out of its way to score big with the first impression. The resort picks me up from the Tortola airport in a private boat so lavish that it's almost a joke: You're sending *this* boat for *me*? Yes, this is the swank craft they send for every new visitor—a fast power boat with swiveling padded chairs and a drinks service.

Remoteness, it turns out, comes in radically different flavors. Peter Island, although another private island within sight of Tortola, could not be less like Guana, or—for that matter—Biras Creek. It's a whole different beast: a proper *hotel,* as opposed to an idiosyncratic retreat. Never mind that it's owned by Amway, purveyor of modestly priced cosmetics: Peter is a meticulous, classic yacht club, ostentatiously offering the comforts of a five-star resort. Some of these comforts are in miniature—the gym and the spa occupy a tiny hut on the beach and the library can't really compete with the New York Public—but at least they're there. Athletes are well-served: A fitness trail (modeled on the Via Dolorosa?) has twenty exercise stations; the tennis program is extensive, with four courts and a tennis pro in high season. Peter Island's dive shop is a five-star PADI facility.

Visitors are ferried about in small open shuttles or vans and can choose from five beaches. The most populous beach is at Deadman's Bay, where visitors can borrow windsurfers and kayaks or eat an exquisite lunch at a small beach grill there. This is a perfect example of the kind of beach most people associate with the British Virgins: Water is an improbable aquamarine, and the sand is the color of expensive buff notepaper.

I also spend an afternoon at a slightly more rugged beach, White Bay, close to where the best snorkeling on the island is to be had. Here I have the beach almost to myself; just me and a few yachts moored out in the bay. If you wish to avoid the chatter of fellow guests, you can arrange for a gourmet lunch to be delivered to White Bay, along with linens and silverware. What Peter Island offers, in abundance, is *silence,* from the deserted acoustic of a wild natural preserve to the civilized hush of a tennis club.

Peter Island, like Biras Creek, is a newly refurbished resort, with mostly felicitous results: The lobby and main dining room are perhaps the most striking in the B.V.I., with (surprisingly tasteful) wall hangings of local butterflies in flight. Most of rooms were built originally by a Norwegian owner who designed sharply peaked roofs as if awaiting a calamitous blizzard. My only complaint, really, is the way in which the money was spent to furnish these rooms: The colors aim at cheeriness but border on garish, and the plaids are a bit strong. Mind you, if you like Bermuda shorts—and clearly many people do—you might appreciate the aesthetic. Not all of the rooms have a superior view; you may wish to check which way the windows face before booking.

Tradewinds, the main restaurant, has been under the inspired guidance of Chef Willo Stoutt for 27 years. The menu is on a seven-day rotation and highlights fresh seafood prepared with local produce: black beans, okra fungi, cilantro, and guava berries. Chilled coconut soup might open for a main course of snapper carefully stuffed with spinach and wrapped in rice paper. Commander sommelier Franchette Cotton (gotta love that title) is a graduate of Cornell and offers weekly wine tastings. Also tasted in ritualistic fashion are Cuban cigars, single malts, and local rums.

Peter Island seems to cater to investment bankers in immaculate tennis whites and gentleman sailors with vast personal yachts. And yet—I found this sort of touching—the owners can't resist stocking the exquisite bathrooms with soaps and shampoos that prominently display the Amway label. Perhaps there's a strategy here: The soap turns out to be just fine, and with the market tumbling, some of these guests will be looking for an alternative to expensive French toiletries.

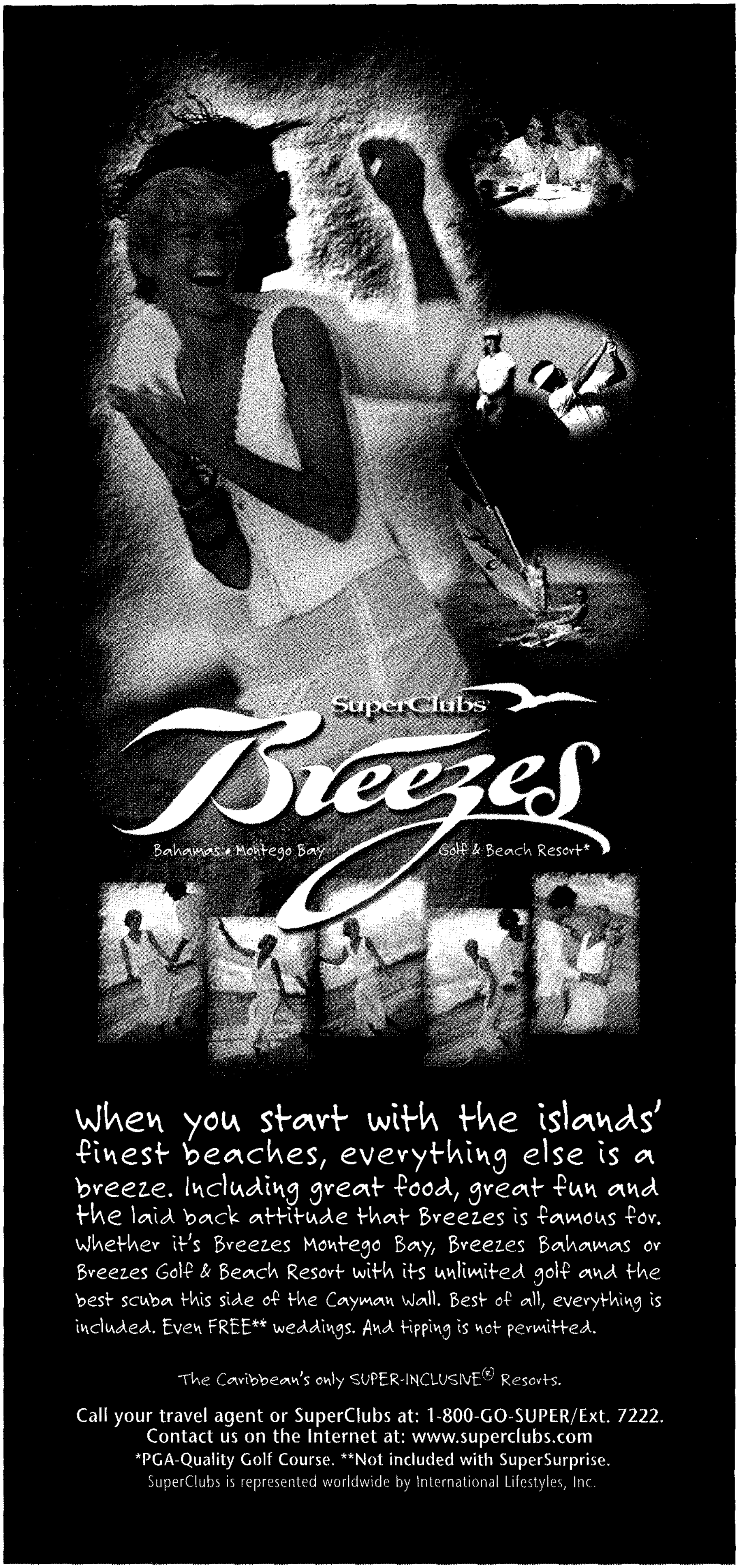
Peter Island, 800-346-4451. Doubles in high season range from $705 to $825 per night (includes all meals); eight guests can rent the spectacularly situated Crow's Nest Villa for $5,500 per night.

A Much-Needed Sabbatical

Access to the beach is not a major issue on the island of Saba. You see, there is no beach.

No beach? Madness. Why would anyone want to stay on a Caribbean island with no beach? Well, consider the very real incentive that lots of other people will decline to stay there for the same reason. Saba is arguably the most dramatic of the islands—essentially a mountain rising out of the waves—and you'll have it mostly to yourself. If you can stand the absence of sand, you will find more than enough in the way of local idiosyncrasies to compensate: child-size white cottages with red roofs, gardens to rival the English countryside (built on slopes to make seasoned goats nervous), and a whole peculiar world underwater. As a dive location, Saba routinely makes the top-ten lists worldwide; it also has one of the very few hyperbaric chambers in the Caribbean, so they can straighten you out if you get the bends.

I climb Mount Scenery. Aptly named, it's the highest peak in the Dutch Antilles. At least three times I almost give up for fear that my heart will offer to make the decision for me. Before they



When you start with the islands' finest beaches, everything else is a breeze. Including great food, great fun and the laid back attitude that Breezes is famous for. Whether it's Breezes Montego Bay, Breezes Bahamas or Breezes Golf & Beach Resort with its unlimited golf and the best scuba this side of the Cayman Wall. Best of all, everything is included. Even FREE** weddings. And tipping is not permitted.

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The Gang's All Here

Okay, so you're not J. D. Salinger. Remote doesn't turn your crank. Maybe you're just the opposite—maybe you're Joyce Maynard. So where would you go in the Caribbean if you wanted to mix with other members of the species? Below, an assortment of socially dense locations:

Beach-Blanket Society

If you're hoping to windsurf among topless celebrities, **St. Barts** remains your best bet. Grande Saline is the most nude of the fourteen beaches; Gouverneur is boiling over with Americans, and Flamands is the most Euro-social. Tom Cruise will probably be renting his own villa, but you'll meet demi-aristocrats at Taiwana. The charm of the 30-suite hotel is that it costs a minimum of $1,600 a night and doesn't take credit cards; this has a way of keeping the riffraff out. Mickey Schulhof and David Feld stay here, as well as Peter Brant and Victoria's Secret model Stephanie Seymour—if you don't catch her sunbathing, you can always sign up for the catalogue (011-590-27-65-01). Hotel Isle de France is newly polished after its restaurant and pool got trashed by Hurricane Luis (011-590-27-61-81; doubles from $450 to $680).

As the scene on St. Barts gets increasingly deranged, many are making noises about leaving. **Anguilla** has been siphoning off couples in recent years, and Cap Juluca remains perhaps the most glamorous hotel in the Caribbean (888-858-5822; doubles, $745). The beaches here come arguably closer to perfection than those on St. Barts.

Having It All

All-inclusive resorts tend to be wild, boisterous affairs, with peppy staff who do their best to get you out onto the beach for volleyball. But not all of the all-inclusives are downscale.

Antigua's one of the more expensive islands, and the all-inclusives here are swankly energetic, such as the Pineapple Beach Club in St. John's (800-858-2258; doubles from $450 to $540 per night) and a hetero couples-only branch of Sandals (800-726-3257; from $1,920 per person per week).

Most swank of all is the famed Curtain Bluff, with views over the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Instead of finding yobs throwing back shooters, you'll see oenophiles in jacket and tie who have come to investigate the 20,000-bottle wine cellar. Activities including scuba diving and deep-sea fishing come bundled into the fee; doubles go from $695 to $865. Still, for what you get, it's a bargain (888-289-9898).

Tanned, Gregarious, Single, Seeks Same

Singles will get a kick out of Sonesta Resorts at Seaport Village in **Aruba**. Parrots fly through the lobby. The rooms are located in downtown Oranjenstad, in the midst of casinos, restaurants, and shops; to get to the sand, you'll have to take a skiff to the resort's private island, where you'll find two beaches, tennis, scuba diving, and water sports (800-766-3782; doubles from $215 to $330).

Off-Track Betting

San Juan in **Puerto Rico** vies with Santo Domingo in the **Dominican Republic** for the status of Monaco-on-the-Carib. Bring your white tux, and live out your Bond fantasies. Local laws restrict casinos to hotel grounds, so take a room with a sunken Roman bath at the venerable El San Juan (800-468-2818; doubles from $345 to $525).

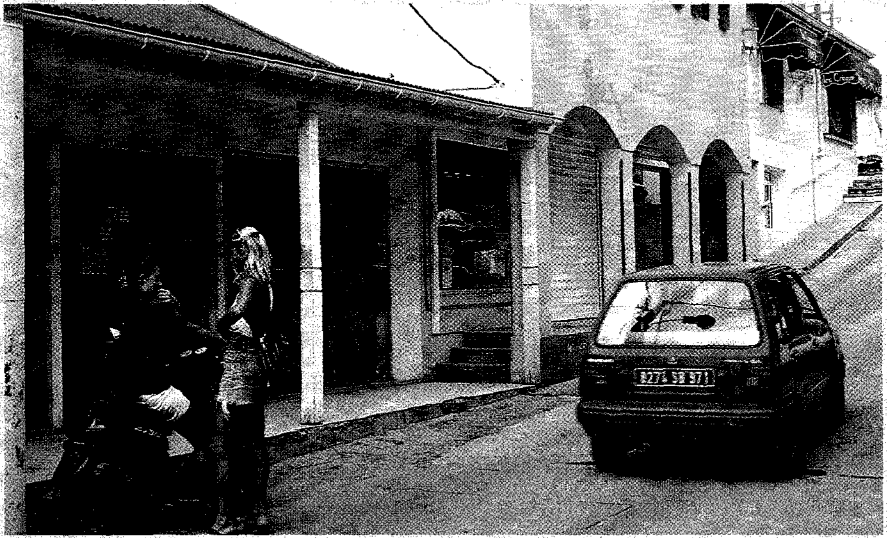
In Santo Domingo, the finest casinos, as in San Juan, are in the hotels: El Embajador (800-457-0067; doubles from $100) and the Jaragua Renaissance (800-468-3571; doubles from $109). Atlantis on Paradise Island in the **Bahamas** is now the largest casino in the Caribbean, with more than 1,000 slots and 80 gaming tables. Now, this is innovation: When you've lost all your money, you can hop on the "Leap of Faith" slide, a 60-foot drop from the top of a Mayan temple that sends you rocketing through a clear acrylic tunnel submerged in a shark-filled lagoon (800-ATLANTIS; doubles from $350 in high season).

Hearts of Palm

In **St. Barts**, on the west side of the harbor in Gustavia, the trendy gather at the bar in L'Escale, an upscale pizza joint. Taiwana is the prime location for lunch: If you make friends with Jean-Paul, you may get a table; show attitude, and you may get kicked out (as was Sean "Puffy" Combs). An equally informal dinner can be had at Maya's on the outskirts of Gustavia. The cuisine tends toward pan-Asian, and the atmosphere seems to draw celebrities, who can afford the prices: entrées from $27 to $35. At the end of the evening, the glam gather at Le 'Ti St. Barts, a classic Caribbean tavern, and insomniacs float on to the nightclubs: La Notte and Feeling.

Duty Calls

Shopping is particularly good on islands any Frenchmen ever washed up on: **St. Martin**, **Martinique**, **St. Barts**, and **Guade-**



Where the buys are: After lunch at Taiwana on St. Barts, scoot into Gustavia for that Rolex.

Photograph by Joan Iaconetti.

upe. St. Martin has the edge simply be-use the bloated cruise ships dock in hilipsburg on the Dutch side, and the ompetition among duty-free stores (all 0 of them) is fierce. That's reason nough to flee to Marigot on the French de, where shopping is much more leasant (even if Philipsburg offers more the way of brand-name outlets, and olo and Gucci are forced to compete ith T-shirt stores). Fashion boutiques luster in the Galerie Périgourdine. For nore consistently high-end boutiques, isit St. Barts: Here you'll find Hermès nd Versace as well as Ralph Lauren. ittle Switzerland and Oro de Sol in oth Marigot and St. Barts are where he conspicuously suntanned find their aveproof watches.

The Opposite Sax

Nothing can match the weekend bar cene on Calle San Sebastián in Old an Juan on **Puerto Rico**. Bridgetown in **arbados** is also very much alive. Go in anuary for the "Paint It Jazz" festival, r just hang at the Waterfront Cafe, which offers a jazz smorgasbord. Port-f-Spain in **Trinidad** is famed for after-ours madness, at Mas Camp Pub or Moon Over Bourbon Street; Carnival tarts unofficially just after Christmas. n the French Caribbean, **Martinique** is our best option for the life fantastic. azz in Fort-de-France is exceptional, if disorganized: The only regular gig is at Cocoloco (596-63-63-77). But ask round; there's generally something ooking elsewhere.

Ringing In the New Year, Mon

The international blowout at Foxy's Tamarind bar on **Jost Van Dyke** in the British Virgins is a perennial favorite. Most arrive by yacht and depart with the aid of aspirin. J. D. Salinger would loathe the Foxy's. He'd also have a rotten time at the Basil's Bar bash in **Mustique** (although Mick Jagger and hairdresser John Sahag seem to enjoy it). The best informal party is on a passel of boats moored in front of Hermès in Gustavia on **St. Barts**. Marty Richards and Denise Rich have piloted extravagant affairs, as have Peter Morton, Puffy Combs, and Ted Field. Field and Puffy are both definitely holding parties again this year (assuming the latter can find a boat; last year's rental was repossessed on New Year's Day). You're welcome to crash—just tell them Doug sent you.

built the road in Saba—a road that Dutch engineers insisted could not be built—the villages were connected to one another and the coast by stone stairs, and one of these stairs, obscenely vertical, runs up the side of Mount Scenery. The best deal in the Caribbean, apart from my hotel room in Saba, is the walking-stick rental at the base of the mountain: For $3, they'll give you a nice stick, and if you bring it back in one piece they'll give you two of those dollars back. Believe me, you need a stick. The steps are steep and sometimes slippery, and two legs are not sufficient: You want to be something of a tripod.

I spend an afternoon doing a baby dive with Sea Saba, a local outfit. The Saba Marine Park has been conscientiously protected, and is one of two self-supporting underwater reserves in the world. Less than half a mile offshore, depths plummet to 3,000 feet; more aggressive divers have a choice of 26 dive sites, including reefs and dramatic sea walls.

And then there are the hotels. When Oscar Wilde wrote that each man kills the thing he loves, he was thinking of travel writers. Every time I discover a gorgeous hotel, ludicrously underpriced, in a location silly with neglect, I am forced to rave about it publicly, knowing full well that within a season the prices will climb, the location will be sullied by mass tourism, and I will no longer wish to go there.

Part of me wants to tell you that the **Queens Garden** in Saba is a hole. That they house you in a foul dungeon, that masked men prod you in the morning with pitchforks. All this at exorbitant rates. But I am an honest sap. So, okay: Queens Garden, situated above The Bottom—the capital of Saba—with a magnificent view of the town and the sea, is run by benevolent naifs who haven't the *faintest idea* what they own. My room is $200 a night. The word "room" isn't quite right: I have a full kitchen, living room, outdoor Jacuzzi, fairy-tale bedroom, expansive bathroom, and a suite of closets. Did I mention that this is $200 a night?

Dutch modernists had a hand in this tall, elegant house. Rooms are inventively furnished with heavy colonial antiques, old botanical prints, and Indonesian crafts; my four-poster bed is bathed in light from three sides, the windows hung with transparent white drapes that trail on the floor. In my living room, the picture window opens onto the pool. A tiny gazebolike bar serves fruity drinks to bathers, and if I lean out the window, I can see the restaurant, with its gardened terrace and iron-lace pavilion.

Oh, and the restaurant. The interior trumps anything I've experienced on this trip, and the cuisine holds its own: I have

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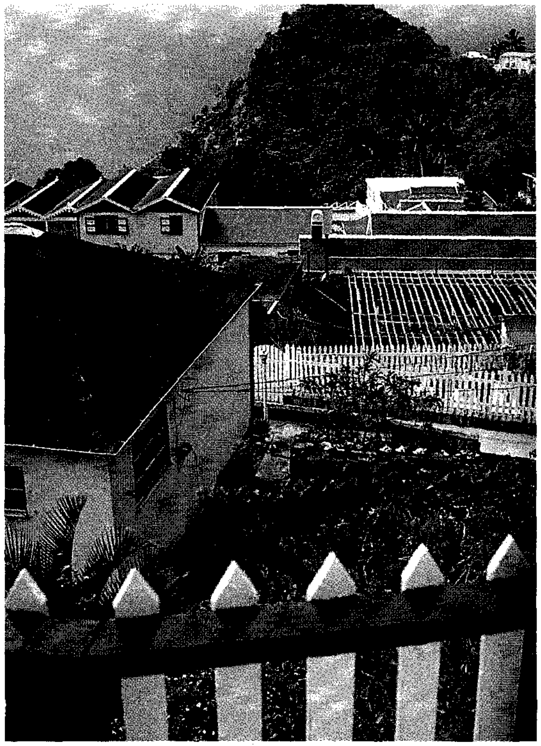
duck breast in sweet guava-berry liqueur, accompanied by a rice pilaf. The bill per person (with a glass of wine) comes in under $30.

Why so cheap? Well, the hotel is fairly new—before it opened in 1996, the property was mostly apartments for students at the local medical school—and the Sabans don't have much experience with tourism at this level or the prices associated with it. Not that Saba is likely to become the next St. Barts—beaches are a crucial factor in that mix—but in every other respect, this island puts the more chic destinations to shame. I meet an elderly woman, originally from New York. She moved to St. Thomas "back when it was classy," then to St. Martin, and now she lives in Saba. This is a woman who knows from islands.

At the risk of being called a liar, I should point out that Saba is equally divided between whites and blacks, that there is no strife between the races or disparity in income, no unemployment, and that people leave their keys in their cars with the windows open. I saw one snake. It was harmless.

Queens Garden Resort, 800-599-9407. All rooms $300 or less. Sea Saba: 011-599-4-62246; a two-tank dive is $90.



Picket master: With $200-a-night cottages, Queens Garden in Saba is the Cotswolds of the Caribbean.

The Grand Pitons

Jalousie has the dubious distinction of being the only tropical resort ever condemned by a Nobel laureate. The hotel was built in the heart of a wild area cradled by St. Lucia's most famous natural attractions: the twin Piton mountains. A local group agitated to designate the area a national park and prevent construction, but the hoteliers won out, and Derek Walcott, the great St. Lucian poet, was appalled. Walcott blasted the property as an act of hubris, comparable to placing a resort at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The British royal family concurred, and the curse of the poet stuck: Jalousie was panned by critics and, after years of doomed management, died an ignominious death. Well, it's back. Hilton has purchased the property and is working overtime to expiate the gods: It has turned the place into the most eco-conscious resort this side of a hippie commune.

At Ladera, you have to want a vacation in which *sleeping* is something of an adventure. Walls have been deemed superfluous here: They get between you and the view.

I go back and forth on the moral issue. The place has been built; what are they supposed to do, raze it and salt the foundations? Hilton's approach seems to make sense: Stress conservation over everything else, and offer the property up as a great landscaped mea culpa.

Also, even though I consider it part of my job *not* to be charmed by hoteliers, it's pretty hard not to like Ali Khan, the guy Hilton sent in to turn this place around. I've never seen a general manager get this bound up, personally, in a property. He even phoned Derek Walcott (against the advice of his company) to see if he could get the thorny poet to repeal his fatwah. He runs Clinton-style "town meetings" with the staff; he attends political meetings in Soufrière, the town nearby that suffered the most when the last incarnation of Jalousie bit the dust. The staff seem genuinely to like this guy, and the guests I spoke to were as nutty about him as I am.

St. Lucia strikes me as an island in which the locals imbibe a genius for color with their mother's milk; even the poorest shanty I pass on the way to Jalousie is splashed with brilliant paint. The first thing Khan did was paint everything in bright Caribbean colors. He built a new pool, re-landscaped, and refurbished every interior. A heliport has been constructed: The hour-plus drive from the airport ($75) is now a fifteen-minute helicopter ride ($85!). I really hope this guy succeeds. Or he's gonna die trying.

So should you go? The fact remains that the new Jalousie, as sins go, ranks up there with lechery and gluttony, which is to say that it's wildly pleasant and possibly even enhanced by the superaddition of guilt. It would be interesting to see Walcott's take on the refurbished plantation; he has yet to visit.

The Piton closest to Jalousie, the Petit Piton, is shaped like a missile emerging from the earth; you'd probably have to cruise the Yangtze River to find a comparable parabolic earth form. St. Lucia is one of those impossibly green islands, and the park between the Pitons is perhaps the greenest part of the country, an orgy of chlorophyll. Nature extends into your hotel room: I share my suite with a miniature green frog who springs across the tiles for a few minutes to entertain me, then sinks into a vegetative state next to the shower.

The rooms are separate little plantation cottages, each with a private deck and plunge pool. All of the buildings have been designed to disappear beneath the vegetation so as not to ruin the vista—the bright colors hide beneath neutral rooftops. Cottages at Jalousie are shady, with tiny mullioned windows; you have to step outside to get a view. Mind you, as soon as you do, it's a great show.

When I visit, Jalousie has been open less than a month, and here there is a significantly more elevated crowd than one sees at the average all-inclusive resort. Jalousie is in good shape for a brand-new property on this scale, although they haven't ironed out every wrinkle. The food, for instance, is a disappointment. Certainly the chefs are aiming high; it's just that their exotic combinations don't yet work: a saffron sorbet, for instance. They have *50* varieties of fresh fruit on the plantation, and they decide to put saffron in the sorbet. One guest was complaining about the red-wine risotto. Every once in a while, a wild combination will actually work—the lamb chops with wasabi and ginger didn't sound promising but were surprisingly harmonious. But you may want to exercise your options for alternative dining nearby: not only at Ladera (whose superior dining room is discussed below), but at the Hummingbird Resort's restaurant in Soufrière (call 758-459-7232).

Jalousie has an optional all-inclusive payment plan, generally a good choice for an active vacation. There's not much you *can't* do at this Hilton: It offers golf, four tennis courts, a gym, horseback riding, squash, and racquetball, as well as the usual array of water-based activities. The spa is a full-service facility and hilariously p.c.: They wrap you in bits of rain forest and massage sea water into your skin. Aromatherapy? But of course.

A final, absurd touch: The resort has the only white beach in St. Lucia. The indigenous sand is volcanic and dark; Ali Khan had them ship tons of white sand over from South America and laid down a proper photogenic beach.

Jalousie Hilton Resort and Spa, 800-445-8667. Prices for a double, all-inclusive, range from $680 to $880 per night in high season (European plan costs $140 less per person). Bookings for a seven-day minimum stay preferred.

Don't Fence Me In

Jalousie is in the most remote bit of St. Lucia. But it is not the most remote resort in the most remote bit of St. Lucia. I visit two other properties, each representing another degree of removal from civilization.

Anse Chastanet proudly features the worst driveway on the island. The best way to get there is by boat; the path by land barely qualifies as a road. Which is a good sign.

This is the second property in which the rooms can compete as architecture: Nick Troubetzkoy, who runs the place and designed the rooms (some of them cantilevered out over the rain forest), is, in fact, an architect. Anse Chastanet departs from conventional hotel design in that it offers rooms without what are generally considered essential to enclosure: walls.

You came here to commune with nature? Well, if you book a premium room, you can commune with nature in Anse Chastanet without even lifting your voice. My experience with the tiny frog at Jalousie is nothing compared with this: bats, possums—hell, hawks, should they so desire—have the run of your hotel room.

As do artists. Anse Chastanet has an international clientele, including European painters who are invited to pay for their rooms in art. We're not talking about dilettantes; the Troubetzkoys are mostly interested in artists who have already established serious careers. Inspired by the local fauna (some of which no doubt was encountered flying through their hotel rooms), the traveling artists have provided Anse Chastanet with a considerable collection, and these decorate the walls that aren't missing here.

I know: It's hard to contemplate the thought of a hotel room with absent walls. I mean, what happens if it rains? Well, you're minus a wall, but you still have a roof. Beds are placed well back from the opening, so you're not likely to wake up soggy. The standard rooms at Anse Chastanet are completely enclosed (but that much less thrilling as a result).

The spa here is in a different class from most Caribbean properties: Karolin Troubetzkoy sends her massage therapists to Miami for six months of training. The dive facility is famous, and many of the guests are serious divers.

If you don't do the scuba thing, plan on a less active vacation than you might achieve at Jalousie: Anse Chastanet has a tennis court, but not much else; no pool, even. The beach is a silvery volcanic sand and a bit of a hike from the rooms, 100 steps down a precipitous incline. But the underwater life more than compensates: The reefs off this beach are the finest in the Caribbean.

The lunch restaurant at the beach spe-

Net worth: In Luxury Villa C at Ladera on St. Lucia, the view is spiffy and the pool is private.

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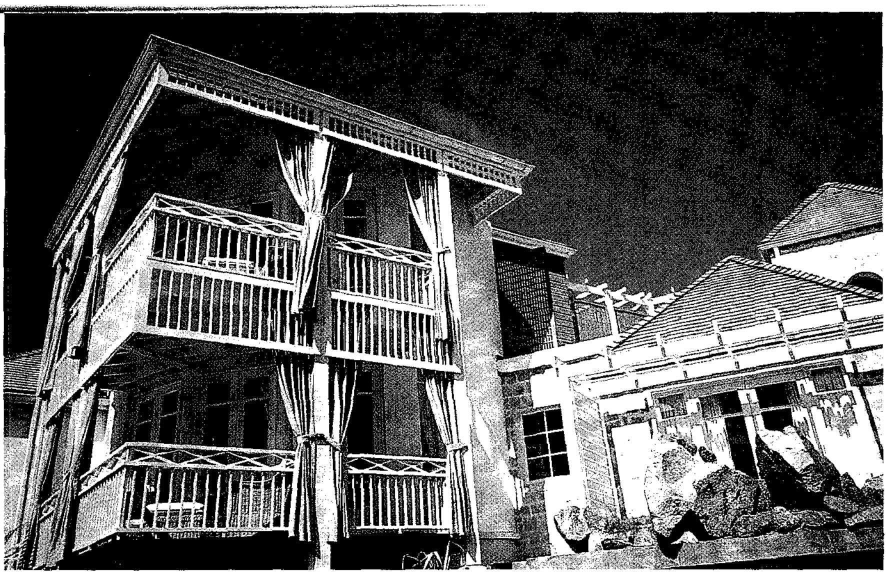


White-hot: Cotton House on Mustique, where Jagger and Bowie roam the beaches.

cializes in West Indian concoctions, including a fine pepper pot. Fresh fish is grilled out in the open; on some nights, a barbecue dinner is offered. The more formal restaurant, the Piton Restaurant and Bar, is a climb up from the beach, but after all the exertion you'll be in the mood for the five-course meal of Creole specialties dreamed up by chef Jacky Rioux.

Book early enough, and you can request the suite with a pine tree growing through the roof of the bathroom. *Anse Chastanet, 800-223-1108. Suites range from $410 to $690, modified American plan (two meals included).*

Ladera, My Deara

Ladera, built into the rain forest near the dormant volcano overlooking Jalousie, is almost a wilderness camp. Unlike Anse Chastanet, it does not have a beach (although guests are permitted to use Jalousie and Anse Chastanet's beaches, both several minutes away by shuttle bus). It does not have much of anything, in fact, apart from a room with a view.

> Cotton House has managed to find an area of luxury that nobody in the hotel business *has even thought of before:* Guests can choose their own pillows.

Still, to paraphrase Forster via Churchill: some room; some view. I am in Luxury Villa C. I suspect that at least one of the world's great religions, properly interpreted, stipulates that the righteous, when they die, get to hang out in Luxury Villa C. Harrison Ford and Oprah have visited Ladera, as has Raquel Welch. Luxury Villa C has its own organ-shaped pool—somewhere between a liver and a kidney. It has two bedrooms, although I discovered a third room with daybeds after a few hours. And there's a Jacuzzi, too.

Here in Ladera, walls are simply deemed superfluous: They get between you and the view. You have to pay a premium at Anse Chastanet to get a room without a wall; at Ladera, all of the rooms—even the least expensive, at $330—are missing walls. (This bargain room is a fraction of the size of Luxury Villa C, but if you don't intend to bring your entire extended family, it might suit you. And most rooms have their own pools.)

The most impressive wall-impaired room, in fact, is not Luxury Village C, but Dasheene, the dining room. Somewhere there may be a dining room with a view to match this one's—perhaps in Tibet or the Kenyan Rift Valley—but I have yet to dine there. And the view is only part of the miracle. Robert Skeete, the chef at Dasheene, who is leaving soon, has won an award for his shrimp dish. I have this dish, Shrimp Tani, which received the gold medal at a St. Lucia national cooking competition in 1996. The shrimp, dusted in peppers and cooked in garlic and sherry, are very good. Okay, okay, but since when do good shrimp constitute anything remotely miraculous? Well, Skeete is a Rastafarian. Rastafarians, like Buddhists, don't eat meat. Robert Skeete, who has won a national prize for his shrimp dish, has never eaten a shrimp.

The dining is excellent, the view superb, but apart from the rather ordinary swimming pool near the dining room, there's absolutely nothing to do. When I was there, the only two people I encountered were not guests; they were a couple of filmmakers visiting for dinner. As with Guana, you have to want a vacation in which *sleeping* is something of an adventure. I spend my night in Ladera in full view of the Pitons, raised on a glorious four-poster girded with mosquito netting, and a few feet away the landscape drops off into a precipice; midnight storms wake me every few hours, and bats flit across the stars.

Ladera, 800-738-4752. Doubles in high season start at $330 and go up to $690 for Luxury Villa C and F.

The Cotton Club

Mustique was a private island bought in 1958 for £45,000 by Colin Tennant, a.k.a. Lord Glenconner, an English aristocrat who can be seen in various photos wearing silly sixties fashions and holding a walking stick aloft as if it were a sword. Tennant gave Princess Margaret a chunk of Mustique as a wedding gift; when she showed up with Lord Snowdon to claim it in 1960, she complained that "the island looked like Kenya. Burnt to a frazzle."

Well, it still does. Specifically, it looks like the Masai Mara, if you were foolish enough to mow the savannah. Whoever convinced these people that you could grow a *lawn* on this island? And yet much of the property I'm staying on is mowed daily, in startling denial of the facts: The grass will probably never be anything but a parched brownish-yellow. You'd think they would have noticed: There is no fresh water on Mustique (if you discount the gallons of Evian and Perrier).

Still, the quixotic attempt to turn this place into Hyde Park is part of its charm: It feels like beleaguered colonial culture; a desperate attempt to impose British mores on a people and climate maddeningly unimpressed. Tennant has managed to turn Mustique into the most famous property of its kind: the archetype of the millionaire's island retreat. Later he sold bits and pieces to like-minded flamboyants, including Mick Jagger, whose house on the island, Stargroves, is surprisingly tasteful. (As opposed to, say, the new blockbuster being constructed by Tommy Hilfiger. As we are given a tour of the island, a Parisian woman glances at it and pronounces, with amused contempt, "Versailles.")

To fly from St. Lucia to Mustique, although not a great distance, proves difficult. I am forced to fly first to Barbados and St. Vincent, and from there to charter a small plane for the ten-minute ride to Mustique. Had my travel agent known better—few do—I might have joined a regular charter from Barbados directly to Mustique ($110 one-way) or the one direct flight from St. Lucia that leaves every Friday. **Cotton House**, the only resort on Mustique, reflects the inaccessibility of the island itself: My room at Cotton House, at $1,250 a night, has to be the most expensive hotel room I've ever colonized. It is the "Coutinot Deluxe Tower," a room with a semicircular vista facing the sea. To be fair, the price includes two meals a day as well as afternoon tea in a superb dining room. In high season, however, you must book this room for a minimum of fourteen nights. In short, if you're not ready to drop seventeen grand on a vacation (excluding airfare), you're not ready for Christmas in the Tower Room at Cotton House.

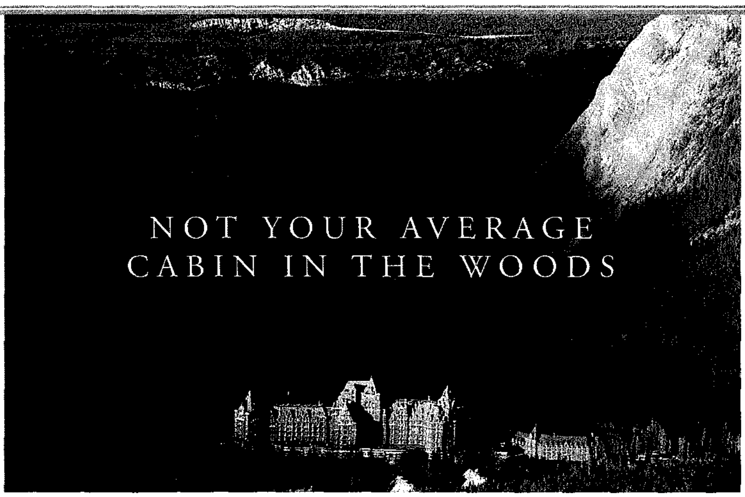
If you *are* ready, here is what you'll get for your money: a bathtub at the top of its own little staircase. A separate shower on a patio beneath the stars. A tiny balcony, and a porch overlooking the garden for breakfast. Oh, and a choice of pillows. This is perhaps my favorite aspect of Cotton House: They've managed to find an area of luxury that nobody in the hotel business *has even thought of before.* Guests at Cotton House can choose a firm down pillow (best for those who sleep on their sides); a soft latex pillow (back sleepers); a soft down pillow with a firm core (for those who do triple-gainers in their sleep?); and, of course, a cotton pillow with a special casing, guaranteed to be hypoallergenic. Do you sleep better knowing that you've chosen just the right pillow? Well, no. You keep waking up in the middle of the night, wondering whether you might be just *that much more comfortable* with the hand-stuffed cotton.

Other things they'll do for you at Cotton House? On the day you arrive, they'll unpack your clothes for you and press them for no additional fee. Or at least they threaten to do this in the literature; I am spared this humiliation.

The lesser rooms at Cotton House are perfectly nice, if spatially less complex than my tower. They are less likely, I suppose, to inspire fits of grandiosity. After ten days in the Tower Room, I imagine you begin to behave a bit like Peter O'Toole in *The Ruling Class.* Or the Honourable Colin Tennant. I am there for only two, but already I feel flamboyant idiosyncrasies beginning to emerge. Thankfully, I leave before giving in to the overwhelming urge to expose myself on the balcony.

The dining is unimpeachable. I have the local kingfish on three separate occasions, and each time it is served with grace and ingenuity: once broiled with lemon, once on pasta for lunch, once in a cream sauce with lobster. Lobster

(continued on page 90)



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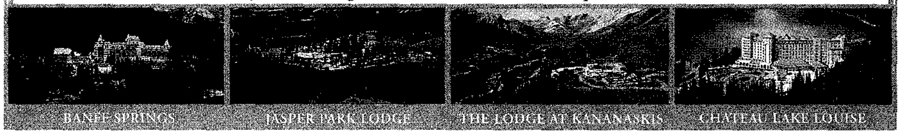

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BY CORKY POLLAN

Bone Fishing

The daunting task of removing fish bones has tended to limit our culinary piscatory pursuits. But that was before the Bakertowne Company devised this simple, yet effective, Boneless Fish tweezer. Just press the fins with your thumb and index finger to nab a bone, and release the fins to discard it ($2).

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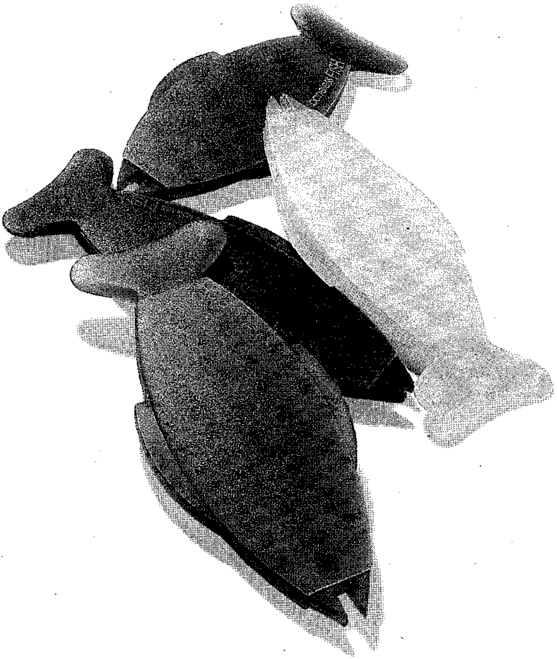

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Handling with kid gloves takes on a new meaning with Folkmanis's new Kid Glove marionettes. Instead of impossible-to-manipulate wooden rods and unwieldy strings, these marionettes have short strings connected to Spandex gloves. Simply move your hand and these little people hop, skip, and dance. The gloves are stretchy, so they fit a range of ages and can be worn on the right or left hand ($23.95).

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Walk into A. Gold E. and total strangers are likely to accost you and prattle on about the jeans sold here. They extol the cut, fit, and how the pants never shrink. And now that there's a New York outpost, these denim connoisseurs no longer have to travel to Beverly Hills just to stock up. The Ringos (low-rise bells) and the Twiggys (modified boot-cut) are favorites, the Barbies (wide-ish palazzos) judged very California. Even the baby-soft cotton T-shirts and sweats earn kudos (from $36 for a T-shirt to $98 for jeans to $108 for a zippered hooded sweatshirt).

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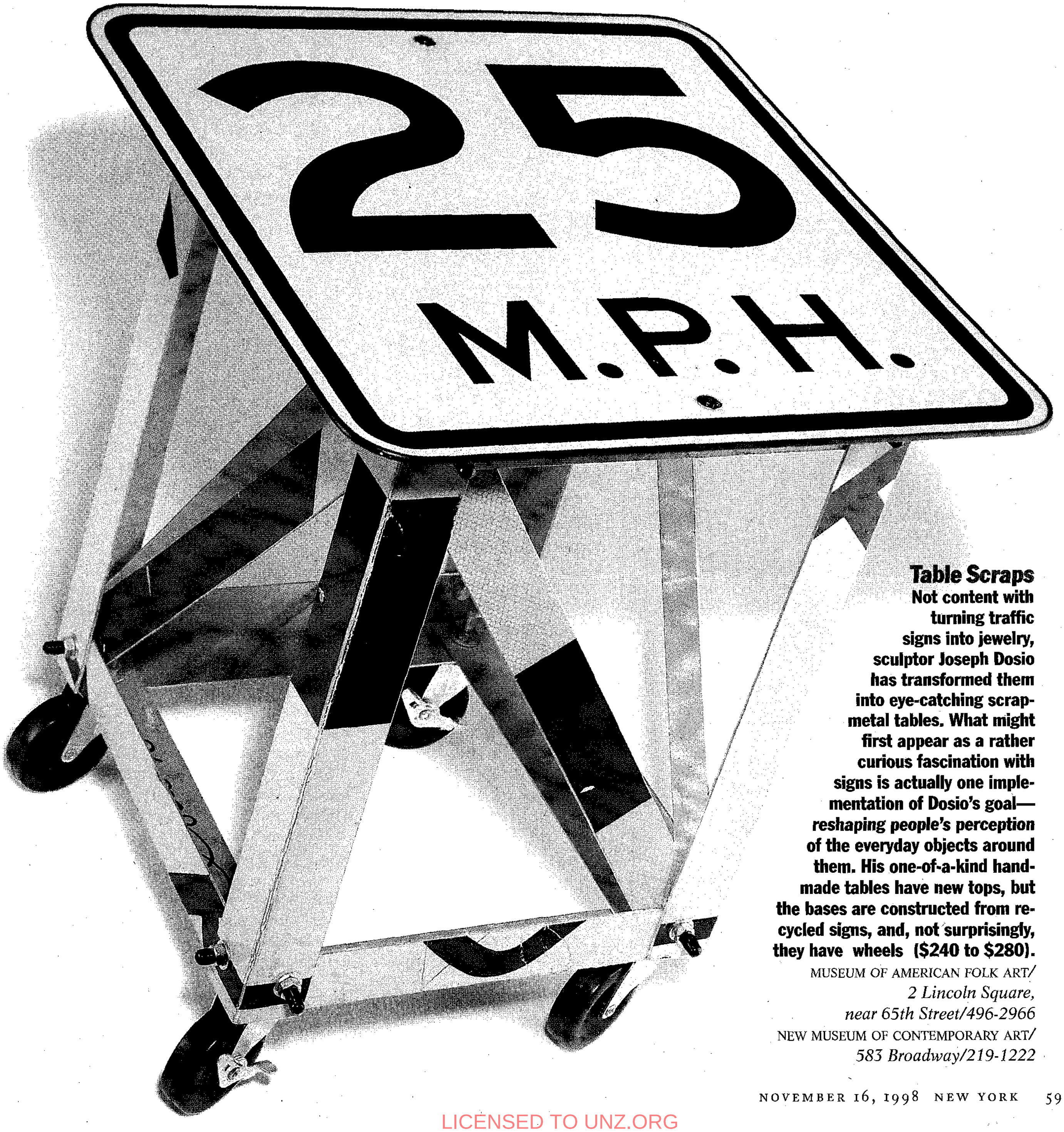

Table Scraps

Not content with turning traffic signs into jewelry, sculptor Joseph Dosio has transformed them into eye-catching scrap-metal tables. What might first appear as a rather curious fascination with signs is actually one implementation of Dosio's goal—*reshaping people's perception* of the everyday objects around them. His one-of-a-kind handmade tables have new tops, but the bases are constructed from recycled signs, and, not surprisingly, they have wheels ($240 to $280).

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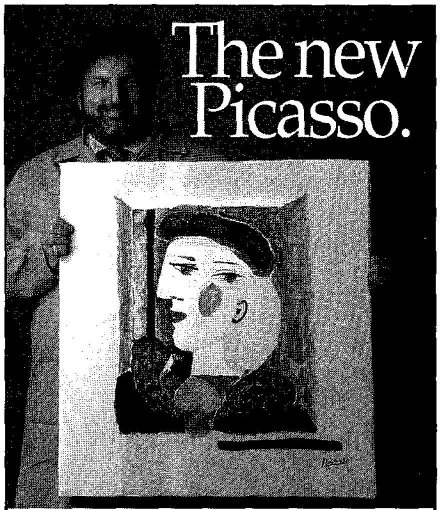

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Style Watch

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The wind-up: Old-time accuracy at A Question of Time.

“You wanna see something?” asks Gregory Khmelnitsky, a watch dealer at the Chelsea Antiques Building. Flipping up his magnifying visor, he pulls out a Tourneau catalogue featuring an eighteen-karat-gold Art Deco tank watch: “They have it for $1,975; mine is $900.” Like many of the best dealers, Khmelnitsky specializes in watch repair and carries the requisite selection of used luxury brands, though his best deals are on clunky American pieces from the forties and fifties that start under $200.

People interested in “historic” watches can, of course, still drop a fortune at Sotheby's. But by visiting independent dealers, one can pick up cool vintage style on a budget—with a free mini history lesson. Terry Rodgers and Melody, a vintage-jewelry stall at the Manhattan Art and Antiques Center, has an excellent collection of delicate Jazz Age diamond timepieces for men and women, starting at $350. “Here's a real beauty from the twenties,” Rodgers exclaims, examining one with a platinum bracelet. “But forget the thirties—people were too poor to buy good watches.” For more whimsical types, A Question of Time has everything from seventies LED watches to a fifties Le Coutre atmosphere-powered clock. It's also one of Manhattan's best—and cheapest—resources for old mechanical travel alarm clocks. Which still have their devotees: Though there is something to be said for quartz accuracy when it comes to catching a flight, nothing wakes you up like a loud metallic ring.

Gregory Khmelnitsky, Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St., No. 504 (255-2056); Terry Rodgers and Melody, Manhattan Art and Antiques Center, 1050 Second Ave., at 55th St. (758-3164); A Question of Time, 54 MacDougal St. (475-3820).

Picks of the Week

Tahari, a trusted resource for trendy trouser skirts and ostrich-trim cardigans as well as classic women's suits and dresses, announces its first public sample sale. Prices on women's sizes 2–14 are below wholesale, starting at $59 for dresses and $25 for sweaters. *134 W. 37th St., second floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 8–7, Sat. 10–6; 11/9–11/14.*

Tardini designs sleek leather and alligator goods for some of the best-known American fashion houses and sells its own label at Bergdorf's and Saks. At the sample

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to “Sales & Bargains” and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

ALWAYS A DEAL

Wax On

With beach season long gone, there's no reason to spend a lot on summer essentials like bikini waxes, pedicures, and cellulite scrubs. But you can be thrifty and look pampered at the same time: SoHo's chic underground **Haven** salon offers some of the cheapest treatments around (a bikini wax is $10, a pedicure is $20). Relax and savor the savings on a comfy couch surrounded by exposed brick walls and blond wood as a team of Eastern European aestheticians in lab coats attend to your toenails. Then blow your spare cash on something more tangible. *150 Mercer Street (343-3515).*

sale, luxuriously supple leathers are at least half off retail: Men's wallets start at $60, women's leather bags are $90–$300. *12 W. 57th St., No. 1005 (664-1965); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Fri. 10–6:30; 11/11–11/13.*

TSE Cashmere is clearing out its cozy fall sweaters, baby clothes, and home accessories at its bustling semi-annual sample sale. Prices are at least half off retail, but get there early—this one's no secret. *Assaf I Ltd., 632 Broadway, fourth floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Sat. 11–6; 11/11–11/14.*

Delta Air Lines' Escape package is designed for intrepid New Yorkers who'll hop on any plane for a good price. Here's the deal: Pay $49 to sign up (plus $30 each for up to three companions), then call any Sunday to get fares for the following weekend. Rates are up to 60 percent off normal weekend fares: Round-trip tickets to Mexico City or Los Angeles are $198, Amsterdam's $228. Travel must be booked by May 4. *Call 877-289-0414 by 12/31 to enroll.*

VANESSA NOEL

Vanessa Noel evening and bridal shoes have been worn by Gwyneth Paltrow, Lauren Hutton, Whitney Houston, and Mariah Carey. At Noel's sample sale, fall styles for day and evening are available in a full range of women's sizes for $30 to $150—less than half what they go for at Bergdorf's. *12 W. 57th St., No. 901 (333-7882); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–5; 11/9–11/13.* ■

Photograph courtesy of Vanessa Noel.

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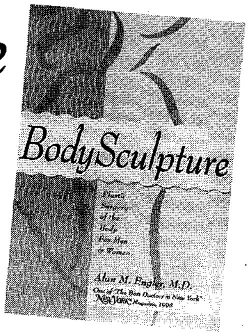

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PETER RAINER

Siege Mentality

In 'The Siege,' Arab terrorists take a couple of city buses—and the Army takes Manhattan and Brooklyn. 'Velvet Goldmine' is just so much icky Stardust.

DENZEL WASHINGTON PLAYS FBI TERRORISM TASK Force chief Anthony Hubbard in **The Siege**, combining a ramrod rectitude with a dancer's grace. Whether he's barking rat-a-tat commands to his staff or swiveling with his cell phone, he has a formidable glide—he turns his authoritativeness into a kind of calisthenics. It makes sense that Hub is always in a state of coiled readiness. How else can he get the jump on terrorists? When the bombs start going off in *The Siege* for no apparent reason—no one takes responsibility and no demands are made—his balance is thrown off. This isn't the way the game is supposed to be played.

At the outset, the director, Edward Zwick (*Glory*), sustains a high level of tension as a false-alarm bomb threat stops a packed city bus in Brooklyn. Soon after, another seized bus brings Hub into a milling, cordoned-off battle zone where nightly-news choppers dangle like dragonflies in mid-air. It's a war theater, and the split-second urgencies have a sickening tempo. You never know when something's going to detonate, and when a bomb finally does, it has the effect of a bad dream expanding inside your head.

The explosions in *The Siege*—and there's one about every twenty minutes—carry a big enough bang to satisfy the action-movie audience. But that's not the crowd Zwick is trying to ambush; he's going after bigger game. He wants to make a cautionary political thriller about the moral consequences of fighting terrorism: Can you slay the monster without becoming the monster?

Zwick is one of the few directors of his generation able to combine action and politics successfully, but *The Siege* ends up hostage to its own overwrought ambition. It starts out as a straightforward white-knuckler and ends up as a kind of paranoiac screed. The longer the movie plays out, the wackier it gets, but the wackiness seems to have been lost on the filmmakers. It's all done with great gravitas: In order to destroy what the FBI determines is an Arab terrorist threat, the White House invokes martial law, and pretty soon decent, upstanding Arab-Americans are being interned in detention camps, a suspect is tortured to death, and the Brooklyn Bridge is vibrating to the thwomp of Army combat boots. General William Devereaux (Bruce Willis), a straight-faced smarty-pants in camouflage fatigues and fashionably angled beret, heads up the charge. "This is the land of opportunity," he broadcasts to the troublemakers. "The opportunity to turn yourself in."

Even though the Arab terrorists and their sympathizers are depicted mostly one-dimensionally, Zwick is careful not to exploit anti-Arab sentiment. It's as if he had a balance sheet; every anti-Arab conceit is rejoindered in triplicate. Hub gets a Lebanese-American partner, Frank Haddad (Tony Shalhoub), who hates the terrorists as much as any native-born Yankee. Representatives from the Arab-American Society declare their love for America. The Arab Anti-Defamation League throws its support behind the FBI. And so on; it's all very p.c. Meanwhile, mostly off-camera, yahoos rant about towelheads.

We're also treated to an FBI-CIA face-off. Hub's nemesis, Elise Kraft (Annette Bening), is an undercover CIA operative who keeps interfering with his investigation. She has deep ties to the Arab community, though, and is fond of saying things like "The Palestinians seduce you with their suffering." She means it literally—her bedmate, Samir (Sami Bouajila), is an Arab agent supposedly doing double duty for the Americans. Equipped with infrared cameras, Hub and Frank, all in the name of security, of course, check out Elise and Samir's coupling from the rooftop across the way. In *The Siege*, the FBI may be smarter, but the CIA is sexier.

Hub and Elise don't link up romantically—that would

Strong arm of the law: Denzel Washington is an FBI anti-terrorism agent in *The Siege*.

be too corny—but they develop a grudging respect for each other's orneriness. That's pretty corny, too, but since they make such a stunning pair, who cares? Washington is one of the few actors around who can make even a nosebleed seem attractive, and Bening gives her character an acuity to go with her blurry beauty. But the paces these two are put through aren't on a much higher level than a standard TV cop series. The cat-and-mouse maneuvers are pretty much pro forma, and since we're ahead of the game, our interest shifts to the bigger question: Is this the way things would really happen if Manhattan and Brooklyn were placed under martial law? Zwick rumbles in the tanks and the troops; he films the streets newsreel-style for that gritty, you-are-there effect. And yet what we see looks more like a science-fiction scenario. It's hard to suppress the thought that Godzilla is lurking around the next skyscraper.

The Siege is an example of what can go wrong when talented people try to create a political thriller with ideas and still satisfy the box office. Instead of dramatizing the ways in which rage and helplessness in the face of terrorism might push even the most free-minded liberal into xenophobia, the film settles for considerably less. It shifts our anger to a convenient, timeworn target; the U.S. military. General Devereaux is as villainous as any Arab terrorist—even more so, since he's operating in a democracy. He's not struggling with his conscience; he seems to *have* no conscience.

At the same time, Zwick uses the military takeover as a way to score family-of-man points: We get a glimpse of a protest rally involving Christians and Muslims and Jews that clearly is in the movie to demonstrate how ecumenical we Americans are in times of crisis. This sanctification of the citizenry is the flip side of the demonization of Devereaux. Neither rings true. And I can't help thinking that all this we-the-people stuff is a way of avoiding the spiky subject of homegrown terrorism. Remember Pogo's "We have met the enemy and he is us"? It's easy enough to make the military the bad guys. It helps take our minds off Oklahoma City. *The Siege* comes on like gangbusters, but it's rife with wishful thinking.

I SUPPOSE IT WON'T DO TO SAY THAT TODD Haynes's **Velvet Goldmine** isn't my kind of movie and leave it at that. It's about the British glam-rock scene in the early seventies, a period I lived through without ever mistaking it for the flowering of the Enlightenment. The fault may be mine. Still, *Velvet Goldmine* doesn't make me want to step inside the time machine. I mean, there was a *reason* David Bowie killed off Ziggy Stardust.

Haynes's last movie, the vastly overrated *Safe,* was all about the aridity of modern life. *Velvet Goldmine* is also about aridity, but—what with all the platform boots and glitter makeup and feather boas and lacquered hair—it's a much trippier ride. Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) is a glamster who gets his first glimpse of glamdom nirvana when he witnesses a concert by the Iggy Pop–ish American singer Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) as he prances naked and dives through hoops of fire. Pretty soon Brian is a superstar himself, and Curt is on the junkie skids. Then Brian self-destructs, staging his own mock assassination during a concert and incurring the everlasting wrath of his fans when the hoax is revealed. He drops permanently from sight.

Actually, none of this is as linear as I make it sound. Haynes lifts his structure from *Citizen Kane,* of all things, with a reporter tracking down Brian's cohorts on the tenth anniversary of the scam. The flashbacks and flash-forwards and flash-in-betweens are meant to be deliberately disorienting, but where's the Rosebud in all of this? Since everyone in the movie has the approximate human weight of a hologram, we're not really motivated to fit together the puzzle pieces of their lives. Hollow is as hollow does. Haynes is at least a good sport about all this froufrou. He doesn't push the decadence in glam rock; for him, it's just a great big androgynous glitter pageant. But *Velvet Goldmine* should be more startling than it is.

Elizabeth, ABOUT THE DAUGHTER OF KING Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. Ben Jonson doubted Elizabeth was marriageable: "She hath a membrana which rendereth her incapable of man" was how he put it. But the Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court *and* lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Photograph by Myles Aronowitz.

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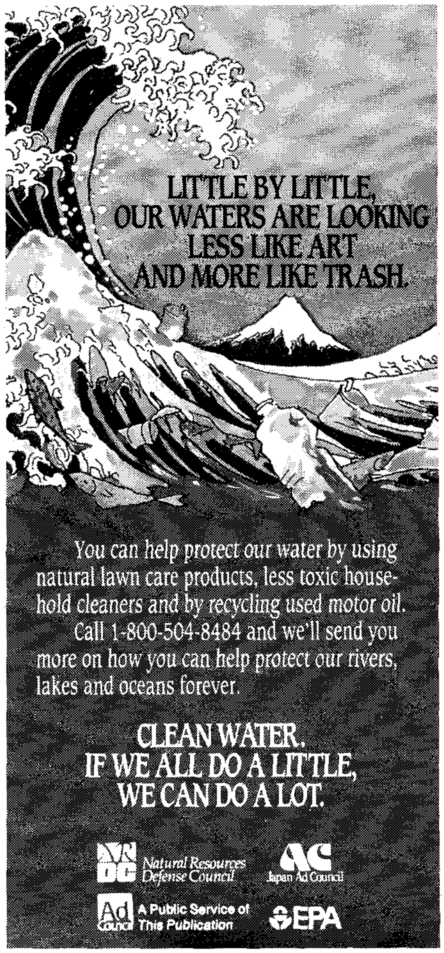
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The Scarlet Litter

Expensively revamped, 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' remains flaccid and ultimately futile; even slightly diminished, 'This Is Our Youth' should please young and old.

WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT SILK PURSES AND sow's ears? At the cost of several million, **The Scarlet Pimpernel** has been revamped with additional material, a new director-choreographer (Robert Longbottom), and a couple of major cast changes. The new numbers blend in seamlessly with the old, which in this case is not a compliment. It would have helped if an asterisk in the program had marked the new songs; it would have alerted us to where resignation should yield to indignation.

The show, with book and lyrics by Nan Knighton and music by Frank Wildhorn, remains—how shall I put it?—generic. It is always a step ahead of awful, and no more than two behind palatable. Some of the same folk who gave us *Footloose* are responsible for *Pimpernel,* and though the renovated musical is better than the new one, the same imaginative torpor informs them both. The jokes are labored, the lyrics are rote, and the tunes are mush. Everything feels recycled, contrived, synthetic; in vain do you look for something as real as a sow's ear.

Greasy kids' stuff: From left, Mark Ruffalo, Missy Yager, and Mark Rosenthal in *This Is Our Youth.*

Photograph by Susan Cook.

Certainly the French don't come across as French, or the English as English. Some of the performers try, and almost manage, until someone next to them, not even trying, lets them down. Nothing about the staging has any real inventiveness or vitality; indeed, the climactic sword fight is robotic and leaden. And not even sporting, because in Longbottom's new concept, both Sir Percy (a.k.a. the Pimpernel) and Marguerite, his wife, fight the sinister Chauvelin simultaneously, turning what is labeled "duel" into a trial.

The action scenes fall flat, whether in the rescue of some aristocrats from the (here rather toy) guillotine or in the final showdown between good and evil. They are unhappily matched by the romantic scenes, this silky Percy and sexy Marguerite generating neither genuine passion nor palpable anguish. I do not blame Rachel York, who has always proved talented and alluring. But I have serious problems with Douglas Sills, who comes to full life only in his effete, dandified, as it were Primpernel scenes, and turns humdrum the rest of the time. Challenged by this Pimpernel, Chauvelin might as well say, "Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a damn." And as that heavy, the able Rex Smith emerges stiff and miscast.

By way of dances, the chiefly Radio City Music Hall choreographer Longbottom contributes equally little. The one exception—though not a happy one—is where Sir Percy and his Pimpernellies do a kind of Rockette number, albeit substituting an *hommage* to Matthew Bourne's *Swan Lake* for the obligatory high kicks. If this is the best Longbottom can do, his vita, despite the *ars longa* in his name, will be *brevis.*

The show—with sets by Andrew Jackness, costumes by Jane Greenwood, and lights by Natasha Katz—looks sumptuous enough. But the whole thing, loosely based on Baroness Orczy's popular novel, never approaches anything like art, and remains strictly orczy-forczy.

HARDER STILL THAN FINDING A SHOW EQUALLY SUITABLE for parents and small children is finding one for parents and their high-school or college-age offspring. But Kenneth Lonergan's **This Is Our Youth** is a play that young people will adore and their elders embrace. Actually, the future tense is wrong; a couple of seasons ago the New Group presented the work to unanimous raves in a very small theater and limited run, but, for obscure reasons, it did not transfer. Now, somewhat though not seriously diminished, it reappears at Second Stage's McGinn-Cazale Theatre, yet another hole in the wall.

Granted, this three-character play set in Dennis Ziegler's puny Upper West Side pad is an intimate piece. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions—old pop LPs, vintage toys, even a 1955 "incredibly rare edition of a toaster" (withdrawn as a fire hazard)—plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student, summoned to be Warren's companion on a proposed heavy double date. It is to be financed with the purloined funds, described by Warren as "the proceeds from my unhappy childhood." There are several offstage characters who become almost equally present: the various "problem parents," Dennis's ranted-against girlfriend, and some drug dealers. A world is conjured up.

It is a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy. Clearly autobiographical (its precise dating, "Early March, 1982," bears witness), it is captured with microscopic vision, perfect-pitch hearing, and scalpel-like penetration. While enabling us to laugh out loud and sweet, it also leaves us implicated, naked in public. Psychobabble and sociobabble abound, as do inexperience and awkwardness posturing as savvy and cool. Jessica can announce "Wait, I have a hair in my mouth" as if she were giving voice to a moral quandary. Dancing with Warren, she comments, "You're a really good dancer," and he replies, "So are you—if only society would give us a chance!" When she stops for a drink of water with "I just want to get rid of this knot in my stomach," he responds philosophically, "Sure, whatever is expedient." After savaging his girlfriend on the phone, Dennis explains, "I become as insanely brutal as I possibly can. It's because of my fucking mother." Lonergan's lines are not just comical in themselves, they acquire additional heft from character, circumstance, the implied past and future. Thus it is the solicitous tone with which Warren reassures Jessica, "I really like you, even though I don't agree with most of your opinions," that is so irresistible.

Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren down to his would-be-debonair shamble and nonchalant way with his motto, "Whatever." You root for him to get laid, perhaps even get away with his theft. Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica, as seemingly sophisticated as she is touchily defensive; note the intense concentration with which—eyeballs on a carousel, voice on a tightrope—she ponders some trivia.The highly competent Dennis of Mark Rosenthal regrettably lacks the disarming charm of Josh Hamilton, who created the role. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary, as incisive and inventive as the writing, a model of underpropping without overbearing. And when the comedy eventually turns serious, the transition is flawless and shattering.

TASMANIA IS THE ISLAND THAT PRODUCES, or produced, such strange creatures as the Tasmanian devil, the presumably extinct Tasmanian wolf (or tiger), and Merle Oberon. That must be why the Australian playwright Hilary Bell laid her play **Wolf Lullaby**, based on two separate murder cases by and of children, in Tasmania. Lizzie Gael, the 9-year-old Tasmaniac, is a crazed child haunted by a big, bad wolf. The author, in a note, leaves it to the director "how to realize" him. Unfortunately, she also leaves it to the audience how to realize the remaining characters—the child, the parents, and the policeman—who are insubstantial, self-contradictory wisps in a sketchy, attitudinizing, pointless enterprise.

One thing, though, is not a mystery: why the Atlantic Theater Company chose to put on this sorry excuse for a play. The group was co-founded by David Mamet, whom Hilary Bell flagrantly imitates. We get the same vagueness, aimlessness, non sequiturs, characters talking over each other, withheld information, and psychological inconsistency posing as profound ambiguity as we get from Mamet, Falstaff's opposite number, who is "the cause that witlessness is in other men" and now also women.

There is some assiduous acting in the production, as well as valiant but uneven struggling with Aussie accents. Yet the very fact that the subteen murderess is played by a grown woman undercuts what little effect *Wolf Lullaby* might elicit.

THE SKIES ABOVE NO LONGER SHOWERING debris, **Cabaret** has reopened with some cast changes. Jennifer Jason Leigh strikes me as the best Sally Bowles yet, conveying that small bundle of lovable and infuriating contradictions Isherwood demands. As a temporary replacement for the Emcee, the able Robert Sella is a carbon copy of Alan Cumming, more impersonation than personation. Blair Brown is both too young and too pretty for the part of Fräulein Schneider and lacks the proper makeup to make up for it.

Ron Rifkin has gained in insight and stature, and is now a moving, memorable Herr Schultz. Some other performances now look a little shopworn, but the acting, dancing, musicianing Girls continue to be the Kit Kat's meow. The nightclub premises may add atmosphere, but the sight lines continue to be iffy, and the wooden chairs derriere-unfriendly. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

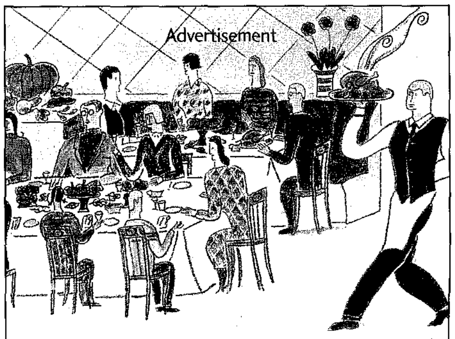

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Illustration by Jeff Jackson

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Go Figaro

Though director Jonathan Miller talks a good game, his muzzy new production of 'Le Nozze di Figaro' squanders the most vocally sumptuous cast imaginable.

FOR A MAJOR OPERA COMPANY TO MOUNT FIVE new productions of Mozart's **Le Nozze di Figaro** over the course of more than half a century is not excessive, and one day perhaps the Metropolitan will get it right. None of the previous four Met stagings had much visual or theatrical distinction, although the casting was often spectacular—there has never been, it seems, a dearth of superior Mozart voices. That pattern continues with the Met's latest attempt to get *Figaro* safely married to his *Susanna:* a starry collection of singers efficiently maneuvered about the stage by a director, Jonathan Miller, who communicates no clear idea of the opera, and a set design, by Peter Davison, that not only looks characterless but occasionally contradicts what the piece specifically requires.

Oh, Susanna: Renée Fleming, Cecilia Bartoli, and Bryn Terfel in the Met's new *Nozze di Figaro.*

Dr. Miller, I'm told, offers scintillating repartee at interviews and dinner parties, but his opera productions become increasingly vapid. There are many legitimate approaches to *Figaro,* whether within a conservative traditional context or a radical update à la Peter Sellars, but Miller never takes a firm position—in fact, he is scarcely present at all. Not only are the characters foggily defined and the heart of the opera left unexamined, but the class and social distinctions that lead to so many dangerous confrontations are also fudged, finally leaving us with little more than a sitcom in which eight people struggle to come to terms with their libidos. Naturally exuberant performers like Cecilia Bartoli (Susanna) and Bryn Terfel (Figaro) will, for better or worse, create vivid personalities of some sort, but less stage-savvy singers like Renée Fleming (Countess Almaviva) and Dwayne Croft (Count Almaviva) need a strong guiding hand if they are to register any theatrical impact at all. What we have here is a pallid noble couple completely at the mercy of their two hyperactive servants, a dramatic situation that contradicts the tension-filled dynamics of Mozart's music at every turn.

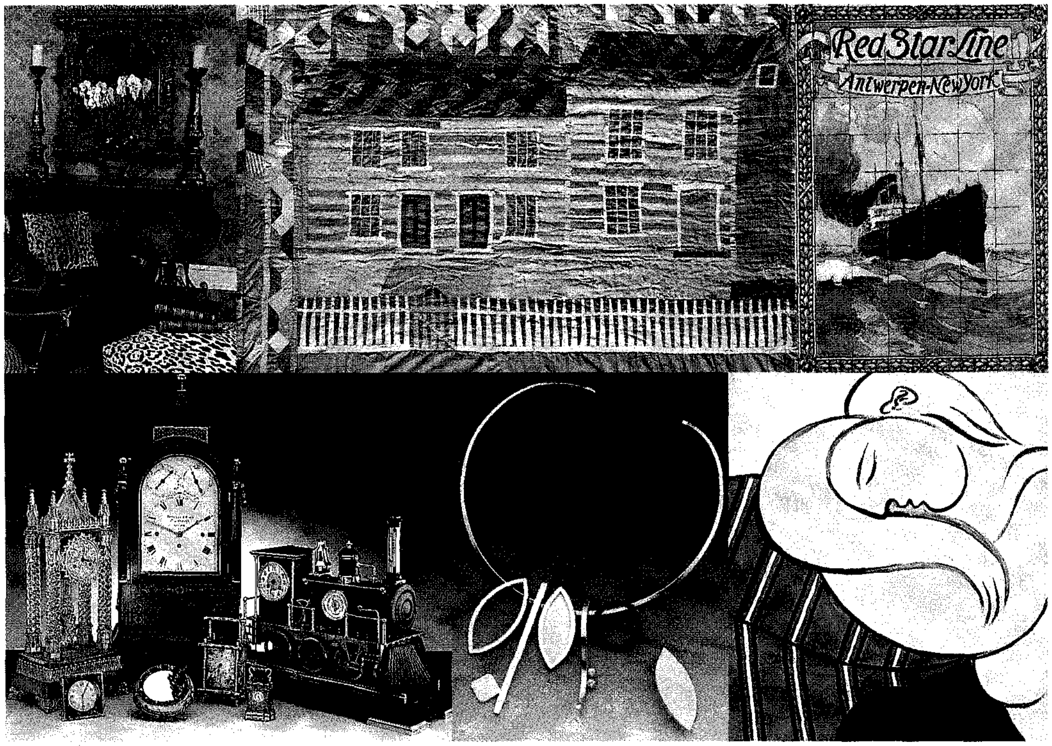
Davison's set design, like Miller's commonplace staging, is functional but flavorless. The Almavivas are clearly running low on cash, living in a sparsely furnished palace with chipped plaster ceilings and paint peeling off the walls. A *Figaro* production that tries to portray pre–French Revolution aristocrats on the skids is hardly a new idea, but since all the ominous hints dropped here lead nowhere, it seems pointless to have even suggested them. The last act is the worst. The scene should be set amid nature, where the stifling indoor intrigues of this "one mad day" are eventually resolved under the cover of night and in "a dense garden with two corresponding niches, usable," according to the libretto. That should be easy enough to achieve, but Davison doesn't even try. Instead, the Count's bleak reception hall revolves to reveal a cheerless, curiously tilted exterior palace façade, an inappropriately chilly setting for one of the most heartwarming finales in all opera. More intellectually lazy than outrageously perverse, this utilitarian but dreary production will no doubt prove useful over the years as future casts come and go, but both Mozart and the Met deserve something more distinctive.

So, for that matter, do the singers currently onstage, surely as distinguished a company of Mozartians as the Met has ever assembled. Cecilia Bartoli may be the hottest, most commercial operatic property to appear since Pavarotti, but this is no time to be revisionist—her risk-taking Susanna is an extraordinary creation and, if one can accept a sultry lower vocal placement in a role clearly meant for a light soprano, beguilingly sung. Earthy, vulgar, manipulative, and irrepressible, this untamed filly would have been even more effective if a strong director had channeled her theatrical energy and properly focused it—the defining moment for Susanna, after all, should be her quiet benedictory love song in Act IV,

(continued on page 114)

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

ART & ANTIQUES



When it comes to tracking down antiques and collectibles of singular merit, unusual design, or remarkable workmanship, Gotham is the world's most glittering center. For the collecting maven, the city is a fabulous bazaar. In the tantalizing honeycomb of shops, galleries, museums, and auction houses that make up the city's thriving art and antiques market, great finds await at every turn. Whether your object of desire is sensual Philadelphia 18th-century furniture, '50s Swedish glass, stellar turn-of-the-century American silver, spaghetti Western movie posters, or the '60s faux jewels that graced *Vogue* covers when Vreeland reigned as editor-in-chief, you will glimpse more in a single day's stroll around Manhattan than you would come across in other towns in a year. If it is rare, you'll find it here.

COVER PHOTOS: TOP LEFT - DK ANTIQUES, LTD.; TOP CENTER - FALL ANTIQUES SHOW; TOP RIGHT - PARK SOUTH GALLERY; BOTTOM LEFT - MANHATTAN ART & ANTIQUES CENTER; BOTTOM CENTER - CRAFTS PARK AVENUE; BOTTOM RIGHT - GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

"New York City is the center for real collecting of art and antiques," says Sanford L. Smith, the creator of several top Manhattan antiques shows. "People from all over the country and the world come here to buy." To learn more about what's hot in today's market, and where to shop for it, peruse these pages.

THE 20TH CENTURY

As time ticks toward the millennium, the world is glancing back at the art, furniture, and decorative arts of the recent past. It is not so much nostalgia, as an appreciation of the century's modernist esthetic. At no recent time have the works by modernism's pioneers been so desired. Furniture prototypes by early creators of modernism, like Marcel Breuer and Otto Wagner, are being snagged by museums, while top collectors are hunting down the best period examples by masters of mid-century design, such as Charles Eames and George Nelson. Meanwhile, smart buyers are snapping up '40s and '50s European and American glass, pottery, furniture, and silver.

THE FRENCH HAVE LANDED

Signs of a Gallic invasion are everywhere: Antique Baccarat crystal and Lalique, and every form of French furniture is in demand—from classic 18th-century begères to turn-of-the-century farm tables. In every gallery and antiques shop it seems the French-made *objet* is the thing to have. And heading up the invasion is a blockbuster Guggenheim exhibition that includes paintings by all the great masters of French modern art. (More about that later.)

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Fine American art and objects are always coveted. But with prime examples of 18th- and 19th-century furniture hitting the price stratosphere, young collectors are turning to repro high boys and Chippendale chairs made between 1876 and 1920. American folk art, from quilts to painted chests, continues to rise in value.

LOOKING EAST

The allure of the exotic makes the art, objects, and furniture of the Near and Far East tantalizing. Collectors are hankering for unusual artifacts from Africa, Anglo-Indian colonial furniture, Moroccan mother-of-pearl-inlay furniture, and all manner of objects from Japan and China.

NESTING

New Yorkers are lavishing their acquisitions on their city apartments and country houses, buying in two ways: Either collecting all 20th-century furnishings—blending items from the '30s-'70s—or collecting interesting eclectic mixes, carefully picking objects from various eras and countries, teaming traditional with modern, the English antique satinwood chest with the '70s lucite lamp.

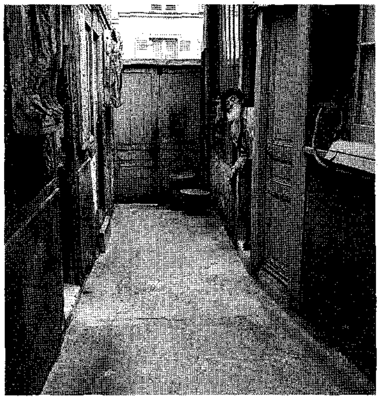
PREENING

Perhaps to break the monotony of black—and now gray—uniform dressing, New Yorkers are splurging on unique jewelry. While women succumb to unusual jewelry—perfect-condition costume pieces or estate jewelry—men have started collecting solid gold antique cufflinks for a discreet glint of gold on a bespoke shirt cuff.

FALL SHOWS & EXHIBITS

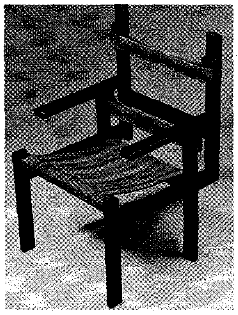
Like the starting gun at horse race, the arrival of several major shows each fall signals the beginning of the new collecting season. Dealers save their best items for these events. Anticipation sets pulses racing as crowds queue up. The shows provide an ideal training ground for the novice. Arrive early, as unique items get snapped up in the first hour.

The must-see for modernist fans—and anyone who wants to understand the 20th century re-appreciation now in full force—is the **Modernism/Photography Show**, an annual November event held at the Park Avenue Armory. When Sanford Smith first launched the show 13 years ago, the idea of collecting 20th century items was almost foreign. It was 1985, the English country house look was in full swing, and New Yorkers were busily acquiring antique English mahogany. Showgoers treated the event as an educational curiosity. "We had lines around the block and not a lot of buying; people came to look," says Smith. That has all changed. As a wave of modernist sensibility sweeps New York, this year's show promises to be a big draw. On hand will be some of the country's most important dealers in photography, Art Deco objects and furniture, American and British Arts and Crafts, and mid-century modern pieces. The rare and unusual will abound.



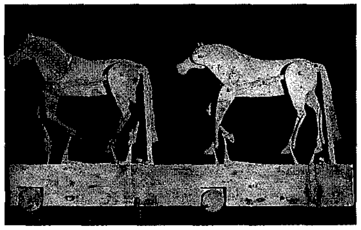
MODERNISM/PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW

For example, dealer Barry Friedman, who helped launch modernist collecting, will be bringing a *Lattenstuhl* armchair by Marcel Breuer. A design made between 1922 and 1924, the chair is so rare that Friedman, a dealer for 25 years, has only handled two other examples, both of which went to top foreign museums. And what does Friedman advise new collectors to look for? "French '40s furniture, it's fresh, it's light," says Friedman. Prices, he says, begin in the low thousands for unsigned coffee tables and rise for pieces by recognized period designers. Also at the show will be Mark



MODERNISM/PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW

McDonald, who pioneered collecting the works of mid-century modern masters, such as Eames in the '80s. He will be bringing such rarities as a few good pieces by Eames, as well as custom Frank Lloyd Wright furniture and glass and pottery by Swedish and Finnish designers, an area that has recently captured his attention. His advice? "Buy what you like, and never buy for investment."


FALL ANTIQUES SHOW

Americana enthusiasts never miss the **Fall Antiques Show,** which this November brings together 71 of the nation's leading dealers in American folk art, furniture, textiles, and decorative objects. At the debut of the show 20 years ago, dealers turned the Park Avenue Armory into a folk art extravaganza, and collectors bought non-stop. This year, collectors will not be disappointed. "There will be remarkable items in the thousands of dollars, but reasonable items, too," says Sanford Smith. The cream of authentic period folk art pieces should display pristine condition and unusual designs. What to look for in great quilts and the now very hot category of hooked rugs?

"Originality of design," says dealer Laura Fisher. "Look at the artistic composition and the craftsmanship—the needlework should be excellent." Unique items at the booth of Laura Fisher Antiques will include hooked rugs depicting houses (a coveted

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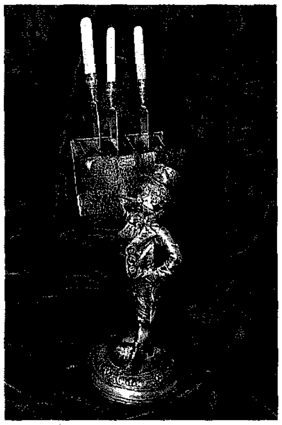
motif), an 1823 candlewick bedspread designed by the two Long Island women who stitched it, and several quilts made of thousands of pieces of intricately worked fabric. Count on every booth having similarly outstanding objects.

As an adventure in shopping, nothing beats the **Triple Pier Expo.** It is the biggest grandma's attic extravaganza imaginable, bringing together 600 dealers and thousands of objects. The November Pier Expo is where new concepts simmer. Which explains rumors that the staffs of Ralph Lauren and Donna Karan are regulars. "So many trends have come out of this show, from fabric design to fashion ideas," says Joan Tramontano of Stella Show management. Dealers from around the country prowl the aisles for stock while decorators scope out unusual estate furniture, architectural artifacts, and antique hardware. For eclectic collectors on a budget—especially those furnishing a new apartment—this is paradise. Bring a large van.

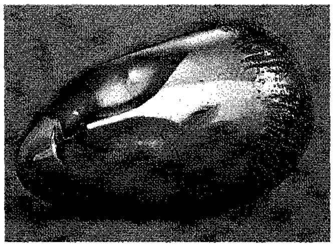

TRIPLE PIER EXPO

For an experience of a totally different nature, be sure to catch this month's **Stella Fine Art & Photography Show,** which brings 100 dealers, galleries, and artists to The Gramercy Park Armory. "It will be an unusual mix—all quality and all interesting," says Leanne Stella, president of Stella Show Management. Offerings include contemporary and antique paintings, old master drawings, modern and antique sculpture, and vintage and contemporary photography.

Admirers of exceptional handwork leave space in their December calendars for the holiday edition of **Crafts Park Avenue,** which draws together nearly 200 of the country's finest artisans at the Park Avenue Armory. "Unless the work is excellent, you don't make the cut," says show director Stacey Jarit, who is proud of the high caliber of showmanship her craftspeople display. Outstanding execution and unique design are the two major elements that make a piece of contemporary craftsmanship a worthy collectible. Everything at the show is superb. Especially strong: one-of-a-kind jewelry in precious gems, gold, platinum, and unconventional materials. Also look for fabulous wearables, such as artisan Susan Bradford's shearling coats in incredible colors, and chenille weaver Marsha Fleisher's supple, velvety woven scarves and accessories.

CRAFTS PARK AVENUE

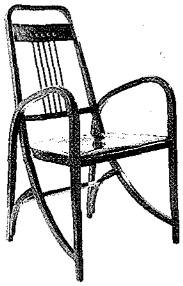
For a total experience of Paris in New York, immerse yourself at the blockbuster museum shows being staged at the two **Guggenheim Museum** locations. Uptown is *Rendezvous: Masterpieces from the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums.* In this spectacular celebration of modern art are 350 pieces, including works by such great masters as Matisse and Picasso. Meanwhile, the downtown gallery in SoHo is host to *Premises: Visual Arts, Architecture and Design from France 1958-1998.* The exhibit features works of contemporary French artists in architecture, film, video, installations, and photography. And to delight French cinema connoisseurs, Guggenheim Film is presenting a 15-week series showcasing 48 ground-breaking masterworks of French film. For more information, see pg. 13a.


GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

THE GREAT MARKETPLACES

The season's antiques shows are fabulous, but, alas, fleeting. Fortunately, the city has several wonderful antiques centers that provide the same excitement of multiple dealers and thousands of objects in one place—and, best of all, 12 months a year.

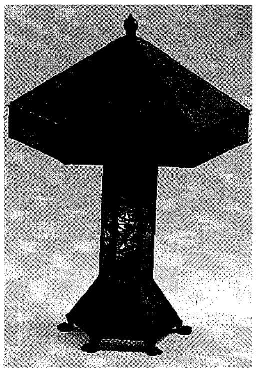
Clever collectors and professional decorators seeking high-quality 20th century furnishings and everything French keep the names of the dealers in the **Chelsea Antiques Building** tucked in their wallets, and so should you. Settled within the building's 12 floors are some of the city's best resources for unusual period, antique, and reproduction furniture, plus decorative arts. A quick tour: Don't miss Naturemorte on 11, where dealer John Powell—home after 15 years of living in Paris—has gathered a striking assortment of French and American furnishings. If you have dreams of recreating a Provence farmhouse or Paris salon in your own home, stop in at Merce Cordero Antiques on 10 and Maven Gallery on 11. Head for The Chris Ellis Collection on 12 for down-stuffed French-style reproduction chaises ("I can't keep them in stock," says Chris). Stop at the café on 8 to gather strength and sip a mocha coffee. Then browse the hand-picked antiques and collectibles in the intriguing shops on 7.


CHELSEA ANTIQUES

For scoping out more current trends, head down the street to **The Showplace.** Among the 135 dealers operating on three floors it is possible to discover every possible late-breaking trend in collecting. In one dealer's booth recently, almost prancing on their lucite feet, was a

THE SHOWPLACE

pair of 1958 chairs by Vladimir Kagan that once sat in the country home of Jackie Gleason. For collectors who like the texture and gutsiness of vernacular Chinese furniture, Arts du Monde on 2 is not to be missed. For intriguing early modern movement items stop at Van Doren Gallery, also on 2, where dealer John Van Doren displays hard-to-find rarities such as a recently-acquired Glasgow school mirror with repoussé copper frame, crafted around 1915. For a personal splurge the incredible costume jewelry at the Harrice Miller Collection is impossible to resist. Arranged in the showcases in her stylish gallery are perfect-condition examples of costume jewelry from the '20s to the '80s. Her tips on buying? "Appreciate the overall look, the craftsmanship." Signed pieces in perfect condition bring a premium. "But," she says, "real collectors would rather have a piece in original condition with the enamel worn off than have it replaced badly."


56TH STREET ART & ANTIQUES CENTER

Uptown, another treasure trove of great finds is gathered under the eaves at the **56th Street Art & Antiques Center**. Within the 22 enticing shops laid out on three floors is everything the discriminating shopper, whether collector or design afficionado, would need to fill a display case—or furnish an entire house. English, French, Continental, and Asian furniture from the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries is a big part of the mix. The center shelters specialists purveying glittering antique crystal chande-

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THE MANHATTAN ART & ANTIQUES CENTER

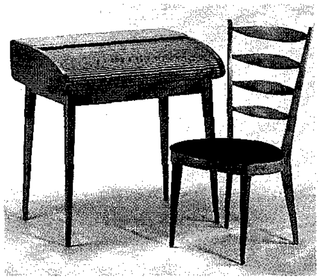
liers, lustrous sterling silver flatware, radiant tapestries, American and European paintings, and prints and drawings. Two experts concentrate on ancient artifacts. Decorators, architects, and serious collectors all track down great finds here. Not to mention gourmets who savor the Mediterranean food at the center's delightful Café Babou restaurant.

Another prime hunting ground for intriguing finds is **The Manhattan Art & Antiques Center,** a collector's paradise of over 100 shops. Some of the top experts in their fields make their home base in the center, including Ken Leach, an expert in perfume bottles; Clifford and Jean Schaefer, specialists in Japanese porcelains and Samurai objects; and Ron Hoffman, a specialist in walking canes and estate cufflinks. While the cufflinks have been flying out of his Hoffman/Gampetro Gallery ("Collectors like the discreet look of Tiffany and Cartier," he says), Hoffman reports he is catering to increasing numbers of customers scooping up his estate-quality English dinnerware. "They lay it all out on the floor to mix and match different patterns, that's the big trend." At Leach's Gallery 47, the prominence of all things French has collectors seeking fine examples of old Baccarat and Lalique. Also in demand: bottles with figural stoppers, especially those designed between about 1913 and 1920 by Frenchman Julian Viard. At Flying Cranes Antiques, Ltd., rarities shine from every corner of the gallery. Two examples: a magnificent Samurai sword decorated with gold dragonflies and any one of the white porcelain Hirado pieces. Other outstanding specialists include Time Gallery (superb clocks), Hemingway African Gallery (intriguing tribal art), and Laura Fisher Antiques, quilts and Americana art.

FURNITURE—FUNKY & FANCY

Jude Devereaux, the best-selling romance novelist, once cast a heroine as a frequent-buyer at the **Tepper Galleries,** the estate auction house just off Park Avenue South in the East Twenties. It is easy to see why anyone aspiring to an instant old-money look would shop here: virtually all the furniture, Oriental rugs, grand pianos, and decorative objects at the weekly sales come from posh Upper East Side addresses. Many of the city's leading decorators, or their representatives, are habitués. But co-owner Max Drazen will not name names. He will say: "Our furniture is reproduction, but there are reproductions made yesterday and reproductions made 100 years ago, and more often, we have the older ones." Judging by the quality of the workmanship, this is the place to look for well-crafted turn-of-the-century reproductions of American highboys and Chippendale chairs, as well as great versions of basic French: Louis XV and Louis XVI chairs and commodes.

Almost since it stopped being produced in the mid '60s, Heywood-Wakefield's blond furniture has commanded a following. Dedicated collectors know to hunt out the pieces made of yellow birch, either in wheat (a yellow/blond finish) or champagne (a more coral blond color). "The birch could be steam bent and a lot of the designs incorporate steam bending," says Brenda Benek, one of the owners of **City Barn Antiques,** which has a staggering inventory of the best of Heywood-Wakefield blondes in like-new condition. What's rare? "Pieces produced for short periods definitely qualify," says Benek, pointing to the "princess desk" made between 1964 and 1965 and the Kohinoor double tambour desk vanity made only in 1949. As for the coveted triangular nesting tables, in production between 1954 and 1955, "We've got the only complete set known to exist" Benek reports. With their stock of vintage '30s to '50s lamps and accessories, Benek is geared to outfit entire rooms.



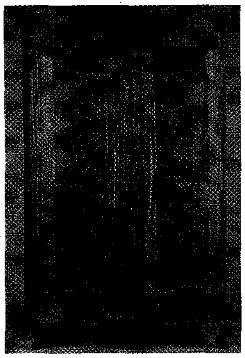
CITY BARN ANTIQUES

The unusual has been the norm at **Oak • Smith & Jones** since the furniture emporium opened its doors 24 years ago. Handsome rolltop desks and oak file cabinets that were always hard to find in good condition became staples in the store's early days—and they still are an attraction. A capacious ca. 1900 lawyer's rolltop displayed recently was a gem. So was an Eastlake chest displaying marquetry inlay and a creamy marble top. Drop leaf tables and refractory tables (with chairs) of oak, walnut, and mahogany are a speciality. In the eclectic mix the store puts together so effortlessly, new reproduction pieces and collectibles are standouts, such as the liquor cabinet shaped like an architect's house model poised on its own stand. Also arresting: glass-topped coffee tables made of antique Indian doors awash with decorative metalwork.

OAK · SMITH & JONES

It's all about the mix at **DK Antiques, Ltd.,** which opened this fall in Carnegie Hill. In the warm, inviting atmosphere of a turn-of-the-century brownstone, owner Karen Present has arranged furniture and accessories discovered on her travels throughout the US and Europe. Deliberately blending pieces in an artful mix of styles, Present likes to team a mahogany Biedermeir chest with a pair of gilded Louis XVI-style chairs, and set the trio off with a George III mirror. Or, she might place an 18th century Italian sideboard with painted panels near a pair of early 19th century French tromp l'oeil pilasters and pull in some '20s club chairs. "People don't want to be confined to one style or period, " says Present. "They want their interiors to more *aptly reflect their personalities."*

An international assortment of country furniture is the lure at **Golden Oldies,** The World's Largest Antique Store. The warehouse-like space is loaded with buffets, beds, trunks, and an array of useful pieces. Dining tables, armoires, breakfronts, and cupboards have always been a staple. "But lately," says Erik Weinstein, "French country furniture has taken the lead in popularity. People are asking for the whole country French look and a lot of rich woods—oak, walnut, burls, mahogany, and good pine." Also catching attention: Anglo-Indian furniture, including cabinets with bi-fold doors, trunks, and campaign furniture.


GOLDEN OLDIES

ADORNMENT

Anyone wanting to splurge on fine jewelry will find alluring possibilities at **Lorraine Wohl**, a charming shop of sparkling enticements. Wohl's collection of estate jewelry offers many unique designs, including a rare French Georgian necklace, ca. 1830, of gold and diamonds. What makes it rare? "French jewelry of this period is very desirable,

LORRAINE WOHL COLLECTION

Galleries, Art & Antiques

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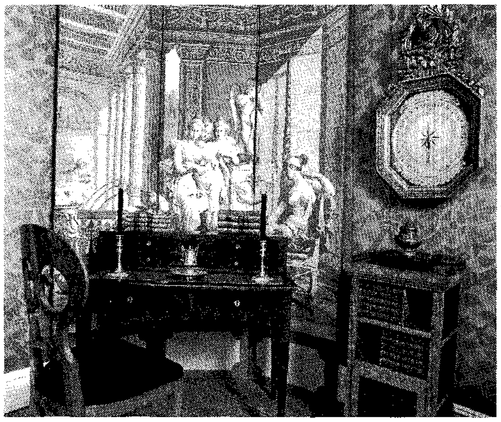

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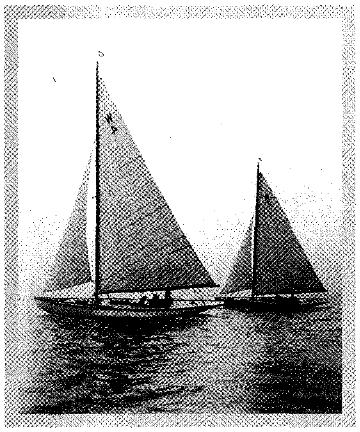

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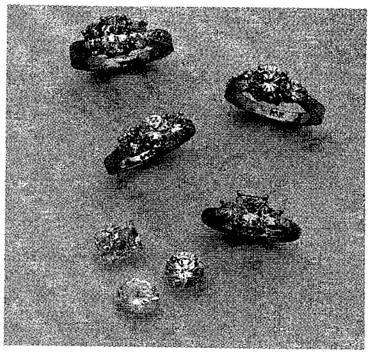
and this piece has several swags of rose diamonds. The rose diamonds are also unusual." She has a unique English arts and crafts necklace and bracelet designed by Higgins embellished with gold, pearls, and opals. Another treasure is a rare Edwardian diamond and natural pearl woven necklace with platinum setting. "Platinum is much in demand right now," says Wohl. "Generally there is much more interest in platinum and diamonds than in gold." The exception is Georgian jewelry, which always features gold: good Georgian examples are difficult to find, which is why the period tops the wish-lists of many collectors of antique jewelry.

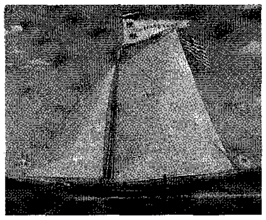
LIFELONG TREASURES


THE DIAMOND CO.

For collectibles that last forever, head to **The Diamond Co.** Suppliers of loose stones and diamond jewelry to the most famous jewelry shops nationwide, The Diamond Co. recently opened its doors to private clients by appointment. Diamond purchasing can be intimidating for the first-time buyer, but not at this family-owned concern. Isaac Levy, the founder, is an expert diamond cutter routinely consulted by professional jewelry designers. Son David makes it his mission to make diamond buying fun for the layperson. He works with you to select the best setting from among 2,500 designs—from antique to contemporary. Engagement rings are a specialty. Oval, Emerald-cut, and Princess stones are popular, as are the three-diamond engagement rings with large central stones. Platinum is the preferred precious metal. A detailed grading report from an independent laboratory comes with every diamond.

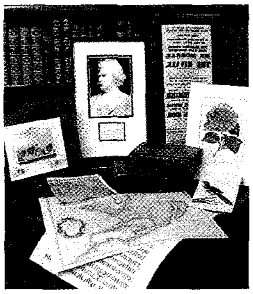
CONNOISSEURS' DELIGHT

When antique pond models first floated onto the scene, even non-maritime collectors were charmed. But when they became the stylist's prop *du jour,* knocked off in cheap reproductions, Gregg Dietrich, the owner of **North Star Galleries** knew it was time to seek out another type of maritime model for his following of discriminating maritime antiques collectors. "What we're seeing now are half models, which were used as builder's design tools in the late 19th and early 20th centuries," says Dietrich. Meanwhile he has a rare, museum-quality yacht model of the Brigand, a replica crafted in 1899 by Boucher, a firm that built over half the models at the New York Yacht Club. And for the maritime enthusiast who loves great ship paintings, as well as Americana, Dietrich's two works by James Bard definitely fill the bill when it comes to rare finds. One painting, The Glen Cove, depicting a New York steamboat, is in dazzling condition. The other, illustrating the Hudson River sloop The American Eagle is rare, simply because Bard painted so few sailboats.



NORTH STAR GALLERIES

A mecca for bibliophiles and print lovers, **Argosy Books** has so many items packed into its six floors that it is possible to browse all morning and still see only a fraction of the shop's riches. On the first floor, which is lit with rows of old-fashioned green glass-shaded lamps, several large locked glass cabinets display vintage titles to charm the book lover. Along with an early edition of P.G. Wodehouse's *Money for Nothing* there is a *Mickey Mouse Annual,* and a book bearing the amusing title, *Fancy Dresses*



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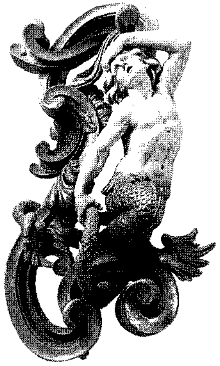

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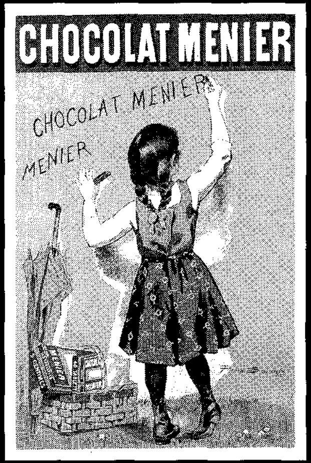

Firmin Bouisset, 1893 37"x57"

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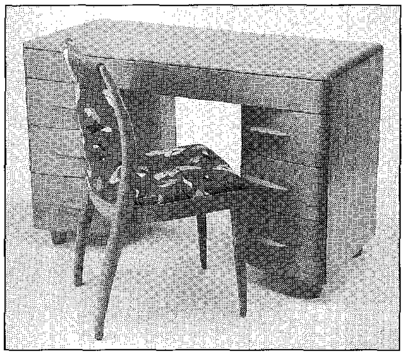

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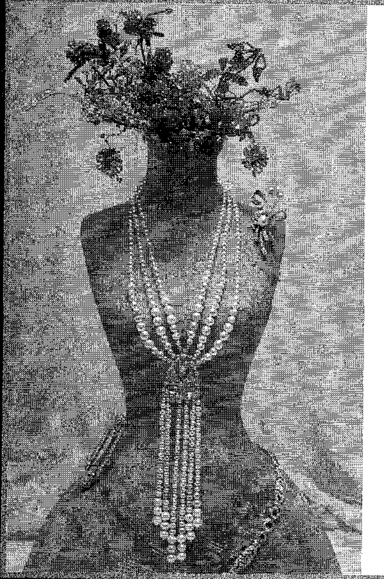

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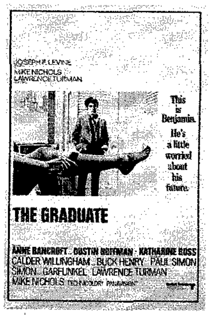
Described: Or, What to Wear at Fancy Balls. Several floors above, in a department brimming with autographed letters, cards, and photos, are the signatures and images of celebrated authors, actors, musicians and just about every US President. Lincoln, Jefferson, and FDR are the most popular. Once an autograph is purchased, Naomi Hample, Argosy's autograph expert, tracks down an appropriate print or photograph of the signer.

GRAPHIC STATEMENTS: GREAT POSTERS

The re-appreciation of the '60s and '70s apparent in furniture and decorative objects is also evident with motion picture posters. Suddenly, posters for such movies as *Saturday Night Fever, Taxi Driver,* and *Scarface* are very hot. "People in the motion picture business always took them for granted because so many were printed," says Joe Burtis at **Motion Picture Arts Gallery.** But that very plentifulness led to so many posters being tossed that many are now scarce. Most collectible are first-issue posters that have no reference to Academy Awards. "*The Graduate*, for example," says Burtis, "did not have a huge release until it won awards." As a result, the posters produced for that film's initial run are hard to find–and surprisingly pricey. What else makes a poster from the period collectible? Advises Burtis: "Look for posters for movies that perfectly capture the era." *Easy Rider? Gimme Shelter?* "Definitely."


JOSEPH E. LEVINE
MIKE NICHOLS
LAWRENCE TURMAN
This is Benjamin. He's a little worried about his future.
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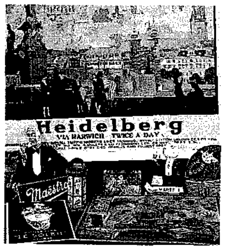
MIKE NICHOLS

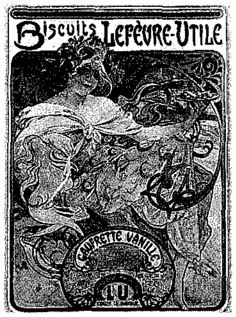
MOTION PICTURE ARTS GALLERY

"You need to love the image," is the advice Linda Tarasuk of **La Belle Epoque Vintage Posters** always gives would-be collectors. At her gallery, it is not difficult to find graphics to fall for.



LA BELLE EPOQUE

There are literally thousands of enticing choices in the collection of authentic antique advertising posters dating from the 1880s to the years before World War II. The seductively drawn and brilliantly colored images were originally issued as enticing ads for fashion, the theater, wine, food, and travel. Posters from France, Britain, Germany, America, and Italy, among others, are included in the collection. The graphics reflect the periods in which the posters were released, from the swirling arabesques of the Art Nouveau era to the more sober, reductive images of the pre-war '40s. Most coveted are the early designs by Toulouse-Lautrec, Mucha, and Cheret. A final piece of advice from Tarasuk: "It should be in the best condition you can find."



PARK SOUTH GALLERY

Magnificient lithography appears as Laura Gold and D.J. Dougherty show off examples from their dazzling collection at **Park South Gallery at Carnegie Hall.** As D.J. shifts one stunning poster after another between two piles on a huge table, the pert face of the redhead called Misia appears, captured in 1895 by Toulouse-Lautrec in a poster he created for La Revue Blanche, a journal her husband owned. Next come four companion works by Mucha depicting the four seasons. These are decorative panels, rather than advertising posters and have no writing on them. Each is exquisitely executed and as radiant as the fin de siécle season in which they first appeared. Gold gathers only the finest posters and concentrates heavily on French examples from the late 19th century through the early years of the 20th century. She only deals in originals but she cautions anyone starting to collect to be wary of more recent recreations of famous—and less so—turn-of-the-century works. "If it's too cheap, that's a flag," cautions Gold, who says a collector's best protection is to always buy "from a reputable dealer."

Galleries, Art & Antiques

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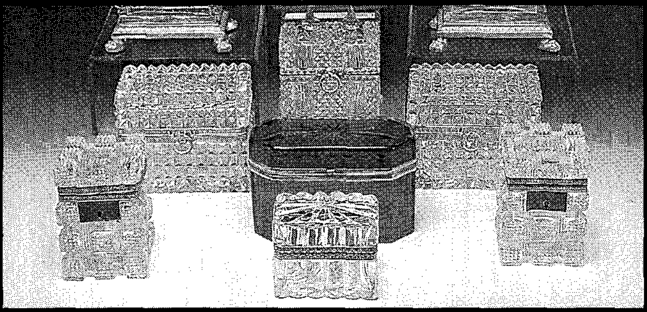

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TOBI TOBIAS

Princes Charming

Four splendid male specimens shine in a dusted-off oldie from ABT —and make one wish the company's newer offerings were as bright.

In Anton Dolin's *Variations for Four,* José Manuel Carreño and Vladimir Malakhov.

American Ballet Theatre OPENED its two-week run at the City Center with a herd of robust, sleekly muscled men leaping cross-stage again and again, as if laying powerful, confident claim to the land. The ballet was Jiří Kylián's *Sinfonietta,* which is too simple in its vocabulary and message, but the next item on the program, Anton Dolin's 1957 *Variations for Four,* reinforced the idea of glorious male prowess by expanding and refining it. The Dolin makes no claim to artistic complexity or depth; it's a showcase for a quartet of virtuosos. But as vehicles go, this one is a Porsche 911.

The beauty of the piece lies in the fact that the breathtaking feats executed by the men never once descend into vulgarity or even mere athleticism. The stage remains a place of exalted exploits governed by the idea of elegance instead of turning into a sports arena or a circus ring, as it does so often nowadays. The bearing of the dancers evokes that of princely cavaliers, those legendary Renaissance men whose brilliant, courageous swordsmanship was complemented by sonnet-writing skills. The dancers I saw were Maxim Belotserkovsky, José Manuel Carreño, Ethan Stiefel, and Vladimir Malakhov. They performed miracles of strength, agility, and immaculate form, all with an air of ease and joy that banished the very idea of competition.

This new-old piece was so astonishing and splendid, it set me wondering whether other treasures might not be lying in dusty silence in ABT's attic. (ABT last performed the Dolin a quarter-century ago.) The leaders of the company would do well to investigate its vintage holdings, given the continuing feebleness of the new creations for its dancers. *Pièce d'Occasion,* by ABT's artistic director, Kevin McKenzie, was mercifully just what its title announced—a bagatelle to spice the opening-night gala; we're unlikely to be subjected to it again. The piece is a trio for the celebrated mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli, cast as a flamenco siren; Angel Corella, whose dancing virtuosity gets all fired up by the voluptuous diva's singing, dancing, and hair tossing; and Ashley Tuttle, imperturbably musical and ladylike, as the perfect sweetheart who's there to be forsaken. This case of artistic miscegenation is so foolishly and coarsely conceived, it calls McKenzie's taste—desperately fixed on catering to the audience's presumed desires—into question.

McKenzie has declared that he wants to offer certain choreographers the chance to create a number of works on ABT. One of these "favorite sons" seems to be Nacho Duato, responsible for last year's *Remanso,* an arch, show-offy piece whose worth is dubious at best. This year's Duato effort, *Without Words,* to Schubert songs (set for cello and piano), offered no more proof of a distinguished talent. A series of trios and duets (in which one couple is much like another), this is yet another of those ballets that propose vague, death-tinged romantic anguish through much running-around punctuated by picturesque swoons. The movement vocabulary, full of curves and pretzling limbs, capitalizes on the part of classical language that's picturesque, ignoring the sharp, airy, brilliant steps that provide necessary contrast. This much Glen Tetley gave ABT, among other companies, some decades ago, with far more theatrical impact. Duato's final mistake is to add, randomly and awkwardly, quirky little colloquialisms that are like buzzing mosquitoes—distracting the viewer from the dance's would-be earnestness.

McKenzie has also been responsible for encouraging the choreography of John Selya, a company corps member, whose new *Disposition* is, like *Pièce d'Occasion,* a sophomoric attempt to amuse. Here, to Shostakovitch music, Paloma Herrera, of the Olympic Games technique, tries to pass herself off as a gawky adolescent with aspirations to The Dance who can't quite decide whether her field of endeavor should *(continued on page 99)*

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

Prairie Rebel

Ken Burns turns his camera on Frank Lloyd Wright, the rule-breaker from Wisconsin and America's Bronx-cheer response to the International Style.

Tilt: Frank Lloyd Wright at one of his definitive projects, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

MAYBE YOU MISSED THE MOTORCYCLES AT the Guggenheim. They were more interesting as an idea than as an exhibit. Those ramps want something rampant—I know I'm not the only visitor to the last aggrandizement of "Frank Lloyd Wrong" to be seized by a sudden desire to tumbleweed or Rollerblade—but, alas, the hogs stayed put. Even an earlier excess of Russian Constructivists had seemed merely to purr in that negligent spill of uptown white space. We are reminded in the nifty new Ken Burns–Lynn Novick documentary miniseries **Frank Lloyd Wright** (Tuesday and Wednesday, November 10 and 11; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) that, even before it opened six months after Wright closed in 1959 at a very ripe age 91, Robert Motherwell and other sullen em-names told the *Times* that they wouldn't be caught dead hanging around the Guggenheim. Could they have been angling instead for the nearby Met, which Wright called "a Protestant barn"?

Like Sinatra, he did it his way, although Wright's favorite music was Beethoven's, which is why we hear so much of it in these three hours: sonatas, concertos, and symphonies, concluding, of course, with an "Ode to Joy" over the closing credits. Emerson, the self-reliant transcendentalist, is also invoked, and the wonderfully quotable Yale historian Vincent Scully mentions the flimflam artist, the "confidence man," in Herman Melville and Mark Twain. To which the late Brendan Gill, who covered skylines for *The New Yorker,* adds the notion of showmanship "charlatanism," as in Picasso and FDR. "You have to live in his head," says Vietnam Memorialist Maya Lin, in a mild complaint about the Prairie houses for which he designed everything from napkin rings to evening gowns. "I hated him, of course," says Philip Johnson, who nevertheless goes on to praise the Johnson Wax "lily-pad room" as "a space where you can feel the awe of religion."

Such religion as Wright was willing to profess amounted to nothing more doctrinaire than the Unitarian radicalism of his Wisconsin boyhood. Combined with the adoration of his mother, it left plenty of room for an architect-god to embody himself in temples of man like the Unity—which may have resembled "an ice factory, a Mayan handball court, and a prison" on the outside but was inside full of "a staggering civic dignity." As his father had abandoned him in that boyhood, so he would abandon Louis Sullivan (who'd given him his precocious start in Chicago and whom he swindled on the sly) and his six children by his first wife, to run off to Europe with an Oak Park feminist who was subsequently murdered by their disgruntled West Indian butler while Wright was elsewhere dreaming up atriums. After which there was Madame Noel, a violently unstable morphine addict who had hobnobbed with Trotsky in Paris. None of this—not the notoriety that made corporations shun him, not the bankruptcies and the foreclosures, nor the fact that he had to go all the way to Tokyo for his first major commission, the earthquakeproof Imperial Hotel—seems to have troubled his lily-pad loftiness. Through the bad times, he could always support himself and a worshipful retinue by charging apprentice architects a hefty fee to work for him as "fellows" at Taliesin.

There were two Taliesins, first in Wisconsin and later in the Arizona desert. (The word, in Welsh, means "shining brow.") Like cottage industrialists on a small campus or plantation, the indentured fellows—among them not only one of Wright's sons but one of his grandsons—did the cooking and the laundry, rendered lumber out of trees, poured concrete to build dorms and drafting rooms, and imagined an architecture altogether antithetical to the International Style of the "glass-box boys" like Philip Johnson. Only in the last twenty busy years of Wright's life would many of these blueprint dreamscapes be realized. The sketches of those that remain imaginary are as enthralling as the film snippets of the actual banks, resorts, beer gardens, and synagogues. And always there's the master himself, in porkpie hat or yellow roadster, as much a self-created *(continued on page 99)*

Photograph courtesy of William Short/The Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Dressed to Chill

By rejiggering his restaurant as a casual café, master chef Daniel Boulud hopes to make his uptight clientele loosen their ties and relax. Don't hold your breath.

I GOT A POSTCARD FROM DANIEL BOULUD, AND IT MADE me hungry. The faded 1910 photo of his grandparents' café near Lyons got me longing for stuffed pigs' feet and caramelized beef cheeks. No wonder folks like me who just plain love to eat feel cheated by the fussy ways of the new **Café Boulud**. But Daniel Boulud knows his clientele. When he inked a pact to move Restaurant Daniel downtown to the space abandoned by Le Cirque, he promised to be younger, cheaper, not so buttoned-up at his new café. Aha, we thought, a bistro, homage to the rustic food of his Lyons boyhood. But no, Boulud was *thinking* Parisian, a canteen for the café society of Manhattan.

Never mind. Gotham's motley of boldface names, their consorts, and their well-heeled kissy-face cousins dressed for Ascot are piling into Café Boulud like uprooted victims of a purge. Staid matrons and 10021 Barbies crowd like anchovies pressed into pockets of space at the bar waiting for tables to turn, nodding and smiling as if to pretend life is an endless cocktail party.

And, I must admit, there is catnip for everyone on this menu, which reads like the preliminary jottings of a teenager with attention-deficit disorder. We can choose from four listings, "La Tradition" (classics), "La Saison" (what's in the market), "Le Potager" (the vegetable garden), and "Le Voyage" (Daniel explores the world). Or mix and match, a luscious old-fashioned frisée salad with gizzards, livers, and foie gras from column A, autumn venison on tangy red cabbage from column B, crumbly fig-honey-ricotta tart from column D. Maybe I'm just too cranky. I feel uncomfortable taking potshots at such a sweetie. Boulud is so disarmingly modest. And generous. Restaurant Daniel's last dinner was a benefit for Citymeals-on-Wheels (which I chair). Yet the menu seems quixotic—he is like a man in love with his wife, hopelessly tied to his mother, unwilling to give up his mistress (or her sister).

And for now there's no relief from the *douleur* of the room. Is it beige? It feels gray. Even the art is stern black and white. The carpet is somber. The table tucked into the bar is ideal for a flirtation unless you can't take the smoke that, alas, wafts into the dining space inches away. And the genteel bondage—the neckties and fur-trimmed costumes are not what Boulud expected after he put the serving crew in shirtsleeves. At eleven one Friday night, on leave from the kitchen for a moment, he welcomes a duo in blue jeans. "I congratulated them for dressing casual," he reports.

Not that most of what I've tasted hasn't been good, very good, and sometimes marvelous. Each week the kitchen gets more assertive, though sometimes it creeps at turtle pace. There may be sensational tripe and stuffed pigs' feet for people like me. The chef's signature bass in a crisp potato shell reassures the regulars. Fresh and smoked salmon on crisp potato latkes with caviar comforts the timid. Half a dozen options, including a root-vegetable cassoulet, cater to vegetarians and calorie-counters. You can bet Nina Griscom and Anne Bass at the catbird table do not stay stylish sylphs eating pommes dauphinois. And the prices have been trimmed, too, with a prix fixe lunch at $35 for three courses, $28 for two; appetizers $9 to $15, entrées $22 to $29. Slightly higher at dinner. That may not feel very bear-market when you've spent $100 a person for dinner. Maybe you've forgotten how high prices had crept at the old Daniel.

The polished sommelier with his modish spectacles indulges me in my stubborn conviction that there are gently priced wines with oomph and finish in any cellar. That's especially true here, where bottles start at $25. He thoughtfully leads me to reds in the robust style I prefer—Riddoch-Shiraz from Australia ($32), Enate from Spain ($28), and Ateo from Italy ($39). Even when he's only choosing a wine by the glass, he has a point of view. By the time pumpkin-stuffed pastry "ravioli" arrives, gift of the chef, we're already feeling fussed over.

Tried-and-true Bouludisms like lamb three ways and the braised short ribs paired with hanger steak in red-

Relaxed fit: *Even waiters have lost their jackets at Boulud's remodeled café.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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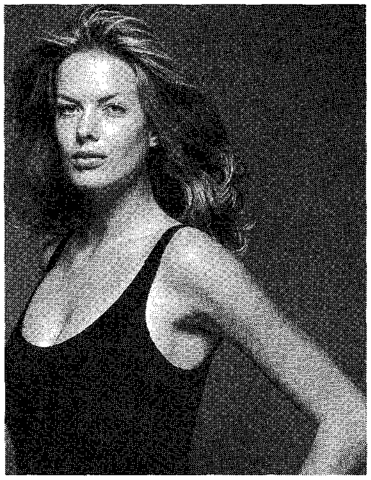

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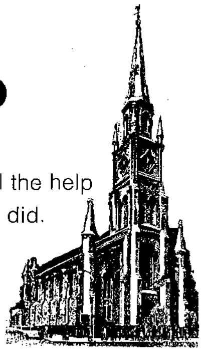


wine sauce are back. As always, soups are elegant and inventive—cream of butternut squash with ricotta gnocchi and black-trumpet mushrooms, or the oyster velouté with sea urchin, leeks, and caviar, served cool, much to my surprise, and with not a hint of sea urchin, but wonderful anyway. In the full frenzy of the wild-mushroom season, Boulud can't help scattering costly, rare uvoli from Italy, especially to please a critic or a loyal fan. A side order of extraordinary mushroom fricassee with marrow and shallots is the triumph of a recent lunch. That and my frisée salad are far superior to clam-and-shrimp casserole followed by rouget in a listless bagna cauda sauce or a wussy chard-stuffed chicken breast. Peppered cod in cider paired with glazed apples is a doomed marriage. A few nights later we are dazzled by mussels persillade with salsify, almonds, and cranberry beans and by a special of scallops in deeply haunting red-wine sauce with foie gras and wild mushrooms.

Every theme has its just desserts: Less-than-thrilling tarte Tatin and fine chocolate soufflé for La Tradition. Chocolate-raspberry bombe and a too-elegant hazelnut-pear confection for La Saison. Sorbets and over-stewed fruit for Le Potager. That fine fig-ricotta tart and rich chocolate wafer for Le Voyage.

Life is not a macaroon. Reality does not always live up to fantasy. Café Boulud could have been a contemporary bistro or even a more cheerful café: Red plaid, perhaps, next to that dark wood paneling, and Sam LeFrak, Richard Meier, and Irwin Winkler might have felt free to come in Ralph Lauren *faux*-lumberjack. The menu could offer a sampling of "My Grandfather's Lyonnaise Cooking" alongside "Daniel Boulud Cooks My Way." There's still hope. "Café Boulud is in transition," the chef observes. "I won't know what it will be till I see what I am doing at Daniel."

"But you must know what you'll be cooking there," I protest, amazed at this improvisational view from one of our town's most gifted chefs.

"No. I won't even think about it till I get into the kitchen and see what I feel."

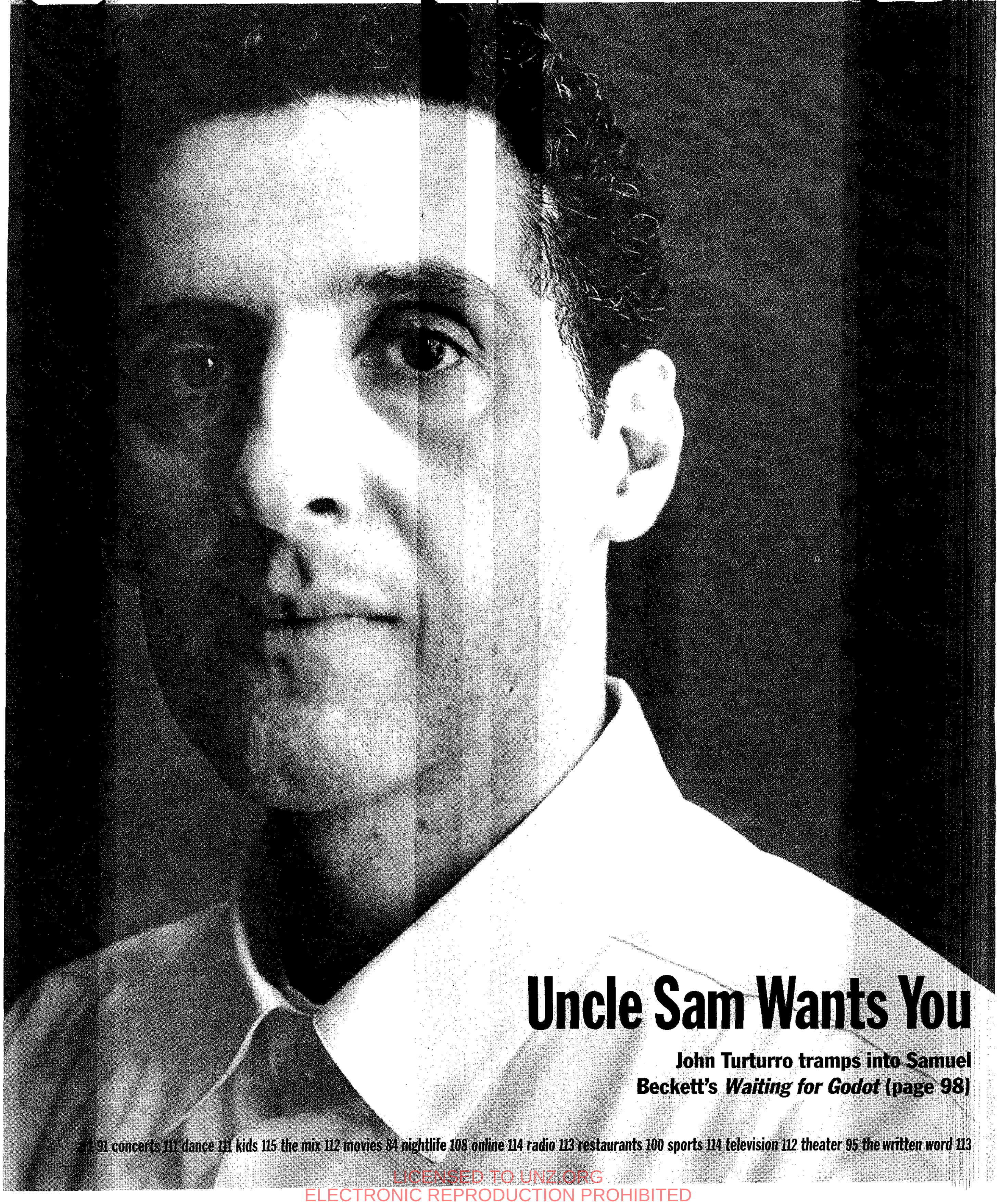
"Watch out," I warn him, remembering Sirio Maccioni's rage when Boulud bowed out of Le Cirque's four-star kitchen. "You may feel the ghost of Sirio. You'll be doing pasta primavera."

He grins. "There will be no pasta primavera," he says. "I promise you that."

Café Boulud, 20 East 76th Street (772 2600). Lunch Tuesday through Saturday, noon to 2:15. Dinner daily, 5:45 to 11. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Uncle Sam Wants You

John Turturro tramps into Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* (page 98)

art 91 concerts 111 dance 111 kids 115 the mix 112 movies 84 nightlife 108 online 114 radio 113 restaurants 100 sports 114 television 112 theater 95 the written word 113

movies

Dancing at Lughnasa...BAM's New Theater

Retrospective
Penny-Pincher

After he ran off with the wife of a high-level studio executive, Edgar G. Ulmer was blacklisted and forced to make films outside the system. From the late thirties, his producers read like a laundry list of Poverty Row filmmakers, and even included unlikely sponsors like the National Tuberculosis Association (for which he made a short called "Goodbye, Mr. Germ"). The B-movie director was best known for creating something visually stunning out of a no-budget project, like *Detour* (above, starring Ann Savage and Tom Neal), which flew beneath most reviewers' radars when it was first released. Only recently has it been defined as a major contribution to *film noir*. A retrospective of his work starts November 13 at Film Forum. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum/Photofest.

New Films

All the Rage—A satirical look at one gay man's pursuit of physical, sexual, and romantic perfection. Directed by Roland Tec. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

American History X—Edward Norton is a neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: his firefighter father taught him to be racist. After Dad is shot dead trying to put out a blaze in a crack house controlled by black dealers, Derek becomes the youth leader of a Venice Beach white-power movement. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates—they gang-rape him in the shower for being friendly around a black inmate (Guy Torry, in a superb cameo)—he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Antz**—This animated feature, with its deadpan witticisms, its heart-stopping shifts of perspective, is completely entertaining, a kids' movie that will leave grown-ups quoting the best lines to one another. It is a terrific joke about scale. Beneath the ground, the ant colony looks huge, with enormous tunnels, battlefields, and meeting halls. Z (Woody Allen), who calls himself "the middle child in a family of 5 million," natters on to his shrink about depersonalization, and winds up the unwitting leader of a rebellion against a fascist society. (Denby; 10/12/98) (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) *34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza.*

Apt Pupil—A high-school student discovers a Nazi war criminal in his town and begins to blackmail the man. Starring Brad Renfro and Ian McKellen. Directed by Bryan Singer. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Continental; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Bayside.*

Belly—Childhood friends take very different paths as adults. Starring Nas and DMX. Directed by Hype Williams. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Criterion Center; UA East; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex.*

Beloved—It has always been possible to make a good movie from a bad book, which is not what happened with *Beloved* but could have. Since Oprah Winfrey is never less than a sequoia of humanity, since Danny Glover is capable of whatever might be asked of him, and since Thandie Newton gives an astonishing performance, a good script and the right director might have triumphed over Toni Morrison's gothic merging of tanning-salon Holocaust tale, self-help homilies, and *The Exorcist*. But everything that takes place in this film exists so that by the end Sethe (Winfrey) can be saved from the ghost of her dead daughter by a vision of Negro female solidarity—all blown up into a three-hour, New Age revelation message. (Crouch; 10/26/98) (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea West; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows.*

The Big Chill—The almost-classic story from 1983 of former college friends reuniting at a funeral is revived. Starring Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Mary Kay Place, Meg Tilly, and JoBeth Williams. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Gemini.*

Bride of Chucky—The killer doll returns for his fourth go-round, and this time he takes a wife. Starring Jennifer Tilly, John Ritter, and Alexis Arquette. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Cruise—Timothy "Speed" Levitch is a shambling, homeless, scraggly-haired motormouth who conducts his own free-form New York City Gray Line bus tours. In this documentary, we get a full dose of Levitch's nutty spritzes. Miller certainly found a "character" to build a movie around, but there's something Diane Arbus–y in the whole enterprise. Levitch, about whom we learn very little, is a whirling dervish in pain, and the camera's steady, unblinking gaze does him no favors. He describes New York as "a scintillating, streamlined mermaid who sings to me at night." We don't hear the song. (Rainer; 11/2/98) (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Dancing at Lughnasa—Five sisters in rural thirties Ireland struggle with the harsh hand life has given

'CUE' Cover Photograph by William Laxton/Outline.

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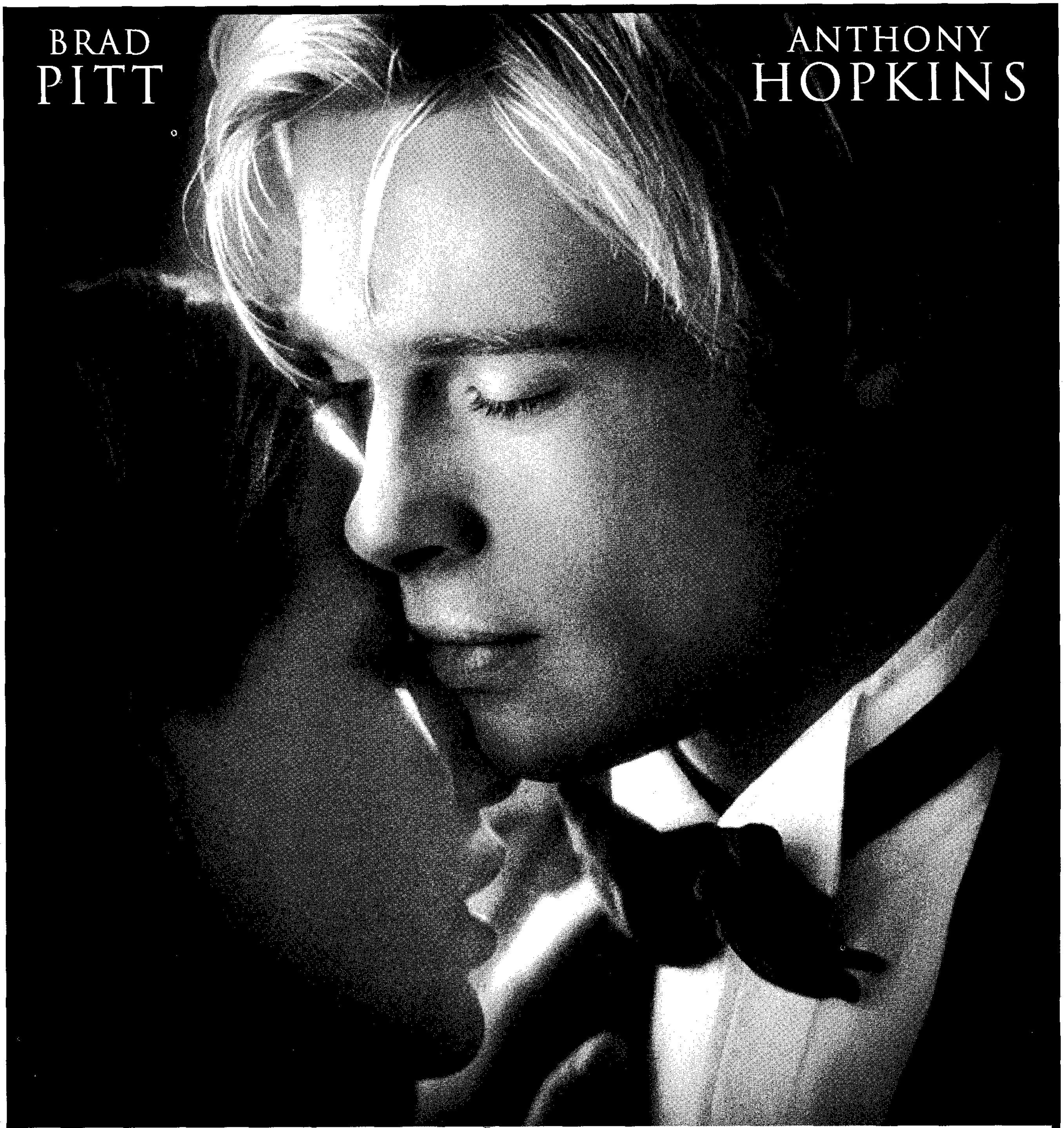

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them. Starring Meryl Streep, Sophie Thompson, Michael Gambon, Catherine McCormack, Kathy Burke, Brid Brennan, and Rhys Ifans. Directed by Pat O'Connor. From the stage play by Brian Friel. (2 hrs.; PG) *Opening 11/13.*

Elizabeth—The biopic of Princess Elizabeth Tudor, the half-sister of Queen Mary I who is crowned Queen of England at the age of 25. Starring Cate Blanchett, Geoffrey Rush, Christopher Eccleston, Joseph Fiennes, and Richard Attenborough. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Happiness—A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy (Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Todd Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Hard Core Logo—An aging punk-rock band takes one last tour through Western Canada. With Hugh Dillon, Callum Keith Rennie, John Pyper-Ferguson, and Bernie Coulson. Directed by Bruce McDonald. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Opens 11/13.*

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer—The teen horror continues, but this time the girls are college freshmen, on spring break in the Bahamas. Starring Jennifer Love-Hewitt and Brandy. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Opens 11/13.*

The Impostors—Two Depression-era actors in search of the perfect roles offend a leading stage actor and end up hiding on a ship of fools. Starring Stanley Tucci, Oliver Platt, Alfred Molina, Teagle Bougere, Lizzie Bracco, Steve Buscemi, Billy Connolly, Allan Corduner, Hope Davis, Dana Ivey, Richard Jenkins, Matt McGrath, Isabella Rossellini, Campbell Scott, Tony Shalhoub, and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by Tucci. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; The Screening Room; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

The Inheritors—An Austrian town is outraged when a farmer upsets the social order by bequeathing his estate to the seven peasants that farmed it. Directed by Stefan Ruzowitzky. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

John Carpenter's Vampires—James Woods is a vampire-slayer in New Mexico (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Opening
Dig the New Digs

Cineasts in Brooklyn are about to enjoy a radical upgrade: Brooklyn Academy of Music—long known for the range of its live performances—is opening BAM Rose Cinemas this Friday, November 13. The four-screen complex will show mostly first-run foreign-language and indie films, all selected by Daniel Talbot, who also owns and programs Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. The best part: This will be the city's only art-house theater with Digital Surround Sound, a technology previously reserved for mind-numbing action movies with lots of deafening gunfire. For info, call BAM at 718-623-2770.

Photograph by Toby Wales.

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. At the beginning, Judith finds herself suddenly single after years as the wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Pat is the doorman in Judith's co-op. He's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. They get friendly, but because their emotions are so upfront, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director Richard LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 72nd St. East; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza.*

Lolita—This new version turns out to be a melancholy, rather touching account of a doomed love affair between a full-grown man and a very young woman. But that, of course, is not what Vladimir Nabokov's masterpiece is about. Director Adrian Lyne and screenwriter Stephen Schiff, who did the adaptation, have seized on the romantic side of this amazing fable and left out most of the satire and malevolent humor. What we see is a recognizable descendant of European films in which a poor sap (Jeremy Irons) falls into all-encompassing love and is tormented by an unreachable bitch (Dominique Swain). Humbert Humbert is no longer an ironic hero, but a very earnest man who loves too much. The joke has vanished. (Denby; 10/12/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Love Is the Devil—Derek Jacobi is painter Francis Bacon in this dramatic account of Bacon's obsession with his work and his boyfriend George Dyer (played by Daniel Craig). Written and directed by John Maybury. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Ridgewood; Main Street Cinemas.*

Meet Joe Black—The life of a media tycoon is disrupted when Death arrives at his doorstep and, before taking him to the next world, falls in love with his daughter. Starring Anthony Hopkins, Brad Pitt, and Claire Forlani. Directed by Martin Brest. (2 hrs. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Opening 11/13.*

The Mighty—Two young outcasts befriend each other and weather adolescence together. With Sharon Stone, Kieran Culkin, Elden Henson, Gillian Anderson, Gena Rowlands, Harry Dean Stanton, and Meat Loaf. Directed by Peter Chelsom. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Kingsway; The Movies at Bayside.*

A Night at the Roxbury—Based on the *Saturday Night Live* skit featuring the two nightclub losers who hit on women with spectacularly unsuccessful results. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Embassy 2–3; Cinema City.*

A Place Called Chiapas—A documentary of the Zapatista revolution and its leaders. Directed by Nettie Wild. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Pleasantville—Two nineties teenagers from a broken suburban home are magically zapped by a television repairman (Don Knotts) into the black-and-white world of a fifties television sitcom called *Pleasantville.* David (Tobey Maguire) knows every bit of trivia about the show; his twin sister, Jennifer (Reese Witherspoon), is hooked on the here and now. What David and Jennifer discover in moving about the town of Pleasantville is that the ideal is not so ideal after all. Their brave new world is inhabited by dimensionless dweebs. Their sitcom parents, George (William H. Macy) and Betty (Joan Allen), are like Ozzie and Harriet with extra treacle. The high-school basketball star, Skip (Paul Walker), is strictly golly-gee. The citizens aren't hollow, exactly; they're more like empty vessels waiting to receive the light. They fumble toward freedom, and as they do, little smudges of color creep into their world. They learn that life is not always pleasant, and the realization humanizes them. Amen. This is a prime piece of showbiz sentimentalism: It says that life isn't like Hollywood, yet its frame of reference is almost entirely Hollywood

Talent

Ties That Don't Bind

Bringing up the rear of a family dynasty must be a daunting task. Whatever the reputation—of scholarly success, creativity, or even bad behavior—there is always a lot to live up to. Or escape from. Sophie Thompson could have met the challenge of belonging to one of England's premier acting families (her mother is Phyllida Law and her older sister Emma Thompson) by forging a completely different career, but rebellion was never an option. "I'm a bit crap at everything else, really," she says now, with great cheer. "Probably I'm a bit crap at this sometimes, too, but there was nothing else. I think I once lied at school and said I wanted to be a vet or something because I thought that sounded like a thing that you *could* be. It always sounds a bit pretentious saying *I want to be an actor.* But you're lucky if you have something that you really want to do. And you're extra lucky if you get to do it. D'you know what I mean?" A star of the London stage, the actress is known here for her role as the lusty bride in *Four Weddings and a Funeral.* She's appeared in few films—unlike her sister, Sophie hasn't been tempted by big-budget Hollywood. That may soon change, though: Her portrayal of Rose, the wide-eyed "simple" sister in a family of five women (their dynasty is steeped in manlessness) in *Dancing at Lughnasa,* is heartrending and attention-getting. Currently, Thompson (below right, with Meryl Streep and Brid Brennan) is appearing onstage in Stephen Sondheim's *Into the Woods,* returning home every night to the London neighborhood she shares with her sister and mother. Their proximity is primarily for social benefit—the trio aren't using it to develop a vehicle for the entire clan. "Families making plans like that is a bit gross, really," she clucks. "But if it happens, then you go, '*Lovely.*' "

PATRICIA FALVO

pap. It flatters itself that the peachy-keen sitcoms we sat through as kids—or that our kids sit through in cable-TV reruns—remain defining moments. (Rainer; 11/2/98) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Coronet; Ziegfeld; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza.*

Practical Magic—Sandra Bullock and Nicole Kidman are two sisters whose aunts (Dianne Wiest and Stockard Channing) happen to be witches. With Aidan Quinn. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *19th Street East; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza.*

River Red—The lives of two brothers are forever altered when the older murders their father and the younger takes the rap for it. Starring Tom Everett Scott, David Moscow, Cara Buono, Leo Burmeister, and David Lowery. Directed by Eric Drilling. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NC-17) *Opens 11/13.*

Ronin—John Frankenheimer's comeback film is devoted to the panache of tough-looking men who chase one another in fast cars and then retire to cafés, where they sit around smoking. That's really all the movie is about: action flourishes and stoical gestures. Many of us enjoy this sort of thing, and *Ronin* is fun for a while. From America, there's Robert De Niro; from France, Jean Reno. Stellan Skarsgård represents the Eastern-bloc countries, and there's a willful Irish girl, Natascha McElhone. Mystification is all. Frankenheimer can be congratulated, I suppose, for not using computer-generated special effects, but his professionalism has a weary, cynical, and retro feel to it. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Rush Hour**—A well-produced confection designed for quick payoff in the big cities, but it's pretty consistently funny. Jackie Chan is a cop from Hong Kong, Chris Tucker a popinjay on the LAPD. Each man has his own tricky, stylized movement, and each teaches the other how to move his way. The best bit: Chan fighting off assailants while catching a huge, priceless Ming vase that keeps tipping over. (Denby; 10/5/98) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; State; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay; Movieworld.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water. Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When Hanks's soldiers at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Waverly; 59th Street East; Embassy 1.*

The Siege—Denzel Washington is an FBI agent searching for a group of militant Islamic terrorists bent on destroying New York City. With Tony Shalhoub, Annette Bening, and Bruce Willis. Directed by Edward Zwick. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza.*

Slam—A young man discovers the inspiration of spoken-word poetry. With Saul Williams and Sandra Sohn. Directed by Mark Levin. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Soldier—Kurt Russell is an aging soldier who must fight a new, ruthless generation to preserve his way of life. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Criterion Center; Metro Cinema; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Talk of Angels—An Irish governess takes a post in Spain and alters the family she lives with. Starring Polly Walker, Vincent Perez, Franco Nero, Frances McDormand, and Ruth McCabe. Directed by Nick Hamm. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

Ten Benny—A young wiseguy gets in over his head when he tries to take the shortcut to success. Starring Adrien Brody, Sybil Temchen, and Frank Vincent. Directed by Eric Bross. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Opens 11/13.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. If you don't laugh at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Waverly; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Regency; Fresh Meadows.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Urban Legend—A college campus is terrorized by a series of urban-legend-inspired killings. Starring Jared Leto, Alicia Witt, and Rebecca Gayheart. Directed by Jamie Blanks. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Kings Plaza.*

Velvet Goldmine—A mythical rock icon finds himself at the decadent epicenter of the glam-rock scene. Starring Jonathan Rhys Meyers, Toni Collette, Ewan McGregor, and Christian Bale. Written by Todd Haynes. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Crown Gotham.*

The Waterboy—Adam Sandler is an accidental football star. With Kathy Bates. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village*

Photograph by Jonathan Hession.

Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; State; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza.

What Dreams May Come—Robin Williams finds his wife (Anabella Sciorra) in the afterlife with assistance from Cuba Gooding Jr. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Lincoln Square; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Marboro; Continental; Fresh Meadows.*

The Wizard of Oz—The 1939 classic returns with digitally restored scenes and stereo sound. Starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, and Margaret Hamilton. Directed by Victor Fleming. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *American History X; The Cruise; Happiness; Life Is Beautiful; Talk of Angels.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Bride of Chucky; The Impostors.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *A Place Called Chiapas; Touch of Evil.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *All the Rage; The Celebration; Gods and Monsters; Love Is the Devil.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Impostors.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Apt Pupil; Belly; Beloved; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; The Siege.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Elizabeth; Pleasantville; The Waterboy; Velvet Goldmine; The Wizard of Oz.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Saving Private Ryan; There's Something About Mary.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Elizabeth; Happiness; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Antz; Pleasantville; Ronin.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; The Mighty; Rush Hour; Soldier; What Dreams May Come.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Beloved.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Apt Pupil; Living Out Loud; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Wizard of Oz.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *American History X; The Impostors; The Waterboy.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Pleasantville; The Wizard of Oz.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Ronin; The Siege; Soldier; There's Something About Mary; Urban Legend.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Velvet Goldmine.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Happiness.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; A Night at the Roxbury.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Beloved.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Apt Pupil; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; The Waterboy.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Beloved; Next Stop, Wonderland.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Armageddon; The Governess; The Negotiator; The Opposite of Sex; Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Pleasantville.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Living Out Loud.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Siege.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *The Mighty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *John Carpenter's Vampires; Practical Magic; Ronin; The Siege; There's Something About Mary.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Antz; Apt Pupil; The Big Chill.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Elizabeth.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Belly.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Belly.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Celebration; Gods and Monsters; Happiness; Lolita; Slam.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *American History X; Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; The Impostors; The Mighty; One True Thing; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Rush Hour; Soldier.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; The Siege.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Siege.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *There's Something About Mary.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (358-5800) *Crossing Fields.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Antz; Belly; Beloved; Bride of*

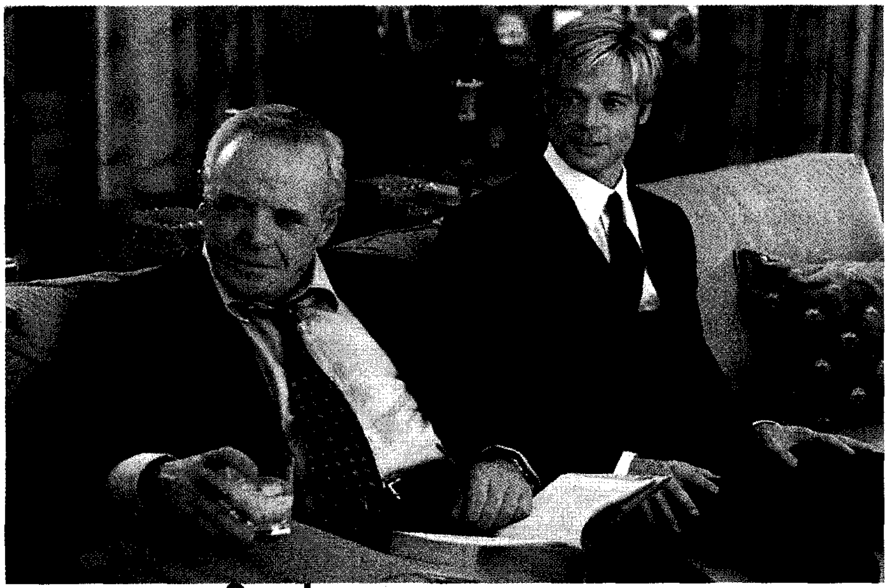
Festival

The Rio Thing

The social and the political have been intertwined in Brazilian cinema ever since law student turned director Glauber Rocha began the Cinema Novo movement in the fifties with his brief motto "an idea in your head and a camera in hand." The result was an authentic Brazilian voice—coupled with an underground exuberance—heard in movement films like Rocha's 'Black God, White Devil' (1964) and Carlos Diegues's 1980 international success 'Bye Bye Brazil' (below). (Diegues, incidentally, also majored in law.) 'Cinema Novo and Beyond'—which includes appearances by several directors—starts November 13 at MOMA. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

CARAVANA ROLIDEI
MULHEROLOGIA
Hoje

Photograph courtesy of New Yorker Films.



Opening
A Date With Death

Anthony Hopkins lends heft to the *Death Takes a Holiday* remake *Meet Joe Black*, a metaphysical confection starring Brad Pitt as a very blonde, very handsome Death. Wanting to experience life on Earth, Death pays an extended visit to an aging media tycoon (Hopkins) and, before the two depart this life for the next, falls in love with his daughter (Claire Forlani). The question—which takes almost three hours to answer—is: *Can he leave her behind?* Starts Friday, November 13.

Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Antz; Belly; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier; The Waterboy.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Antz; Belly; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Antz; Apt Pupil; The Mighty; Orgazmo; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; What Dreams May Come.*
Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas—Call 718-623-2770 for info.
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; The Siege.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Antz; Beloved; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; What Dreams May Come.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour; Soldier.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Soldier.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Belly; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Antz; Beloved; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; Soldier; Urban Legend.*
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; The Mighty; Pleasantville; Practical Magic.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Antz; Belly; Beloved; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Living Out Loud; Practical Magic; The Siege; What Dreams May Come; The Wizard of Oz.*
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Antz; Beloved; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; Soldier; The Wizard of Oz.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Madeline; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier; The Waterboy.*

Queens
Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Antz; Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier.*
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Antz; Beloved; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; Ronin; What Dreams May Come.*
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; A Night at the Roxbury; Rush Hour; Soldier.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Antz; Beloved; John Carpenter's Vampires; Living Out Loud; The Waterboy.*
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; The Siege; What Dreams May Come.*
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Belly; Bride of Chucky; Rush Hour.*
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Antz; John Carpenter's Vampires; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Antz; John Carpenter's Vampires; Rush Hour; Soldier.*
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Practical Magic; The Wizard of Oz.*
Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Antz; Apt Pupil; Beloved; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; There's Something About Mary; What Dreams May Come.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Belly; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Antz; Madeline; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; Soldier; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*
Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Bride of Chucky; John Carpenter's Vampires; Practical Magic; Rush Hour; The Siege; Soldier; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Impostors; The Inheritors; There's Something About Mary.*
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Four Hombres Y Un A Taud; John Carpenter's Vampires.*
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; Living Out Loud; The Mighty; The Siege.*
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Pleasantville.*

Staten Island
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *John Carpenter's Vampires; The Waterboy; The Siege; Living Out Loud; Pleasantville; The Wizard of Oz; Practical Magic; Antz; Apt Pupil; Bride of Chucky; What Dreams May Come.*
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Antz; Living Out Loud; Pleasantville; Practical Magic; The Siege; The Waterboy.*
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Wizard of Oz; John Carpenter's Vampires; Bride of Chucky; What Dreams May Come; Rush Hour; The Siege; Practical Magic; Antz; Living Out Loud; Beloved; Pleasantville; The Waterboy.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Through 11/14: "The Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival." Sixty films and videos from around the world. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5305). $7 members; $8 nonmembers.
American Museum of the Moving Image—"Todd Haynes Retrospective" with appearance by Todd Haynes. 11/14: Early shorts and *Poison* (1991). 11/15: *Safe* (1995). Also a special screening of *Velvet Goldmine* (1998), followed by a discussion with the director ($10 members, $16 nonmembers). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.
Anthology Film Archives—"10 by Brigitte Cornand." Through 11/12: Ten video portraits of international contemporary artists. "First Light." Through 11/15: More than 100 "light plays" selected from the archives. "Czech Films." 11/12: *The Artists' Revolution: 10 Days in Prague* (1995). In English. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.
Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran." Through January 24, 1999. 11/14: *Prince Ehtejab* (1974). 11/15: *Water, Wind, Sand* (1989). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.
Cinema Classics—"A 70s Retrospective." 11/11–11/17: *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), *Stepford Wives* (1974), and *Lenny* (1974). 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.
A Different Light—11/15: *White Cargo* (1942). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.
Donnell Media Center—"A Gift From Mary Pickford." 11/18: *The Gay Desperado* (1936). "Commemorating CBS News." 11/12: *The Selling of the Pentagon* (1971). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.
Film Forum—"Universal Horror Series." 11/10–11/11: *The Black Cat* (1934) and *The Wolf Man* (1941). 11/12: *Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein*

Photograph by John Seakwood.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

B	R	A	H	M	S			B	E	A	T	L	E	S
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Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

(1948) and *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* (1943). "Keaton Classics." 11/16: *Our Hospitality* (1923) and shorts. "Edgar G. Ulmer." 11/13–11/15: *Detour* (1945) and *The Man From Planet X* (1951). 11/15: *People on Sunday* (1928). 11/17: *Strange Illusion* (1945), *The Strange Woman* (1946), and shorts made for the National Tuberculosis Association in the forties. 11/18: *Carnegie Hall* (1947), *My Son, the Hero* (1943), and *Jive Junction* (1943). 11/19: *Isle of Forgotten Sins* (1944), *The Wife of Monte Cristo* (1946), and *The Pirates of Capri* (1949). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Creating a Nation: The Cinema of Israel." A retrospective of 50 years of Israeli cinema; through 11/11. "Iranian Cinema." A retrospective of Dariush Mehrjui, pre-1979 selections, and contemporary films from Iran; 11/13–12/3. "Hollywood Treasures." 11/12: *Trouble in Paradise* (1932) and *Sunrise* (1927). "Special Screenings." 11/15: *Love Me Tender* (1956). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Catherine Deneuve: A Retrospective." 11/10: Genealogies of a Crime (1997). 11/17: *Repulsion* (1965) and *The Hunger* (1983). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 11/11: *Le Boucher* (1970). 11/7 and 11/13: *Irma Vep* (1997). 11/11 and 11/13: *Thérèse* (1986). 11/14 and 11/18: *The Mother and the Whore* (1974). 11/14: *JLG* (1995). 11/18: *La Belle Noiseuse* (1991). Peter B. Lewis Theater; 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—11/13: *The Hidden Fortress* (1958). 11/24: *A Taxing Woman* (1987). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—11/18: *David* (1979). In German with English subtitles. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). Free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Recent Films from Germany." The annual survey of new films from the Federal Republic of Germany; through 11/13. "Cinema Novo and Beyond." Forty years of Brazilian films, totaling 59 features and 16 shorts; 11/13–1/22/99. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New Italian Cinema Events Film Festival—11/13–11/19: Contemporary Italian cinema. At Quad Cinemas, 34 W. 13th St. (255-8800).

New York Film Buffs—11/13: *Sue* with director Amos Kollek. 7 P.M., E. L. Tinker Auditorium, French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. $25. Call 807-0126 for info.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Shorts International Film Festival—11/9–11/11: A selection of short films. At Lincoln Square; Broadway at 68th St.

Symphony Space—"The United Artists Adventure." 11/10: *The Miracle Worker* (1962) and *Orphans of the Storm* (1922). 11/17: *To Be or Not to Be* (1942) and *The Great Dictator* (1940). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 11/14–11/17: *Chushingura* (1962). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Cooper *continued from page 57*

is mostly a grace note here: When it is not added to the sauce at dinner, it is mixed with plantain as a bed for eggs in the morning.

The chocolate soufflé with a molten core is appropriately volcanic. In fact, it's a topographical metaphor: Mustique and its fellow Grenadines resulted from a volcanic explosion in St. Vincent, long before Mick Jagger had even met Keith Richards.

I still have yet to unravel the mystery of my $1,250 room. It all becomes clear with a tap on the door. I open it to receive an elegant note on a scroll of paper tied with a golden bow: I have been invited to join Mustique Company for a cocktail party on the Cotton House Beach, to be followed by dinner in the Great Room. Mustique Company, founded by Colin Tennant, is the organization that runs the island. Active members of the board include Jerry Hall, who would probably be at this cocktail party were she on the island. Instead, I'll meet whoever is renting the mansion she shares with Mick Jagger while he's on tour. This is the real secret behind Mustique: The whole island is really a condo/hotel. Almost every mansion is for rent when the owner's not in town. The owners include David Bowie and Iman; you can rent their house. Princess Margaret gave her house, Les Jolies Eaux, to Viscount Linley, her son. You can rent that, too. (Some of the houses are slightly less expensive than the Tower Room at Cotton House. Others . . . aren't.) Mick's Japanese-themed Stargroves is $12,700 a week, which puts it in the same price range. But for this, you get six bedroom pavilions, a games pavilion, and an outdoor sunken hot tub. Also a Jeep, a maid, a gardener, and a butler (really Brian Jones, who's been hiding out on Mustique all these years). When the owners are in town, they often hang at Cotton House.

So this is what you're paying for. This is what puts your daily tab into the four figures. You get your room; you get your food; you get your sun. But most important, you get to play beach bingo with the big boys. It's as if there's a thick velvet rope stretched across the Caribbean, and if you have the right connections—well, the cash—the doorman quietly shepherds you through so you can tan exclusively with your peers.

Cotton House, 809-456-4777. Doubles in high season range from $890 to $1,150 (modified American plan); suites from $1,050 to $1,250 (M.A.P.). Villa rentals through the Mustique Company, 809-458-4621, start per week in high season at $6,000 and run up to $22,000. Princess Margaret's place is available during the summer for $7,000 a week (eight-person occupancy); in high season you'll have to share—by invitation only, of course. ■

art

Japanese Textiles...Barney Rosset Photos

Openings

Sanford L. Smith & Associates' thirteenth annual **"MODERNISM/PHOTOGRAPHY: A CENTURY OF ART & DESIGN"** fair takes over the Park Avenue Armory (Park Avenue and 67th Street) November 12–15, making it possible to browse the booths of dealers of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and European furniture and objects and vintage and contemporary photographs. Hours are Thursday and Friday noon–9, Saturday 11–7, Sunday noon–6; admission is $12. Save Saturday, November 14, for **ARTWALK NY**, a benefit art event sponsored by the Coalition for the Homeless that features a slide presentation by art critic Jerry Saltz and a discussion of contemporary art with Peter Jennings and Chuck Close (at the Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, 11 A.M.–12:30 P.M.); walking tours of artists' studios in Greenwich Village, SoHo, TriBeCa, Chelsea, and Brooklyn (2–5 P.M.); and a gala reception honoring Chuck Close (Puck Building, 6:30 P.M.). For information and reservations/tickets, call Livet Reichard at 344-8420 or the Coalition for the Homeless at 964-5900, ext. 118 or 172.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Robert Baribeau/David Beck—New paintings of abstracted still-life subjects that employ scrawls, drips, splashes, and the artist's characteristic polka dots/A sculpture of an opera house with more than 200 animated figures performing and observing an extravagant performance of Giuseppe Verdi's *Aida*. Through 12/19. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (987-4997).

Susan Crile—Recent paintings that depict architectural motifs of the floors, marbles, and tiles of Verona; through 12/5. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Willem de Kooning—A two-part exhibition of drawings and sculpture made between 1960 and 1980; through 12/19. At Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7400) and Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Arshile Gorky—Paintings and drawings executed between 1929 and 1942, the years during which the Armenian-born artist created his own unique synthesis of biomorphic abstraction and surrealism; through 12/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Sigmar Polke—New paintings that continue the artist's use of printing errors as a motif; through 1/16/99. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Ed Ruscha—A selection of paintings, drawings, and books from the sixties and seventies by the California artist known for his humorous combinations of word and image; through 12/5. Gray, 1018 Madison Ave. (472-8787).

57th Street Area

John Ferren—Abstract paintings made in New York during the fifties and sixties; through 12/3. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (644-7171).

David Hare—"Shaman's Fire," an exhibition of the artist's late paintings from the eighties and early nineties organized by the Greenville County Museum of Art, South Carolina; through 12/23. Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Anton Heyboer—Works on paper and etchings made by the Dutch artist between 1957 and 1980; through 12/19. Baron/Boisanté Editions, 50 W. 57th St. (581-9191).

Loren Madsen—Recent word texts and statistical sculptures; through 12/12. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

David Nash—Recent wood sculptures by the British artist; through 11/28. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Irving Petlin—Recent pastels, oil paintings, and drawings dedicated to the memory of the art historian Meyer Schapiro; 11/12–1/9/99. Krugire, 755-7288).

Jackson Pollock—An exhibition concurrent with "Jackson Pollock: A Retrospective," at MOMA, of paintings and drawings from 1938 to 1944 that demonstrate the early influence of Picasso on Pollock; through 12/19. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Francis Bacon—Paintings by the late British artist dating from 1950 to 1991 that have not been previously exhibited; through 1/16/99. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Ross Bleckner—Five new large-scale paintings whose surfaces are built up by a labor intensive process of assembling layers of small cells; through 12/19. Lehman Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Gregory Crane—Paintings of American landscapes activated by rushing streams, bonfires, speeding trains, and other moving things; through 12/31. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Kim Dingle—Paintings and sculpture chronicling the tomboyish adventures of two girls named Fatty and Fudge; through 12/19. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Don Eddy—New paintings of scenes from nature; through 11/28. Hoffman, 429 W. BRoadway (966-6676).

Jackie Ferrara/Judith Turner—An installation by the sculptor that transforms the gallery's walls into colored arches/Photographs of nature and architecture; through 12/24. Taylor TZ' Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

Graham Gillmore/Kenneth Goldsmith—Recent paintings by both that incorporate text derived from popular music, the Internet, tabloids, newspapers,

Photography

Portrait of the Artist by a Young Man

It was a promising love match that didn't pan out: the budding Abstract Expressionist painter Joan Mitchell and the soon-to-be-founder of Grove Press, Barney Rosset, two bright Chicagoans sharing an apartment at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge. But the short-lived marriage did leave Rosset, a filmmaker and photographer in China during World War II, with his unexpurgated shots of Mitchell at work and play between 1946 and 1955, now on exhibit for the first time. At James Danziger Gallery, 851 Madison Avenue, near 71st Street; through November 28.

Photograph courtesy of James Danziger Gallery.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

and other sources. Through 12/19. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Callum Innes—New abstract paintings from the artist's ongoing "exposed" series, in which a single plane of color is applied to a canvas and then dissolved with a turpentine-laden brush; through 12/5. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

LOT/EK Architecture/Peter Klare—An installation by the architectural partnership LOT/EK (Ada Tolla and Giuseppe Lignano) that transforms a petroleum trailer tank into a set of floating modules suitable for lounging and watching television/Paintings of what the artist considers "lower middle-class" furniture. Through 1/2/99. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Helen O'Leary—Lyrical abstract paintings in which gestures coalesce in gridlike compositions; through 12/5. Gold, 474 Broadway (941-4641).

Fred Sandback—Recent single- and multi-paneled pieces of painted or unpainted wood incised with lines of varying width and depth; through 12/19. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Andy Warhol—The artist's "Camouflage" paintings from 1966, one of the last serial groups of paintings completed before his death 1987; through 12/19. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

Holly Zausner—Sculptures of abstracted female figures made from silicon rubber, neon, plaster, and photographs; through 11/28. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Chelsea

Willem de Kooning—A two-part exhibition of drawings and sculpture made between 1960 and 1980; through 12/19. At Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200) and Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (744-7400).

Eugenio Dittborn—Recent airmail paintings; through 12/5. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Howard Hodgkin—Hand-painted prints from the sixties through the nineties; through 12/24. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Ernesto Neto—An installation of a large, suspended enclosure of translucent Lycra material containing various organlike forms that evokes the interior of a womb; through 11/25. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

Monique Prieto—Paintings of biomorphic forms on raw canvas; through 12/23. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Hiroshi Sugito—Paintings and drawings that depict various imaginary scenarios in interiors and landscapes as seen from a great distance; through 12/12. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (243-3335).

James Turrell—An early projection piece from 1967 and several new Magnatron television aperture works that continue the artist's use of light as material; through 12/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Spanish Institute—and Americas Society, 680 and 684 Park Ave. (249-8950). "El Alma del Pueblo," an exhibition of Spanish folk art organized by the San Antonio Museum of Art, including 250 objects on loan from 30 museums and private collections in Spain and the Americas; through 12/31.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "Rumanian Avant-Garde, 1916–1947," an exhibition of works by Bogza, Brancusi, Fondane, Janco, Teodorescu, Tzara, Voronca and others; through 12/5.

57th Street Area

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Drawings and prints by German Expressionists, including works by Dix, Heckel, Kirchner, Muller, Nolde, others; through 12/5.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). "The Risk of Existence," an exhibit curated by painter Mark Greenwold of works by Bacon, Balthus, Cadmus, Close, Currin, Murphy, Nutt, Stout, Yuskavage, others; through 12/31.

Locus—594 Broadway (334-6424). "Morphed Out," a multimedia exploration of the human life cycle, with works by Aguilera-Hellweg, Benton, Johnson, Mazle, Normand, Rubin, Scotti, others; through 11/27.

Chelsea

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). Ceramic figures by Kukuli Velarde; recent furniture by Michael Hurwitz and Randy Shull; through 12/12.

Photography

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). Former publisher Barney Rosset's never-before-released photographs of his wife, the Abstract Expressionist Joan Mitchell, from the forties and fifties; documentary images by 44 *Life* staff photographers, including Harry Benson and Alfred Eisenstadt; vintage portraits and fashion photographs by Martin Munkasci, former *Harper's Bazaar* photographer and favorite of Avedon and Cartier-Bresson; through 11/28.

John Dugdale—Contemporary cyanotypes of New York and England, including several landscapes and portraits that recreate classic nineteenth century images through antique processes. through 1/3/99. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Deborah Frankel/Arthur Leipzig—New fresson prints/Retrospective of a prolific New York photojournalist and Photo League member whose images appeared in *PM*, *Life*, the New York *Times*, and Steichen's famous "Family of Man" exhibition; Through 12/5. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Lee Friedlander—Prints from sixties negatives of music greats such as Miles Davis, Aretha Franklin and John Coltrane, many of which were used as album covers while the photographer was employed by Atlantic Records; through 12/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Mario Giacomelli/Aaron Siskind —Abstract black-and-white photographs by both; through 12/5. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211).

Victoria Goldman—New photographs from the photographer's ten-year fascination with India; through 12/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*. Through 11/29. . . . "Walker Evans Simple Secrets: Photographs From the Collection of Marian and Benjamin A. Hill." Works from every period of the photographer's career, including early New York abstractions, street scenes, portraits, and studies of New England and New York Victorian architecture; through 11/29.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "New Photography From France: The CCF Award Recipients"; through 11/15. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of A.I.D.S. by Steve Hart"; through 11/15. . . . "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, his famed Rayographs, and portraits; 11/18–1/24/99.

Bill Jacobson—New landscape photographs of water and close-up, low-lit portraits of the body and face; through 11/28. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Martin Kippenberger/Richard Prince—Photographs from Kippenberger's "Psychobuildings" series and Prince's "Adult Comedy Action" series. Through 12/19. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Fifteen large-scale color images of unusual terrains, including landscapes of Iceland, Costa Rica, and Hawaii, by collaborators Virginia Beahan and Laura McPhee; black-and-white self-portrait photomontages from the forties and fifties by Val Telberg; through 12/23.

Abelardo Morell—New photographs illustrating *Alice in Wonderland,* camera obscura images, and pictures of paintings and sculptures; through 12/5. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Dominique Nabokov/Norman Parkinson—Color documentary photographs of New York living spaces / Never-before-seen vintage fashion photographs from the fifties and sixties by a prominent British contributor to *Vogue*, *Queen*, and *Town and Country*; through 12/5. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Henry Wolf—A retrospective of photographs from the fifties through the nineties by a graphic designer, painter, photographer, professor, and former art director of *Esquire* and *Harper's Bazaar*; through 12/11. Parsons School of Design, 66 Fifth Ave. (229-8987).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; through 1/3/99. . . . "June Schwarcz: Forty Years/Forty Pieces." A 40-year retrospective of the artist's enamelware vessels; though 11/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflys Alive in Winter." A 1,300-square-foot rain-forest habitat in which museumgoers can walk among tropical plants and 300 fluttering tropical butterflys; through 2/28/99. . . . "The Sacred Arts of Haitian Vodou." The first exhibition to explore the arts of the African-Caribbean religion of vodou, featuring more than 500 objects on loan from public and private collections in the United States, Haiti, and Europe; through 1/3/99. . . . "Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28/99. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"India: A Jewelry Spectrum." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Indian jewelry; through 1/31/99. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24/99. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10/99. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13/99. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13/99. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13/99. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Willem de Kooning: Drawing Seeing/Seeing Drawing." Four groups of drawings created by the artist between 1958 and the late seventies; through 12/19. . . . "Trisha Brown: Free Measures: Drawings." The first museum exhibition of the choreographer's drawings; through 12/19. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; 11/14–2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; 11/14–2/7/99. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by seventeen artists born between 1900 and 1960; 11/14–2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; 11/14–2/28/99. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17/99. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Counter Culture: Parisian Cabarets and the Avante-Garde, 1875–1905." Illustrated books and journals, prints, posters, drawings, shadow-puppet silhouettes, and ephemera from the Zimmerli Art Museum at Rutgers; 11/17–1/16. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24/99. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design From France, 1958–1998." An exhibition exploring 40 years of French artistic and architectural practice, with works by Christian Boltanski, Yves Klein, Le Corbusier, Annette Messager, and others; through 1/10/99. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, of works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7/99. . . . "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31/99. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28/99. . . . "Edgar Degas, Photographer." The first exhibition to gather all of the surviving major photographs by the French artist (1834–1917), including figure studies, portraits of the artist's friends, and self-portraits; through 1/3/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926) who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24/99. . . . "Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17/99. . . . "Sacred Visions." Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; through 1/17/99. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28/99. . . . "Letters in Gold: Ottoman Calligraphy From the Sakip Sabanci Collection, Istanbul"; through 12/13. . . . "The Ceaseless Century: Three Hundred Years of Eighteenth-Century Fashion." An exhibition exploring the persistence of eighteenth-century style in clothing, featuring garments from the 1700s and their nineteenth- and twentieth-century revivals; through 11/29. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; through 1/10/99. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

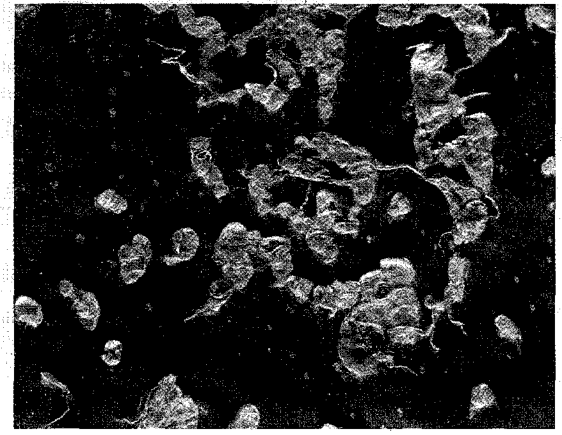
Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2/99. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection;

Opening

Tougher Than Leather

The name of MOMA's Japanese-textiles show—"Structure and Surface" (opening November 12)—suggests architecture, hoop skirts, a new TriBeCa home-design store, maybe macramé plant hangers. But the only leafy matter the show's contemporary examples have been near is the indigo used in dyes and, in the case of Chiyoko Tanaka's *Grinded Fabric,* the soil used to color and degrade the linen surface. These shimmering, stretchy, occasionally strange pieces of cloth have been burnished, acid-burned, shrunk and melted, polished with teacups, and twisted in rubber bands. They demonstrate the merger of handmade and high-tech, as artists translate ancient weaving and dying methods into industrial processes and transform cheap petroleum-based fibers into one-of-a-kind pieces. Sakase Adtech Co.'s carbon-fiber triaxial weave, used in golf clubs and skis, is just an update of the pattern of the rush seats on your grandmother's chairs. Toray Industries' knotless fishing net is made of polyester that has been twisted, then heat-treated, to form thousands of diamonds. "It also prevents bruising of the fish," curator Matilda McQuaid points out in the catalogue, "which is important to a culture that relies on presentation—be it of food or tea or flowers." The pieces that look the most sci-fi are often the most laboriously handworked. Yuh Okano's *Epidermis (Ocean)* resembles a sun-kissed sea anemone, but the tentacles were formed by wrapping resin beads in polyester, then exposing them to high heat so that the fabric would retain the bulbous shape. Reiko Sudo's *Copper Cloth,* which looks like a fairy wing, is one part copper wire used in telephone lines, one part a brand-new fiber called Promix. These textiles might be the ultimate modern acquisition, the next step for the globe-trotting collector—all the abstraction, light effects, and hand-work of painting in a form that can be folded, rolled, pleated, and stuffed into your suitcase. ALEXANDRA LANGE

'Japanese Paper on Velvet,' by Masaji Yamazaki with Yoshihiro Kimura.



Photograph courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art through 2/2/99. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2/99. . . . "The New York School." Drawings ranging in date from the late forties through the early fifties by artists affiliated with the New York School, from the museum's collection; through 1/12/99. . . . "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles." A selection of 100 works by influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers currently working in Japan; 11/12–1/26/99. . . . "New Photography 14: Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, Sam Taylor-Wood." Photographs and works incorporating photography by four artists whose ideas have been nourished by their work in other media; through 1/12/99. . . . "The Mies van der Rohe Award for Latin American Architecture." Enrique Norton's award-winning entry for the Televisa Multipurpose Building in Mexico City (1995) and the submissions of 9 of the 24 finalists for the award; through 12/15. . . . "Projects 65: Maurizio Cattelan." A site-specific work in which the artist has transformed an actor, using a mask and costume, into a caricature of Picasso in his later years; through 12/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; 11/14–5/2/99. . . . "New York Begins: A Rare Drawing of New Amsterdam, c. 1650." A watercolor drawing of New Amsterdam that is considered the oldest surviving visual representation of New York City, on loan from the Austrian National Gallery in Vienna; through 11/29. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31/99. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Claire McCardell and the American Look." Clothing, design sketches, photographs, and ephemera documenting the designer's career; through 1/9/99. . . . "C'AD Infinitum: Textiles, Techniques, & Technology." An exhibition exploring new computer technologies; through 1/2/99. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Faces of *Time*: 75 Years of *Time* Magazine Cover Portraits." Original works commissioned as *Time* magazine cover illustrations; through 1/3/99. . . . "Artists and the Avant-Garde Theater in Paris, 1887–1900"; through 1/3/99. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Dancing at the Louvre: Faith Ringgold's *French Collection* and Other Story Quilts." Quilt paintings from the series that tell the fictional adventures of an African-American woman in Paris, working as an artist and model during the heyday of Picasso, Matisse, and Gertrude Stein; through 1/3/99. . . . "Marcel Odenbach." A selection of video installations by the German artist; through 1/3/99. . . . "Ana Prada." Site-specific sculptures created from ordinary materials; through 1/3/99. . . . "Xu Bing: Introduction to Square Word Calligraphy." An installation of a classroom in which visitors are provided with traditional Chinese calligraphy instruments and practice pads and invited to learn the fundamentals of calligraphy; through 1/10/99. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20/99. . . . "Eight Million Stories: Twentieth-Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs From the New York Public Library." Works by Berenice Abbott, Lewis Hine, Edward Hopper, Martin Lewis, Weegee, and others; through 1/9/99. . . . "Barney Tobey." A selection of cartoons by one of *The New Yorker's* first staff cartoonists; through 1/9/99. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.-Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime-detection equipment; through 3/21/99. . . . "19th-Century Etchings From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." American prints by Blance Dillaye, William St. John Harper, Thomas Moran, and others; through 1/10/99. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's early skyscrapers by the nineteenth-century architect (1837–1913); through 1/10/99. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 2/21/99. . . . "Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24/99. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; through 1/17/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 western-European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through 1/10/99. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17/99. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Looking at the 90s: Four Views of Current Mexican Photography." Works by 18 contemporary Mexican photographers selected by four Mexican critics and curators; through 1/3/99. . . . "Collecting for Queens: Selections From the Permanent Collection." Paintings, drawings, and photographs collected by the museum in the nineties, by Dawoud Bey, Chakaia Booker, John Coplans, Grace Hartigan, Theodore Roszak; through 1/3/99. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28/99. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Mark Rothko." A major traveling exhibition of 115 paintings and works on paper dating from the thirties to 1970; through 11/29. . . . "Bob Thompson." The most comprehensive survey of paintings by the African-American figurative expressionist (1937–1966) to date; through 1/3/99. . . . "Good Times, Hard Times, War Times: American Prints From the 1920s to the 1940s." Prints from the museum's permanent collection by Howard Cook, Mabel Dwight, Louis Lozowick, Benton Spruance, and others; through 11/15. . . . "Janine Antoni: *Swoon*." The first major video installation by the artist Janine Antoni; through 11/15. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; through 1/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 11/11 at 1: "Age of Elegance." On view from 11/7. 11/12 at 7 and 11/13 at 10: "Contemporary Art." On view from 11/7.

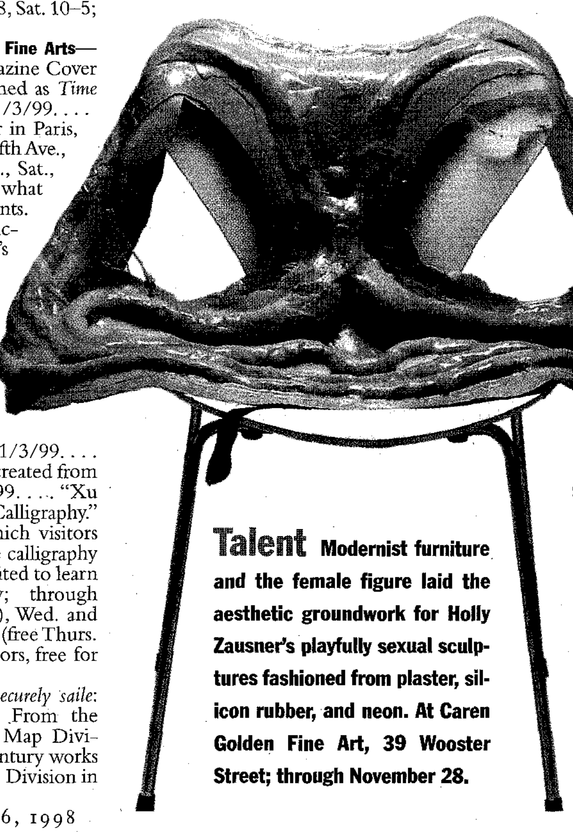
Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 11/10 at 1: "20th Century Paintings." On view from 11/7. 11/11 at 10: "Jewelry." On view from 11/7. 11/11 at 2: "Books." 11/17 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 11/14.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 11/17 at 10: "20th Century Art and Design." On view from 11/15. 11/18 at 10: "American Furniture and Decorations." On view from 11/15. 11/18 at 12: "American, Majolica, and American Indian Works of Art." On view from 11/15.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 11/16 at 2: "Impressionist, Modern, and Contemporary Art." On view from 11/5.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 11/16 at 7 and 11/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist Works." On view from 11/7. 11/17 at 7 and 11/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Contemporary." On view from 11/13. 11/22 at 10: "Tribal." On view from 11/18. 11/23 at 10:15 and 2: "Pre-Columbian Art." On view from 11/20. 11/23 at 7 and 11/24 at 10:15 and 2: "Latin American Art." On view from 11/20.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 11/12 at 10:30 and 2:30: "Works of Art on Paper." On view from 11/7. 11/19 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 11/14. 12/3 at 10:30: " Maps and Atlases" and "Decorative Graphics." On view from 11/21.s



Talent **Modernist furniture and the female figure laid the aesthetic groundwork for Holly Zausner's playfully sexual sculptures fashioned from plaster, silicon rubber, and neon. At Caren Golden Fine Art, 39 Wooster Street; through November 28.**

Photograph courtesy of Holly Zausner.

theater

Turturro Waits For Godot...*Trainspotting*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

On the Town—With the exception of its dance numbers, this revival received mostly enthusiastic notices when the Public Theatre mounted it in Central Park two seasons ago. The show now opens on Broadway, newly choreographed, with the entire cast intact. (Hello, sailors!) They're a mostly unknown bunch—as befits the musical that gave Jerome Robbins, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green their Broadway debuts—but they're also an energetic one, as befits the story of a trio of sailors on shore leave. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/19 opening. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Parade—This new musical joins two formidable forces in the theater—director Hal Prince (*Sweeney Todd, Kiss of the Spider Woman,* the original *Cabaret*) and writer Alfred Uhry (*Driving Miss Daisy, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). The seeming unsongworthy subject, the wrongful lynching of a factory manager for the murder of a young black girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the lyrics. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 11/12 for a 12/17 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig work wonders. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening

Tu Hablas Inglés?

Didi Conn, perhaps best known for her role as Frenchie in the movie 'Grease,' plays the only English-speaking character in 'The Primary English Class,' the unusual 1976 Israel Horovitz comedy that made Diane Keaton a star. Opens November 15 at the Minetta Lane Theatre.

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96.) Now starring Ute Lemper, Karen Ziemba, Brent Barrett, and Tom McGowan. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Getting and Spending—In this new play by Legal Aid Society president Michael J. Chepiga, a Wall Street whiz makes $18 million from insider trading and gives it all to the poor. The law catches up with her, so she heads down to Kentucky to recruit the country's best defense attorney. From then on, it's a will-they-or-won't-they romantic nail-biter and is-she-or-isn't-she courtroom drama. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 10/25/98. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard returns with the one-woman show that enraptured audiences last season at the Westbeth. She promises there'll be a lot of new material in this version, but its essence—catty, chatty, batty—should remain the same, and its targets will continue to be those who most deserve it. $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—A show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Sideman—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

All Under Heaven—Valerie Harper stars as Pearl S. Buck, political activist, essayist, and first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. Written by Harper and Dyke Garrison. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/16 opening. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

The Memory of Water—Three sisters, all of a distinctly different stripe, are reunited after their mother's death in this new play by British playwright Shelagh Stephenson. John Tillinger directs. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Miser—The Pearl revives Molière's tale of Harpagon, the skinflinty geeser who neglects his horses, swindles his own son, and tries to palm off his daughter to the first man who doesn't require a dowry. $20–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opens 11/9. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Place (582-9802).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The New York Theatre Workshop—birthplace of *Rent* and various bits of acclaimed marginalia, presents the newest play by Paul Rudnick, author of *In & Out* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In the author's words: "It's a comedy about God, if that's not redundant." Heavens, no. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 11/13 for a 12/10 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Primary English Class—A revival of Israel Horovitz's 1976 comedy about a group of students who gather for an English-immersion class and the woman who teaches them. Didi Conn stars; two-time Tony winner Gerald Gutierrez directs. $30–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 11/15 opening. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. (307-4100).*

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—It's Arthur Miller's newest play: Lyman Felt, a middle-aged man secretly married to two women, must confront both his wives when he lands in the hospital from a near-fatal car crash. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/16 opening. *The Public's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Shaughraun—The Irish Rep. revives a rarely performed 1874 melodrama (complete with the requisite forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress) to open its tenth season. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Trainspotting—The play, which preceded the movie but followed the novel. Toilet scene still included. $19–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 11/15 opening. *Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).*

Waiting for Godot—This is Classic Stage Company doing what it does best—Beckett—and with a first-rate cast. John Turturro plays Estragon, Christopher Lloyd plays Pozzo, and Tony Shalhoub plays Vladimir. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/18 opening. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—

Opening
Lust for Life

Irvine Welsh's 'Trainspotting' made a mesmerizing movie—so why not a play? Harry Gibson's stage adaptation was a cult hit in Glasgow, spawning offspring in London, Belfast, Dublin, and Sydney; it now opens here, at the Player's Theatre, on November 15, also under his direction, also with that memorable toilet scene.

Photograph by James Smolka.

Onstage

La Dolce Vita

The setting is Sicily of the twenties; gaiety and ragtime music rule in the Stratford Festival production of *Much Ado About Nothing* at City Center. Brian Bedford—who could teach iambic pentameter as a second language—stars. Performances begin November 12 and run through November 28. Call 581-1212 for tickets ($30–$60) and schedule information.

kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—A devilishly cunning prestidigitator, this Alan Ayckbourn! In this, the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the drawing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. He manages to get them roisterously into one another's hair, exactly as entangled as he wants them at any skittish moment. We are in the same Regal Hotel suite in 2018, 1998, and 1978. But this is no standard hotel suite. Its communicating doors to the next suite are a whirling time machine with which the two female protagonists can time-travel. What the two women struggle to achieve is to change history: to undo two murders. (Simon: 9/7/98.) Starring Anne Bobby, Patricia Hodges, and Candy Buckley. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Corpus Christi—Terrence McNally's version of the Greatest Story Ever Told. The play was killed last spring and resurrected; now everyone has an opinion about it, though almost no one has seen or read it. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Photograph by Cylla von Tiedemann.

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PREVIEWS DECEMBER 26

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Photo by Catherine Ashmore

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Duet!—Adobe Theatre's amusing spoof of a fifties romance—in which dead frogs, talking trees, and Mandarin renditions of "Anything Goes" all come mysteriously into play. The show charmed the bobby socks off the critics last spring. $20–$45. Mon., Tues., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A musical about an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Impossible Marriage—Holly Hunter, at her best when she's three pegs off-center and a giddy pile of exposed nerves, reassumes her rightful place on the New York stage in this new play by Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart*). The Wilde-influenced comedy concerns two sisters, one on the cusp of a bad marriage and one already in one, and the havoc this situation wreaks. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

The Knee Desires the Dirt—A coming-of-age story about three generations of Louisiana women. $15–$30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Kuni-Leml—The Jewish Repertory Theatre opens its twenty-fifth season with a revival of this musical about a young woman whose father offers her hand in marriage to the wrong man. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, as well as his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/29. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Old Settler—Primary Stages starts its season with this 1995 play by John Henry Redwood about two sisters, both middle-aged, and the effects a young boarder has on their relationship when he tries to woo one of them out of their Harlem tenement. Starring the very fine Leslie Uggams. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

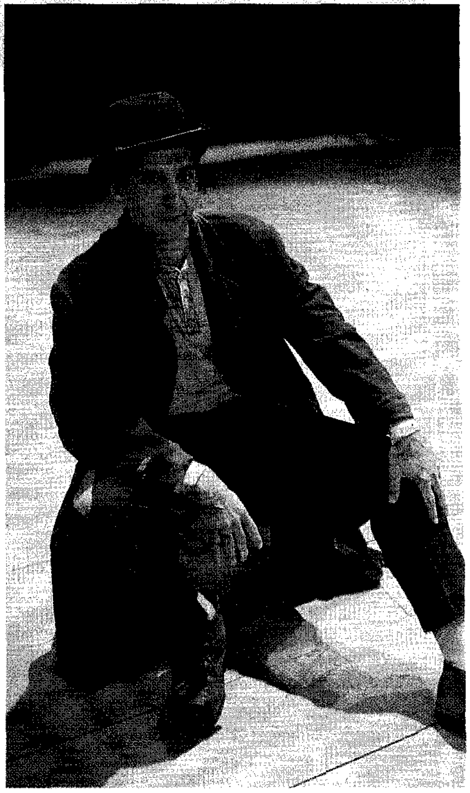
Pericles—Shakespeare's late romantic drama, which most scholars assume he wrote with a collaborator, recounting the adventures of the prince of Tyre. Directed by Brian Kulick. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *The Public's Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May and starring their children. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Promenade Theatre,*

Talent
Estragon Therapy

When *Waiting for Godot* opened in the United States in 1956, it was a disaster, both critically and commercially. In the newly established *Village Voice,* Norman Mailer declared most of the play's adherents "snobs, intellectual snobs of undue ambition and impotent imagination." The play has since attracted such populist loons as Robin Williams and Steve Martin, cast in Mike Nichols's 1988 Lincoln Center Theater production, and now John Turturro, a creature of intense emotional honesty and earthiness, who will be appearing in a Classic Stage Company production previewing November 10. Turturro is as unpolished offscreen as he is on: Over lunch, he indulges in absolutely no actor cant (extra points for resisting *I'm returning to the stage to get back in touch with my craft*), speaking instead about how elusive he found Beckett's play as a college student and how earnestly he's tried to understand it since. His interpretations of the work are simple and unpretentious; he likens the relationship of the tramps Didi and Gogo to a marriage, their time-biding antics to Yiddish vaudeville. He wonders aloud whether it would work if one of the two tramps were a woman, and confesses that once, while horsing around in rehearsal, he and co-star Tony Shalhoub read the play as an Arab and an *alter kocker.* His hooded eyes, always so expressive onscreen, look even more so up close, as if protected by two giant awnings, and his Bronx accent is in full bloom. "I can get rid of it if I really concentrate," he says. Years ago, he went through scripts making phonetic notations in places where he needed to subdue his New York–ese, particularly if that script was written by William Shakespeare ("though it's easier to do an English accent than to do a mid-Atlantic accent," he notes, "which—by the way—*no one speaks in anyway*"). He returns to the subject of *Godot.* "A lot of plays are about listening, but this one is even more so, because it's written like a tennis match," he muses. "If the moment-to-moment stuff isn't happening, it can be gibberish." Turturro estimates he has done 100 plays since he enrolled at the Yale School of Drama nearly two decades ago (he's 41), but he has recently had to forgo several Broadway stage opportunities because he's been so busy directing. It was his 8-year-old son, Amadeo, also in the show (the messenger, who assures the tramps that Godot will be there the following day), who persuaded him to do this project; the choice was between *Godot* and a terrible but lucrative kids' movie. Turturro read them both aloud to Amadeo, who pronounced the latter product garbage and the former one very funny. "I asked him, 'Are you sure?' recalls Turturro. " 'Because you know, I gotta send you to school.' "

JENNIFER SENIOR



Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a restaurant on East Sixth Street. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Sweatshop—Janet Sarno stars in a drama by Louis LaRusso II about female sewing-machine workers attempting to unionize in 1958 Hoboken. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

This Is Our Youth—Second Stage reprises Kenneth Lonergan's critically adored and pitch-perfect story of three young Upper West Siders, all adrift, all drug-prone, all slouching at various rates toward adulthood. Mark Brokaw once again directs; Mark Rosenthal, Mark Ruffalo, and Missy Yager star. $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

The Trial of One Short-Sighted Black Woman Vs. Mammy Louise and Safreeta Mae—What Aunt Jemima would say if she popped off the pancake box. By Marcia L. Leslie. $20. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden and David Margulies star in Jeff Baron's play about a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. In and out of bed, she enacts or narrates the battle for life, and the scarcely less scary battle of the Ph.D. vs. the M.D. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Margaret Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/3. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Wolf Lullaby—Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its season with Hilary Bell's play about a child murderer in a remote Tasmanian town. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Zora Neale Hurston—A revival of Laurence Holder's 1990 hit about the author, social critic, and queen of the Harlem Renaissance. $15–$30. Tues., Wed., Sat. at 2, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Tobias *continued from page 79*

be classical, Spanish, or postmodern. Giuseppe Picone is her ballet master–cum–lover ("Let me show you how we do lifts, my little dove"), and the odd couple is backed by a rakishly costumed and coiffed mini-ensemble that merely fills up space and time. It's hard to understand how this sort of dopey comedy can be tolerated in a repertory that already encompasses two witty, affectionate examinations of ballet's absurdities. I'm thinking of Antony Tudor's 1938 *Gala Performance* (revived this season) and Twyla Tharp's *Push Comes to Shove,* which aptly related the company's intermittent achievement of great beauty or emotion to the work of a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat. *Push* was made in 1976 to star Mikhail Baryshnikov; he was also ABT's director at the time.

I WENT TO AN ALL-LOUIS PROGRAM IN THE two-week engagement of **Murray Louis and Nikolais Dance** at the Joyce primarily to check out Louis's newest work, *Millennium Loop.* If the piece is far from top-drawer Louis, that may not matter too much, since it's only a minor item in a distinguished 50-year career. The dance takes us to just-before-the-end-of-the-world time, with ten figures in shimmering, flesh-tinted body stockings, each person accompanied by a segment of a metallic grid. Even when the dancers couple up, they remain compulsively attached to this symbol of their mechanized society. The inevitable catastrophe arrives, and, just as predictably, the dancers begin human history anew—at the pre-primate stage. Why the next transformation turns them into old-fashioned music-hall figures is anybody's guess; a final tableau gives us Adam and Eve, post-apple. Been there, etc.

A more interesting aspect of the program was the opportunity to observe the dancers now in Louis's orbit. The style evolved by Louis in partnership with the late Alwin Nikolais—centered on a finely tuned sense of a movement's texture and the body's relationship to space—has given way somewhat to a less singular, more all-purpose modern-dance style. The current crew, cheerfully adept, offers an agreeable physical presentation of Louis's choreography without the intellectual underpinning I recall from past times. The most compelling performer in the company—apart from Louis himself, who still exercises his uncanny gift for rhythm and delicate muscular control in an occasional solo—is Alberto del Saz, a cross between the quicksilver, whimsical Louis of old and the legendary, magisterial José Limón. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Leonard *continued from page 80*

and media-friendly hologram—simultaneously cracker-barrel and sacerdotal—as the late-shift Robert Frost or John Houseman in a brokerage-house commercial. After himself, America was always First. He even encouraged his fellows to resist the draft in World War II.

I've visited the Wisconsin Taliesin and several "Usonian" houses and, of course, the "machine" on Fifth Avenue. And while I need walls as well as windows for my personal long-term habitat, to give the books a place to nest, so long as we're just visiting and don't have to live there, the light-filled spaces Wright created—the autumn colors, desert shapes, falling water, and blue flow—are as delightful to behold as Gaudí all over Barcelona before they snuffed him with a trolley car. It would be un-American not to love this romantic roguishness, this scrampy-genius stuff, so long as we do so at a safe distance, after the bodies are buried.

WILLIAM GIBSON—THE PLAYWRIGHT, NOT the cyberpunk—wasn't done with Helen Keller after *The Miracle Worker.* He went on to write another play about her, gone off to Radcliffe with Annie Sullivan by her side, translating with those nimble fingers. This is the Keller redux we meet in **Monday After the Miracle** (Sunday, November 15; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), with Moira Kelly as Helen, Roma Downey as Annie, Bill Campbell as the professor turned literary critic whose courtship of Annie causes Helen to be jealously possessive and to consider her own romantic options (Mike Doyle), and Christina Pickles as Helen's mother, who makes sure those options aren't exercised. It's a surprisingly affecting TV movie in which all the principals are permitted to be considerably less than perfect. Gibson seems to be suggesting that an unseemly desire on the part of both the mother and the teacher to own their star pupil ended up causing both Helen and Annie to miss out on adult love. Maybe. On the other hand, there are also obviously sustaining relationships that aren't either carnal or romantic, and there ought to be room enough in the world to celebrate them.

Anyway, at least Karl Marx is mentioned here, which helps explain Keller's suffragette passion for social justice. What isn't mentioned—see Dorothy Herrmann's new biography from Knopf—is the fact that she befriended Eugene V. Debs, W.E.B. DuBois, and Mark Twain; became a socialist; and was gutsy enough to speak out ferociously against the House Committee on Un-American Activities. ■

John Leonard's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

restaurants

Restaurant Report Card...Food and Lodging

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Donna Lynn's—This Italian restaurant in the financial district combines the relaxed feel of a sofa-strewn lounge with the aural effect of a two-story waterfall. The emphasis on seafood shows up in house specialties like Dover sole à la Venezia, cooked in polenta batter and topped with scallops, served with angel-hair pasta and garlic and oil. *30 Water St. (742-1197). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

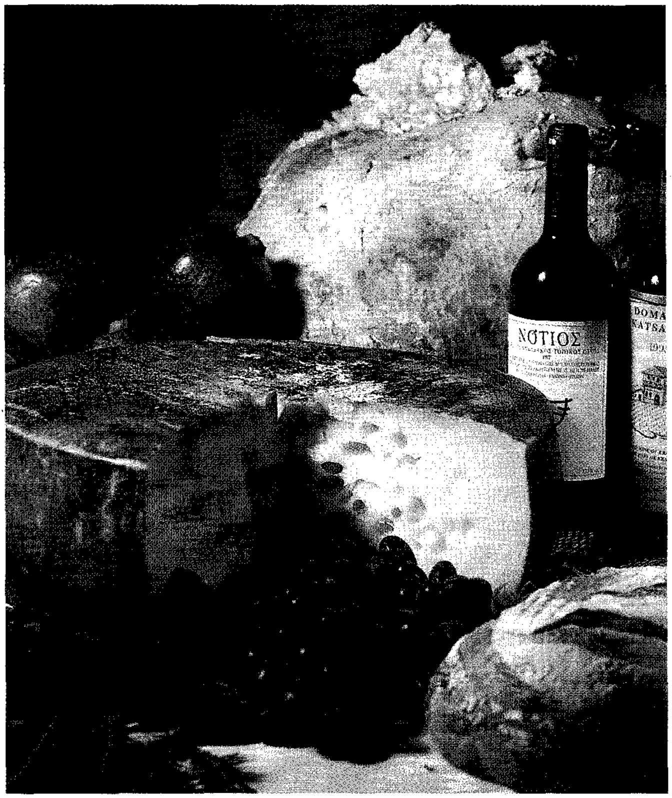
Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tasting
Food Feta-shist

During a food-finding mission of the Greek mainland and islands, Estiatorio Milos chef-owner Costas Spiliadis (and his traveling companion, cookbook author Diane Kochilas) uncovered 30 farmhouse cheeses rarely found outside Greece. He's imported an enticing selection—briny Kalamata sfela, wine-aged Sifnos ghilomeno, Cretan sheep's milk, and cave-aged graviera among them—that are offered on a rotating basis of six for $15, along with figs, olives, and rustic breads. An accompanying Greek wine flight (two whites, two reds) will set you back another $15. (125 West 55th Street; 245-7400.)



Photograph by Alexandra Grablewski.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

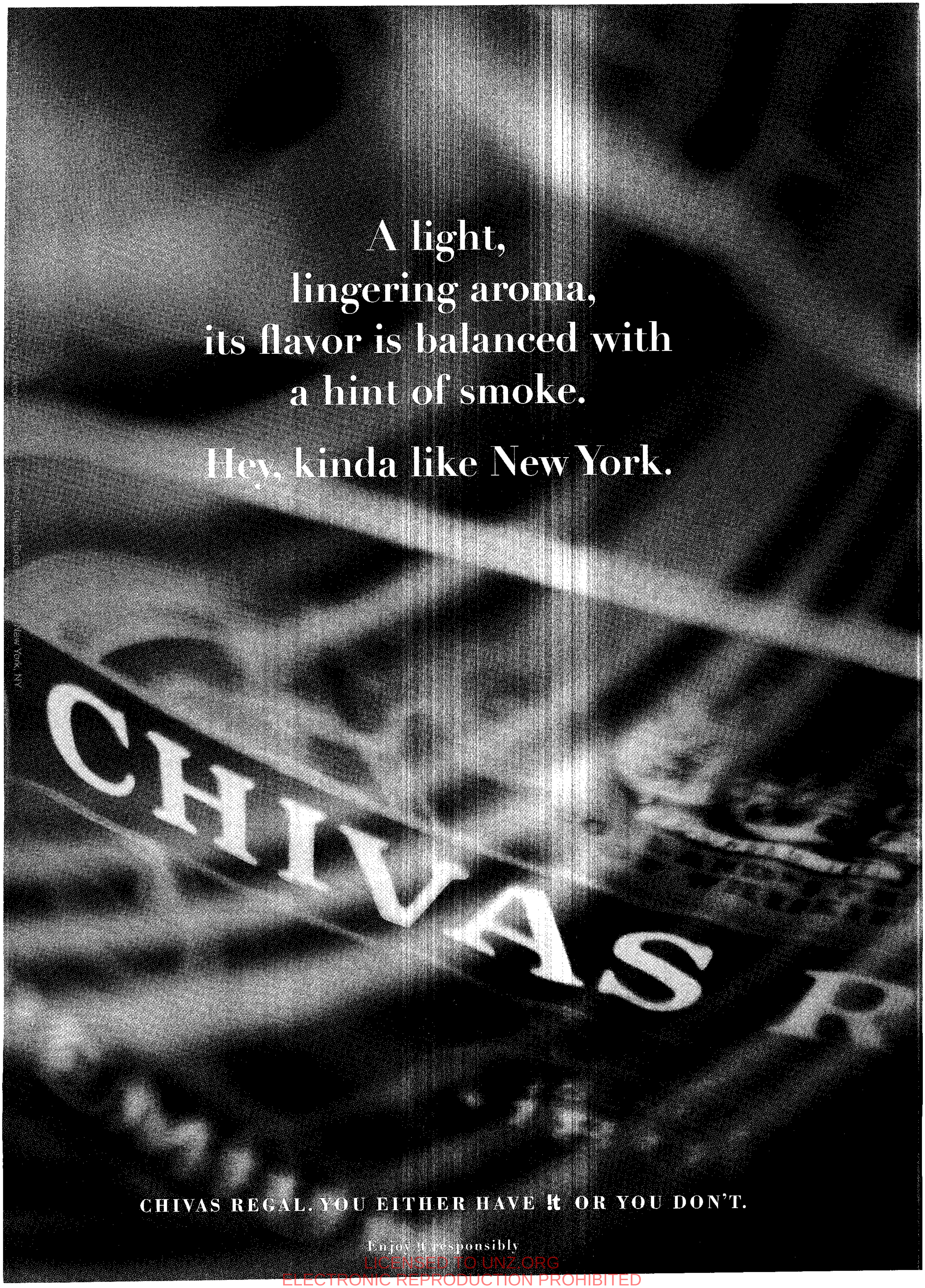
Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*


A light,
lingering aroma,
its flavor is balanced with
a hint of smoke.
Hey, kinda like New York.
CHIVAS
CHIVAS REGAL. YOU EITHER HAVE IT OR YOU DON'T.
Enjoy it responsibly
Chivas Bros.
New York, NY

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. *228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank

ASK GAEL

What's worth a trip to Chinatown right now?

We used to make an expedition to Rego Park for the classic Shanghai cooking at Goody's. So I'm thrilled to find the Chan and Lowe families have planted themselves on Chatham Square in Chinatown. Come taste the splendid soupy buns (crabmeat-and-pork steamed bun on the menu), flaky turnip pastry, and marvelous Shanghai noodles with seafood, or the starchy rice cakes with squid, shrimp, and scallion that have our pals begging for more. Smoked fish, preserved egg with soft tofu, and seafood dumplings in a sloppy thick dough fried on one side get us going. It's not all Shanghai—jumbo prawns wear a fiery Sichuan pepper dress and are regally priced at $18.95 for eight on an otherwise wallet-friendly menu. Not everyone likes eel with yellow chive as much as I, but sweet, crispy eel wins the crowd as does a whole river fish (tilapia) steamed with scallion and ginger. (1 East Broadway; 577-2922.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ribollita—This cozy little Italian restaurant is a refreshing change of pace from the new wave of posh Flatiron food halls. Open every day from noon until closing for its namesake soup, unusual pastas, and roasted meat and fish. *260 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (982-0975). (I–M) AE, TM.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Luna Blu—The owners of this midtown Italian restaurant try to distinguish themselves from the populous competition by offering dishes from various regions, like Sicilian-style halibut and Sardinian-style gnocchetti. *246 E. 44th St. (681-6541). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets

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required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Caroline's Comedy Nation and Comedy Club—Comedy is the theme at the American restaurant above Caroline's Comedy Club. The American fare is heavy on comfort food like five-cheese macaroni, maple-glazed pork chops, country meatloaf and barbecued chicken, which makes it a natural choice for parents looking to feed and entertain their restless, hungry kids. *1626 Broadway at 49th St. (757-4100). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and

Opening
Lo, Adrienne

After an extensive ten-month renovation, the Peninsula hotel's posh Adrienne restaurant has replaced its signature Art Nouveau frillery with a more contemporary, streamlined décor. Chef John Rees's devotion to fresh, local ingredients is apparent on his new menu of upscale regional Americana like Maine peekytoe-crab cakes on prawn succotash, and Hudson Valley foie gras on duck hash with a chutney of rhubarb and Granny Smith apple. (700 Fifth Avenue, at 55th Street; 903-3918.)

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.98 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

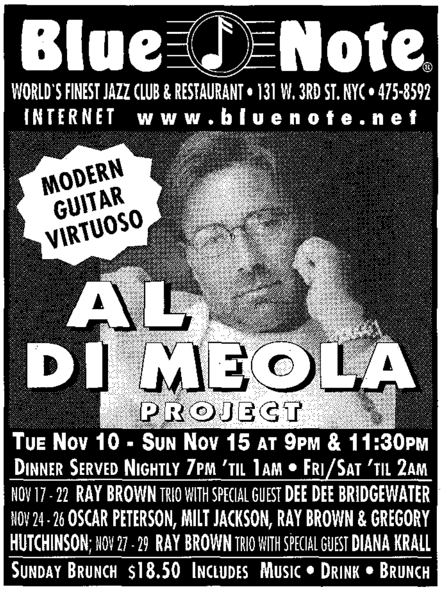
The Supper Club—Dine, dance, and dress up at this Art Deco re-creation of a forties-era supper club, complete with a seventeen-piece big band and a menu of culinary classics like baked oysters Rockefeller, lobster thermidor, and Dover sole à la meunière. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meatlovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



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Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mustang Grill—Choose from over a hundred premium tequilas, and a southwestern menu offering dishes like pecan-honey-crusted chicken, chili-crusted lamb with jalapeño-potato gratin, and—for the less adventurous—your basic quesadilla. The late-night kitchen, comfortable Mexican furnishings, and a new cigar lounge encourage lingering. *1633 Second Ave., at 85th St. (744-9194). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). Also, 470 Sixth Ave., nr. 11th St. (243-2222). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit

In Print
Everyone's a Critic

It's been twenty years since Tim and Nina Zagat published their first restaurant guide: a mimeographed sheet rating 105 of the usual (mostly French, mostly midtown) suspects. Few New Yorkers—apart from restaurant-trotting attorneys in perpetual search of places to entertain clients and summer associates—took much notice. The *1999 Zagat Survey*, out this week, is a tad more influential. Upon its release, the owners of more than 1,900 restaurants, from gritty, formica-covered Brooklyn pizzerias to lavish palaces of haute cuisine, will likely send emissaries scurrying to bookstores to learn exactly what their customers think of them. There will be jubilation, especially for big winners like Danny Meyer (whose Union Square Cafe and Gramercy Tavern are ranked the first- and third-most-popular New York restaurants) and Le Bernardin (edging out Daniel for Best Food), and certainly for Le Cirque 2000 (which managed to close the two-point gap in food ratings between it and Seinfeld's grouchily perfectionist soupmeister). But there will also be heartbreak. Shun Lee Palace has lost its Best Chinese crown to Canton; upstart Maya has nudged out Rosa Mexicana as Best Mexican. And someone will have to break it to the publishing and media elite that the power nexus has shifted from the Four Seasons to the Village's frenzied, time-worn Il Mulino.

While most chefs and restaurateurs appreciate the list's value as a marketing survey, some speculate about how closely the purportedly democratic ratings resemble the publishers' preferences. "It's good to have Tim Zagat on your side," says one prominent chef, who believes that he does but still prefers to remain anonymous. Another industry titan calls the book "a fabulous, easy reference" but questions the comment-selection process: "At the end of the day, the one who edits has all the power." But all recognize that disregarding even skewed feedback is foolish. "If all these people think I should improve my décor," says Jeremy Marshall, chef-owner of Aquagrill (food 25, décor 19), "I should probably improve my décor." Negative comments about the sound levels at Mesa Grill in previous years persuaded chef Bobby Flay and his partners to spend $30,000 noise-proofing the ceiling. And one prominent restaurateur offers his GMs and chefs $5,000 bonuses if the ratings rise. A rare few manage to keep things in perspective. Says Shelly Fireman, whose empire includes Trattoria Dell'Arte (23 for food) and Brooklyn Diner USA (15): "If it's not the way I want it, I flinch and go on." **ROBIN RAISFELD**

Members of the bar: The Zagats at top-rated Union Square Cafe.

Photograph by Safia Fatimi.

with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar & Grill—Bill Peet, André Soltner's former sous chef at Lutèce, has taken over the kitchen at this wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center. Peet has crafted a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild-mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crab cakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $29.50 pre-theater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, is a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

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nightlife

Lit Plastic...Women's Comedy Festival

Concerts

DIVX Soundtrack Festival 1998—Five nights of film music from career score composers (Carter Burwell, Stephen Endelman), surprise entries (John Cale), and old-time soundtrack favorites (Randy Newman, the Lounge Lizards). 11/10–11/14, various times. All Soundtrack Festival events marked with an asterisk (*). *Various venues; see Knitting Factory entry in "Clubland" for many shows (219-3006).*

Marshalls Women in Comedy Festival—11/11–11/15, various times. All Women in Comedy events marked with a dagger (†). *Various venues; see club entries in "Comedy" for many shows.*

"Blues Up and Down: A Battle in the Bucket"—True veterans (Al Grey and Teddy Edwards) take on a couple of young lions (Cyrus Chesnut, Nicholas Payton) in a ferocious blues showdown. 11/12, 11/14 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

Henry Butler—Master jazz and blues (and more) pianist Henry Butler amazes hometown fans in New Orleans with his sophisticated virtuosity, passionate voice, and intimate knowledge of music history. Now he's in New York for several very different gigs. 11/13 at 8 P.M.: Butler joins Alvin Youngblood Hart and Corey Harris at Arts at St. Ann's to conjure blues and spirituals in memory of the magnificent Paul Robeson's centenary. On guitars, contemporary bluesmen Harris and Hart channel diverse influences, from Robert Johnson to Captain Beefheart. *Arts at St. Ann's, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $20–$25.* 11/15 at 7 P.M.: Butler pounds out more than your average three-bar with fellow blues pianists Pinetop Perkins and Detroit Junior. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $25.*

Sevendust—Crypto-metal for short-haired headbangers. With Clutch; Stuck Mojo. 11/14 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.50.*

Goo Goo Dolls—With Buffalo Tom, Athaneum. 11/13 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $17.50.*

"Jazz Insights: The Vocalists"—Hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 11/17: John Hicks, Curtis Lundy, and Kenny Washington celebrate Betty Carter. All shows at 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $20.*

"Jimmie Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey: Then and Now"—Forget those neo-swing revivalists in their flood trousers and wide ties: Branford Marsalis, Snooky Young, and Gerald Wilson, along with the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, give up the *real* swing goods in this show. Of course, you can't exactly lindy-hop at Carnegie Hall. 11/12 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $18–$55.*

Lyle Lovett—The lanky Texan troubadour recently paid homage to his home state with *Step Inside This House*—and a series of gigs at the Bottom Line with fellow Lone Star types like Guy Clark. These less *intime* dates feature fewer guest stars—but more audience members. 11/11 at 7:30 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, Newark, N.J. (888-GO-NJPAC). $25–$45.50.*

John Lurie & the Lounge Lizards*—Lurie's ribaldly swinging score was half the fun of *Get Shorty.* The music he wrote for his own *Fishing With John* series was more than half the fun. That makes more than the full fun of a movie at this film-centric gig. 11/12 at 8 P.M. *TriBeCa Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-5800). $15.*

Mary Tyler Moore; Paula Poundstone; Rita Rudner†—The Marshall's Women in Comedy Festival kicks off with three comedians who could easily headline a co-ed festival if they felt like it. 11/11 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$45.*

The New York Autumn Blues Festival—11/13–11/14 at 8 P.M.: Magic Slim & the Teardrops; Carey Bell. 11/15 at 7 P.M.: Henry Butler; Pinetop Perkins; Detroit Junior. 11/20 at 8 P.M.: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. 11/21 at 8 P.M.: John Cephas & Phil Wiggins; John Jackson. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $21–$25.*

Randy Newman*—Mr. "I Love L.A." has a massive new boxed set out, much of which is made up of music Newman has composed for *Ragtime, Toy Story,* and *The Natural,* among others. 11/10 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $40.*

"Rain Check: The Music of Billy Strayhorn"—Greg Cohen directs Marty Ehrlich, Ken Peplowsky, Vincent Chauncey, Steven Bernstein, and Joey Baron through Strayhorn's incomparably elegant compositions. 11/14 at 8 P.M. *St. Ann Center, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn (718-858-2424). $25–$30.*

Ratdog—Bob Weir's jammy side project (even in these post-Jerry days of the Other Ones, the band retains that sad status) pays a semi-rare visit. With Alana Davis. 11/17 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $28.*

Joe Satriani—Satch and fellow speed geeks Stu Hamm and Jeff Campitelli let fly with the triplets, 32nd notes, and all that other flashy jive. 11/12 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $35–$45.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, been cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 11/11: Murder City Devils; the Bangs. 11/13: George Usher; Wild Carnation; the Gripweeds. 11/14: The Mad Scene; Gunga Din; Hong Kong. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 11/12: Halo. 11/13: Reid Paley. 11/14: Andrew Vladeck; Geraniums. 11/16: Passion Fruit. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—A cozy West Village gathering spot for NYU students and other sweater-wearing folk enthusiasts. 11/14–11/15: "Big Apple Bluegrass Festival." *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622).*

Bottom Line—11/12: As iconic a New Yorker as Reed or Ramone, poet-singer Jim Carroll conjured a singularly lyrical brand of punk rock in the seventies, with evocative tunes like "People Who Died" and "Catholic Boy." Now he's back with *Pools of Mercury,* his first album in over a decade, and playing his first show here in recent memory. 11/10: John Doe, Pete

Performance Score!

Electronica pioneer Ryuichi Sakamoto (left) and hometown jazz party-gang Sex Mob (right) are among the dozen wildly diverse acts in the Knitting Factory's five-night DIVX Soundtrack Festival 1998 (November 10 through 14). Also on the call sheet: Velvets vet John Cale, Randy Newman, and John Lurie's Lounge Lizards. (See "Concerts" and "Clubland.")

Photographs courtesy of the Knitting Factory.

Droge, Glen Phillips & Steve Poltz. 11/11: Dan Bern; Susan Werner; Randy Kaplan. 11/12: Jim Carroll & Band. 11/13: Rockapella. 11/14: Greg Brown; Karen Savoca. 11/16: Virginia. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 11/10: Duncan Sheik; Hooverphonic. 11/12: Jerry Douglas Band; Maura O'Connell; Tim O'Brien. 11/13: Yo La Tengo; Jad Fair. 11/14: Lunachicks; Donnas; Toilet Boys. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—11/10: Automat's youthful frontman, Dave Rapaport, adds Dylan-surreal flow to XTC-bouncy pop hooks, getting the kids herking, jerking, and working it like you wouldn't believe. 11/12: Life in a Blender. 11/13: Cakelike. 11/14: Mayfield. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 11/9: Better Off Dead. 11/10: D.C. & Co. 11/11: Moose & the Bulletproof Blues. 11/12: Greg Piccolo. 11/13: Jerry Portnoy. 11/14: Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson." 11/16: Thunder Blues. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 11/10: Violent Femmes; Moxy Fruvous. 11/13: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. 11/14: Little Feat; Tiny Town. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

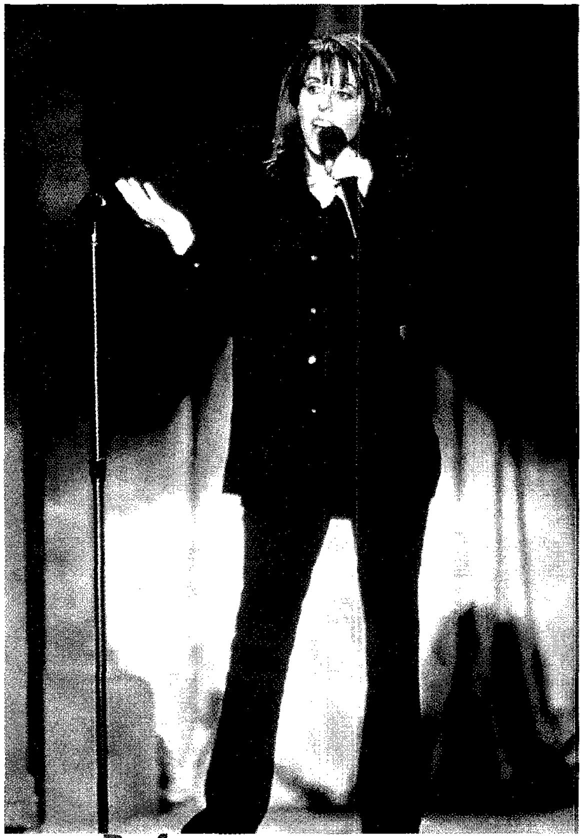
Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 11/11: Carter Burwell, David Torn & Geoffrey Gordon; Stephen Endelman; Parabola.* 11/12: Ryuichi Sakamoto; Frank London.* 11/13: Sex Mob, with John Medeski.* 11/14: John Cale; Matt Darriau's Recycled Waltz Orchestra.* 11/16: Hamiet Bluiett Telepathic Orchestra. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 11/10: Bill Perry Band & Nefertiti Jones. 11/11: Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen. 11/12: Holmes Brothers. 11/13: Chris Cain Band. 11/14: Kerry Kearney. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 11/10: The Donnas; the Hi-Fives; the Heartdrops. 11/11: Jonathan & Victor; Magnet. 11/13: Edith Frost; Archer Prewitt; Sam Prekop. 11/14: Rogues March; the Health & Happiness Show; Three Wheeler (formerly Pee Shy). 11/15: Mo Tucker. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 11/11: Retsin, Sue Garner. 11/12: Blake Morgan. 11/13: Blanco; Pinchback Wheel. 11/14: Solex. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 11/10: Delegates. 11/11: Bill Kirchen. 11/12: 5 Chinese Brothers. 11/13: Niagras. 11/14: Boz Boorer. 11/15: Flying Neutrinos. 11/16: Western Caravan with Thirsty Dave. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*



Performance

Hear Me *Rire*

The subtly scathing Wendy Liebman (pictured) takes the stage November 13 at Carolines as part of the first-ever Marshalls Women in Comedy Festival. (November 11 through 15; see "Comedy" and "Concerts.")

The Roxy—11/15: Bristol's Tricky may not have been the very first to mix loping hip-hop beats, dub-reggae bass, and oddly menacing sonics into the bouillabaisse known as trip-hop (that honor goes to Massive Attack, for whom Tricky flipped a few vocals back in the day). But he certainly does it with the most panache. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 11/10: Abyssinians. 11/11: N.G. La Banda. 11/12: Bernie Worrell. 11/13: NBA (and smooth-jazz) star Wayman Tisdale; Zin. 11/14: Juliana Aquino; Manhattan All Stars. 11/16: Michael Stuart; Luis Damon. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon into the wee small hours. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tonic—11/15: Power-popper, producer, and local fave Kevin Salem. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning midstage column by arriving early. 11/12: John Hiatt. 11/13: Robert Earl; Keen; Todd Snider. 11/14: Anthony B; Half Pint. 11/15: Hot Head Swing Band; Delegates; Swingalicious. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 11/10: Illuminati. 11/13: Ulu; El Caminos; Gran Torino; Skwzbxx; 10 Man; Rubberneck. 11/14: Cannibus Cup Band. 11/15: Digital Underground; Prince Paul. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30; $10 minimum. 11/10: Gil Evans Orchestra. 11/11: Pete Yellin All-Stars. 11/12–11/14: "Hub Art," A Tribute to Freddie Hubbard with Tom Harrell, Nicholas Payton, Eddie Hendrickson, and Terrell Sanford. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 11/9: Kendra Shank. 11/10–11/15: Al Di Meola Project. 11/16: Jazz Foundation of America All-Star Salute to Clark Terry. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—11/10–11/15: If the blues has a Cole Porter, surely it is Mose Allison. With his subtly soulful tenor and ultra-sharp blues stylings, the wry pianist-singer-songwriter inspired Pete Townshend to take up the twelve-bar baton back in the fifties. Since then, Allison has penned some truly bizarre, hilarious, and pointed numbers—and given his trademark deadpan treatment to countless standards. His trio gigs are always a treat, so don't miss this one. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 11/13: Dave Glassner. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Sets Sun. and Tues.–Thurs. at 8 and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight. $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat.; $10 minimum all nights. 11/10–11/15: Andrew Hill Sextet. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays,

Photograph by James Schnepf.

Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 11/10–11/15: Billy Hart Group. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. 11/11: Billy Bang; Abbey Rader. 11/12: Dierdre Murray; Vibes. 11/13: David Torn Solo & Trio. 11/14: Christian Marclay & Arto Lindsay; DJ Olive; Shelley Hirsch. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 11/10–11/15: Leon Parker & Co. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—11/14: Sara Contreras; Chris Covell; Sunda Croonquist; Amy Crossfield; Cory Kahaney; Laurie Kilmartin; Dani Leon; Wanda Sykes-Hall.† Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 11/11: Julie Halston's New York; the Sklar Brothers. 11/12: Joy Behar; Judy Gold; Rene Hicks; Maryellen Hooper; Patty Ross; Sarah Silverman; Lizz Winstead.† 11/13: Wendy Liebman; Amy Stiller.† 11/14: Kathy Griffin.† 11/15: Kate Clinton.† *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 11/9–11/15: Louie CK; Al Lubel; Andres Fernandez; Tom Papa; Godfrey; Robert Kelly. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 11/12: Julie Barr; Monica Carter; Becky Donohue; Erin Foley; Amy Foster; Kerri Louise; Lauren Verge; Cory Kahaney.† 11/15: Risa Barash; Cory Kahaney; Patty Rosborough; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Amy Nash.† *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 11/9–11/15: Nancy Redman; Richie Byrne; John Rizzo. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Flea Theatre—11/11–11/13 at 10 P.M.: Premium Bob, a comic duo who, with charming hyperbole, have designated themselves "America's most celebrated and acclaimed theatrical duo." *41 White St. (226-0051). $12.*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 11/11: Julie Barr; Monica Carter; Martha Chaves; Tracy Esposito; Maryellen Hooper; Beth Littleford; Ellen Lloyd; Leighann S. Lord.† 11/13: Erin Foley; Amy Foster; Jen Kirkman; Emmy Laybourne; Marta Ravin.† 11/14: Todd Barry; Lewis Black; Judy Gold. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Bob Melvin; Mickey Freeman; Jack Eagle—Three Borscht Belt vets yuck it up on Eastern Parkway. 11/11 at 2 P.M. *Walt Whitman Theater, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College (718-951-4600). $20–$22.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 11/12: Karen Bergreen; Martha E. Chaves; Katie Grady; Tina Giorgi Laurie Kilmartin; Carie Karavas; Patti Vasquez; Vanessa Hollingshead. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—If the cabaret is a dimly lit confessional booth—in which its best performers establish simultaneous intimacy and decorum—Bobby Short is its high priest. He's in, through December, for his annual run. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Wednesdays through 12/9: Vicki Sue Robinson. Shows start at 8 P.M. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Tuesdays from 11/10–11/28: Judi Connelli. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eighth year running. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $25 cover Tues.–Thurs., $30 cover Fri.–Sat., $15 cover Mon.; $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. Through 11/14: Ann Hampton Callaway. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

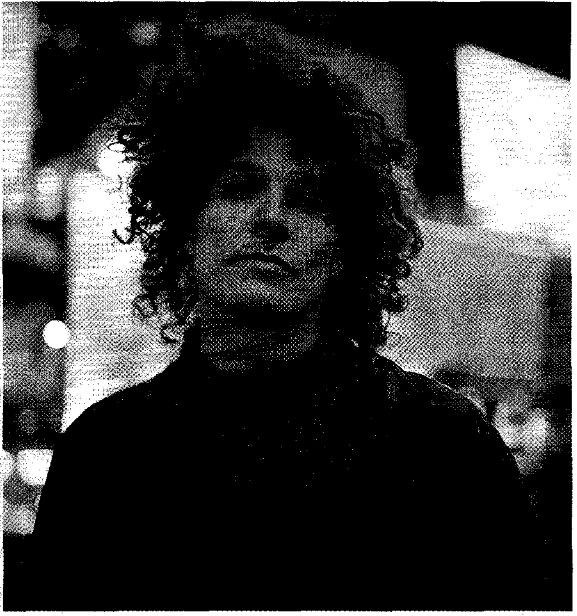
Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. Thurs.: Mark Nadler. $15; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Talent

Plastic People

The Velvet Goldmine, **which opened last week, has glam-rock aficionados yearning for the heady days when David Bowie and like-minded Brits favored glitter makeup and even space-age alter egos. Unfortunately, as Todd Haynes's biopic *à clef* makes painfully clear, the Thin White Duke probably won't be revisiting his early-seventies Ziggy Stardust persona anytime soon. New Yorkers in search of outrageous costumes and unabashed musical grandeur, though, need look no further than local sextet Lit Plastic. An unreconstructed Bowie nut, Plastic principal Dan Smith affects such glammish touches as white suits, improbably huge wigs, even a separate persona for his spectacular performances—"Lit Plastic" is, in fact, a character as well as the band's name. Don't call Smith a glitter-rock revivalist, though: Lyrics like "We want your entertainment / We want your TVs and your drugs" betray a peculiarly suburban-American set of concerns. "This is where I veer from the glam thing: It's not *all* rhinestones," Smith (pictured, in wig) maintains. "A lot of what I sing about is going back to your hometown and discovering that all the places that you grew up in have turned into strip malls." (The band's name, in fact, refers to the cheapened spectacle of such locales. A visitor to the singer's own central-Pennsylvania hometown recently pointed out, "The signs aren't even neon—more like . . . lit plastic.") Resignedly observing the whole debased process is Lit himself: "The drunken troubadour," Smith calls his alter ego, adding a joking nod to *Ziggy Stardust*: "singing songs of darkness and dismay." Smith & Co. next deliver their soaringly bleak ruminations—on a sparkling platter of which Bowie, Bolan, et al. would surely have approved—November 16 at the Cooler.**

Ethan Smith



Photograph by Jason Todd.

in concert

The Tokyo String Quartet at Alice Tully

Classical Music

Tuesday, November 10

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Bernstein, Macdowell, Lees, and Schickele, with pianist André Watts, violinists Glenn Dicterow and Marc Ginsberg, and others. Leonard Slatkin conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs works by Rouse and Bernstein, with conductor David Zinman and percussionist Evelyn Glennie. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Wednesday, November 11

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Ciurlionis, Scriabin, Schoenberg, and other twentieth-century composers. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$45.*

Tokyo String Quartet—Performs Haydn's Quartet in G minor, Shostakovich's *Two Pieces for String Octet,* and Mendelssohn's Octet in E-flat Major with the St. Lawrence Quartet. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $32.*

Thursday, November 12

New York Philharmonic—Performs Berlioz's *Le roi Lear* Overture, Martin's *Petite symphonie concertante,* and Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn,* under guest conductor Colin Davis. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

New York Festival of Song—Performs a Gershwin centennial celebration featuring duo-piano suites from *Porgy and Bess* and *Lady Be Good!* and other works. With soprano Audra McDonald, mezzo Margaret Lattimore, tenor Ted Keegan, and others. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $28.*

Chamber Opera—Rinde Eckert performs *Ravenshead,* a one-man opera based on the disastrous round-the-world voyage of Donald Crowhurst. *Miller Theater, Columbia University (854-7799), at 8; $30.*

Friday, November 13

Dresden Staatskapelle—Performs an all-Wagner program, featuring Act One of *Die Walküre* and the overtures to *Rienzi, Der fliegende Holländer,* and *Tannhäuser. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Matthew Rubenstein, Piano—Performs Bartók's *14 Bagatelles,* Reimann's *Spektren,* and Bach's Toccata in D minor. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100), at 2; free.*

Orion String Quartet—Performs Barber's Quartet, Dvořák's Quartet in F Major, and Wynton Marsalis's *At the Octoroon Balls. Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $35.*

Chamber Opera—See 11/12.

New York Philharmonic—See 11/12.

Saturday, November 14

Dresden Staatskapelle—Performs an all-Strauss program, featuring *Also sprach Zarathustra* and works from *Salome* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

New York Philharmonic—See 11/12.

Sunday, November 15

Marjana Lipovsek, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs works by Monteverdi, Schubert, Mahler, and Strauss, with pianist Anthony Spiri. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $32.*

Met Orchestra—Performs works by Babbitt, Mozart, Ives, and Dvořák. With conductor James Levine and bassoonist Patricia Rogers. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $20–$85.*

Previews
Out to Sea

Opera meets performance art as musical Renaissance man Rinde Eckert joins forces with electro-classical composer Stephen Mackey to perform *Ravenshead,* the one-man opera based on the real and fictional diaries of ill-fated around-the-world sailor Donald Crowhurst (see 11/12 for info.).

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Monday, November 16

Janice Martin, Violin—Performs works by Brahms, Corigliano, Ysaye, and others with pianist Rachel Franklin. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Axel Strauss, Violin—Performs works by Bach, Kodaly, Schoenberg, and others with cellist Wolfgang Emanuel Schmidt and harpsichordist Lionel Party. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15.*

Mitsuko Uchida, Piano—Performs Chopin's *24 Preludes, Polonaise-fantaisie* in A-flat Major, and *Two Nocturnes. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$70.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Verdi's *Aida,* 11/10 at 7:30 and 11/13 at 8; Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro,* 11/11 at 7:30 and 11/14 at 1:30; Puccini's *Tosca,* 11/12 at 8; and Puccini's *La Bohème,* 11/14 at 8:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

New York City Opera—Performs Janáček's *The Cunning Little Vixen,* 11/12 at 7:30 and 11/14 at 8; Floyd's *Of Mice and Men,* 11/13 at 8 and 11/15 at 1:30; Verdi's *Rigoletto,* 11/14 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$90.*

Amato Opera—Performs a double bill of Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci,* 11/13 and 11/14 at 7:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Dance

Garth Fagan Dance—Performs premieres of *Nkanyit* and *Two Pieces of One: Green,* and other Fagan works, 11/10–11/14 at 8 and 11/15 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Players' Project—Performs dances by Anna Sokolow, including *Session for Five* and *A Short Lecture and Demonstration on the Evolution of Ragtime,* 11/12–11/14 at 8:15 and 11/15 at 7. *Joyce Soho, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $15.*

Jazz

Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—Performs original and new arrangements of tunes by Jimmy Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey, with saxophonist Branford Marsalis, trumpeter Snooky Young, and Gerald Wilson, 11/12 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); $18–$55.*

Photograph by Marian Gray.

the mix

Hasidic Williamsburg...William Styron

John Leonard's TV Notes

Journey to Mars (11/11; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) lets Alan Alda, on behalf of *Scientific American Frontiers,* get excited about a gizmo that would manufacture the methane needed for rocket fuel out of Mars's thin atmosphere, which would make a mission there a whole lot less expensive than the estimated $400 billion if, say, you sent up one small unmanned spacecraft to orbit the Red Planet and another to land on the surface and start pumping out the stuff, and a third ship, later and manned, whose astronauts would then hitch a ride back on the first. As to why we'd want to go in the first place, after the pictures Mariner took, you'll have to talk to the scientists, and Alda does so with his usual infectious enthusiasm.

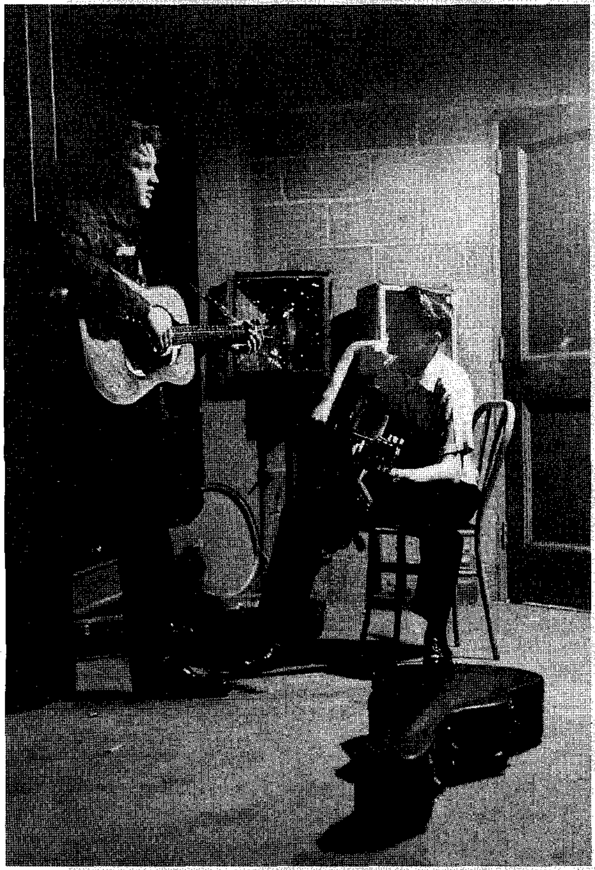
Moment of Impact (11/12; 6 to 8 P.M.; Cinemax) sends filmmaker Julia Loktev back home from New York to her Russian-immigrant parents in Colorado, where her father, Leonid, after having been hit by a car while crossing a road, loiters somehow "stuck between life and death" and requires the 24-hour attention of her mother, Larisa, whose "prepping" of him every morning takes almost exactly as long as this creepy black-and-white cinéma-vérité—in which between images of CAT scans, re-creations of the hit-and-run, and mostly failed attempts to get Leonid to say something intelligible, mother and daughter, lying side-by-side, pillow-talk to the omnipresent camera and get on each other's nerves: "I exist as an object in your environment," complains Larisa, who is also smart enough to know that while Leonid may not be capable of gratitude for what his wife does for him, he's also not capable of rage at what the world has done to him. Adding to the appalling intimacy of this portrait of a marriage is the fact that most of the talk is in Russian, with English subtitles.

The Life and Crimes of William Palmer (11/12 and 11/19; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) stars Keith Allen (*Martin Chuzzlewit*) as the notorious English surgeon of the 1840s who is so greedy for the good life that he murders his own four children in their infancy, his adoring wife (Jayne Ashbourne) after she's signed a life-insurance policy, his brother, his partner, and anybody else who gets in his way. From this lavishly appointed period piece on *Mystery!,* you will take away a whole new sociopathic appreciation of the meaning of a doctor's little black bag.

Underdogs (11/15; 9 to 10 P.M.; TBS) is about squirrels, or prairie dogs, who've been around on the North American plains for thousands of years but who are considered by modern corporate farmers to be such pests that—in spite of their value to the ecosystem—they are being flooded with sudsy water or vacuumed out of their holes, poisoned or shot for sport, unto the throat of extinction, which would also be bad news for the endangered black-foot ferret.

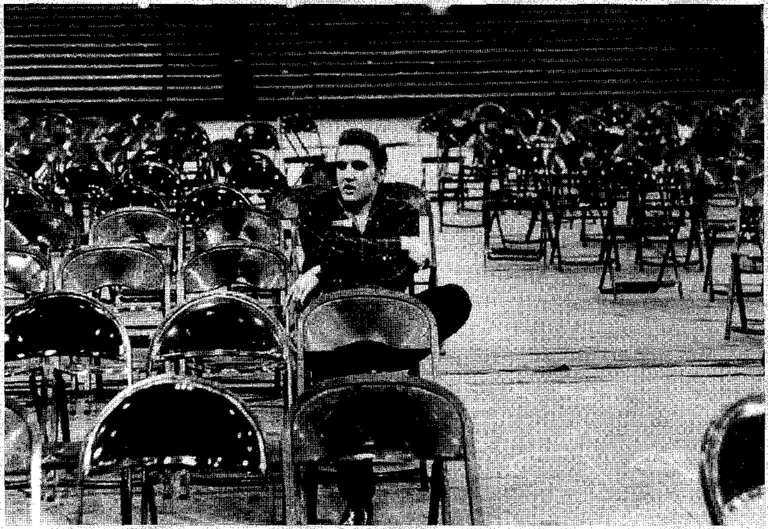
Melvin Van Peebles' Classified X (11/13; 10 to 11 P.M.; BET), in which Mark Daniels directs a documentary analysis of how Hollywood movies have "messed with the mind" of black people like Van Peebles, who wrote and who narrates what we see and hear. Part of a month of Van Peebles movies: *Identity Crisis, Don't Play Us Cheap, Watermelon Man* and, of course, *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song* on Black Entertainment Television.

This Life (Mondays, starting 11/16; 11 P.M. to midnight; BBC America) thinks of itself as "cross between *Friends* and *Ally McBeal*" but seems to me more of a mash of *Melrose Place* and *L.A. Law,* with a mix-and-match of twentysomething Brits working together and against each other in a chamber of barristers, and living together and crossing each other in communal digs. Eleven weeks of smart talk and incessant sex, some of it gay and some of it even morose.



On View
The King and I

In March 1956, Elvis Presley released his debut LP, the first in history to sell more than a million copies. A couple of months later, Marvin Israel photographed the man who would be king on the last leg of his breakout tour, from Dayton home to Memphis. The disarmingly intimate results can be viewed for the first time in the exhibition "Elvis Presley 1956," at the Film Society of Lincoln Center until November 30, and permanently in a new book of the same title.



Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 11/15: Jonathan Galassi, editor-in-chief of Farrar, Starus & Giroux, reads from his translation of *Eugenio Montale—Collected Poems 1916–1956.* WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Pete Hamill—11/12 at 1 P.M.: Reading from *Why Sinatra Matters.* Borders Books & Music, 5 World Trade Center, between Church and Vezey Sts. (522-6810); free.

Mike Wallace and Edwin Burrows—11/12 at 6 P.M.: A discussion of their new history of New York City, *Gotham,* and a slide show. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1272); free.

Phillip Lopate, Andre Aciman, Lucy Grealy, Francine Prose, Luc Sante—11/10 at 7:30 P.M.: Readings from the anthology *The Anchor Essay Annual: The Best of 1988.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Tom Wolfe—11/11 at 6:30 P.M.: Giving his first public reading in New York in ten years, from *A Man in Full.* Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $10.

Jamaica Kincaid—11/15 at 2 P.M.: Reading from *My Favorite Plants.* Wave Hill, W. 249th St. and Independence Ave., the Bronx (718-549-3200, ext. 213); $2–$4.

Pete Hamill—11/4 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Why Sinatra Matters,* Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672); free.

Jack Anderson—11/11 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Traffic.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Jaime Manrique, Eileen Myles, Karin Cook, Tim Driscoll—11/11 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *New York Sex.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Sydney Schanberg and Kevin Buckley—11/1 at 6 P.M.: Readings by war correspondents featured in the anthology *Reporting Vietnam.* Newseum, 580 Madison Ave., between 56th and 57th Sts. (317-7596); free.

Frank Rich—11/13 at 7 P.M.: The critic reads from *Hot Seat: Theater Criticism for the New York Times.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

David Lehman—11/15 at 3 P.M.: Reading from *The Last Avant-Garde: The Making of the New York School of Poets.* Posman Books, 1 University Place (533-2665); free.

Harry Mathews and Albert Mobilio—11/2 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Robert Macneil—11/10 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *Breaking News.* Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism, Third Floor Lecture Hall, 116th St. and Broadway (854-4130); free.

Donna Minkowitz—11/12 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Ferocious Romance: What My Encounters With the Right Taught Me About Sex, God, and Fury.* Barnes & Noble Brooklyn, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

Lectures and Panels

Edward Albee, William Styron, and Derek Walcott—11/10 at 7 P.M.: The three literary heavyweights offer their insights on the writing process at this roundtable discussion. Queens College's Music Building, LeFrak Concert Hall, 65-30 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, Queens (718-997-4646); $10.

"Combat in the Classic Anti-War Movie"—11/11 at 6:30. In honor of Veteran's Day, a lecture on *All Quiet on the Western Front.* NYU's Fales Library, 70 Washington Sq. S. (998-2596); free.

John Hope Franklin—11/9 at 6 P.M.: The historian, author, and chairman of President Clinton's Advisory Board on Race will have a public conversation with professor Manning Marable. Columbia University's Schapiro Center Auditorium, 530 W. 120th St. (854-5573); free.

Cynthia Ozick and Eli N. Evans—11/12 at 6:30 P.M.: An exploration of who and what is "authentically Jewish." Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, 10 E. 66th St. (744-1400); free.

Helen Vendler on Seamus Heaney—11/11 at 6 P.M.: The Harvard scholar and author of *The Art of Shakespeare's Sonnets* discusses Heaney's range and originality. The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $70.

New York's Top Food Critics—11/12 at 8:15 P.M.: Arthur Schwartz, Karen Page, John Mariani, Andrew Dornenburg, and *New York*'s own Gael Green discuss dining out in the city. The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $70.

Tours

Jewish Williamsburg—11/15 at 11 A.M.: Urban historian David Edelstein takes participants to visit the home of the Satmars, the most secluded Hasidic group in Brooklyn. Call 996-1100 for reservations; $25.

Gramercy Park—11/13 at 2 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary heritage of one of New York's most interesting neighborhoods. Meet in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 21st St. (979-8013); $8–$10.

Foods of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 11:30 A.M.: A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for additional information; $20.

Events

Triple Pier Expo—11/4–11/15: Some 600 exhibitors fill three passenger-ship terminals with antiques, furniture, paintings, prints, Italian glass, perfume bottles, costume and Bakelite jewelry, and vintage fashions at this bargain hunter's paradise. Piers 88, 90, and 92, bet. 48th and 55th Sts. at the Hudson River (800-788-0024); $10.

Benefits

The American Himalayan Foundation's Benefit Lunch—11/13 at 12:45 P.M.: Sir Edmund Hillary will be honored by none other than His Holiness the Dalai Lama at this benefit luncheon. Grand Hyatt, Park Ave. and Grand Central (888-321-4AHF); $300–$10,000.

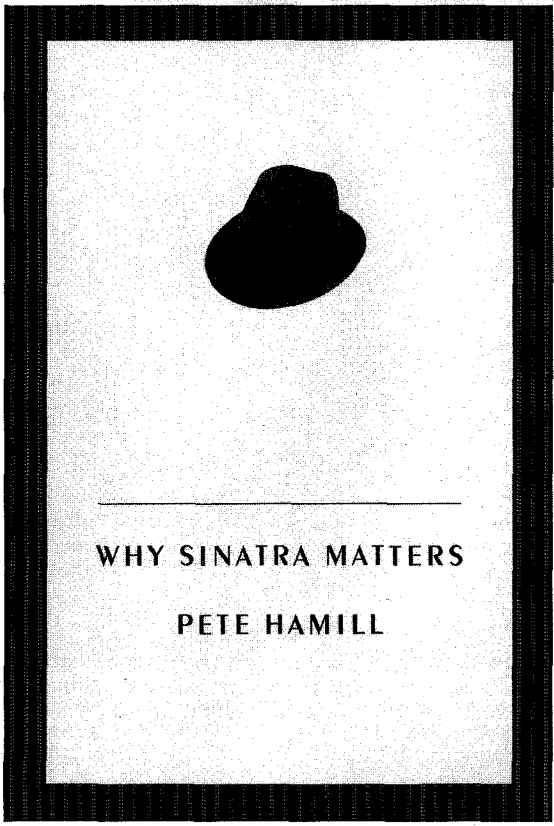
"Gods, Spirits and Legends"—11/16 at 6:30 P.M.: A reception to benefit Friends for El Salvador, with a viewing of the exhibition of twentieth-century Salvadoran art by seventeen artists; Christy

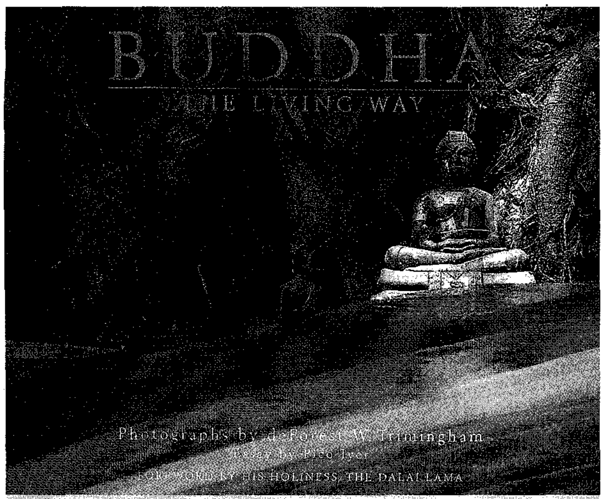
In Print

From Here to Eternity

Pete Hamill first became aware of Frank Sinatra at "the end of the war and the beginning of the great quarrel between Sinatra and Bing Crosby." But it wasn't until the early fifties that he really started listening. "It was the music of the cities, not like the other junk on the jukebox," Hamill says. "It was 'Hey, wait a minute, he's really saying something.' The stuff that was popular at that time was remote from my experience—I mean, the big hit was about a mule train, and I was thinking, what the hell do I know from that? The *D* train, maybe. Sinatra's music was of my world." Hamill pays homage to the man and the music in *Why Sinatra Matters,* from which he will read at Borders on November 12 (see "The Written Word" for details). Hamill says he was always impressed by the range of Sinatra's talents and interests. "He used to send me a note at the *Post* once in a while, which he did with a variety of reporters. He was a real reader, partly because he was a real insomniac," he says. "He was also a pretty good painter—not like those actors who painted clowns with tears coming out of their eyes—more like Robert Motherwell. He said he was trying to get the painting to look like music." These were the sort of personal quirks and gifts that Hamill wished to capture. "I had no desire to write *the* biography of Sinatra; Jesus, I'm 63; I've got other things I want to write," he says. "It was more that I wanted to portray the intelligence to think up 'What is the next thing to do?' which all great performers have. I mean, Michael Jordan is a lot smarter than Al D'Amato on a certain level."

ARIEL LEVY




BUDDHA
THE LIVING WAY
Photographs by deForest W. Trimingham
Essay by Pico Iyer
FOREWORD BY HIS HOLINESS, THE DALAI LAMA

Happening **Ever the busy leader-of-the-exiled-Tibetan-people about town, His Holiness the Dalai Lama has written the foreword for *Buddha: The Living Way* and will be making an unrelated appearance at the American Himalayan Foundation's benefit lunch to honor Sir Edmund Hillary, who made it to the summit of Everest long before it was even a glimmer in Sandy Hill Pittman's eye.**

Turlington is the honorary chair. El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., between 104th and 105th Sts. (581-5536); $75.

Modernism/Photography Gala Preview—11/11 at 6 P.M.: A preview of Sanford Smith's thirteenth annual fair for late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century art and design, and the best in vintage and contemporary photography; to benefit the Brooklyn Museum of Art. Park Avenue Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (777-5218); $100.

AmFAR's "Samples on Fifth"—11/12–11/13: Holiday gifts on sale for as little as 50 percent off the wholesale price; all proceeds benefit AIDS research. 225 Fifth Ave. Special Events Room (806-1600); free.

Exhibitions

"Elvis Presley 1956"—Through 11/30: Never-before-seen photographs of the King in his breakout year by Marvin Israel from a new book, and a special screening of *Love Me Tender* from a black-and-white Cinemascope print on 11/15 at 4 P.M. and 6 P.M. Film Society of Lincoln Center, Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St. Plaza Level (875-5600); exhibition is free, screening is $5–$8.50.

"Threepennies and a Touch of Venus: The World of Kurt Weill"—Through 12/3: A screening series celebrating the life of the acclaimed composer. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

"Eight Million Stories: Twentieth Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs"—Through 1/9/99: The 76 portraits on view record New Yorkers of all ages and social strata going through city life. The New York Public Library, 42nd St. at Fifth Ave. (221-7676); free.

"Bob Dylan's *Eat the Document*"—Through 11/20: The first screening in more than twenty years of a documentary that captures the madness that ensued during Dylan and the Hawks' 1966 tour of Europe, in which Dylan transformed himself from an acoustic folk singer to a plugged-in rock man. Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

Sports

Woods & Water Hike—11/14 at 11 A.M.: Explore Central Park's North Woods while checking out Revolutionary War fortifications and learning orienteering skills. Meet at the North Meadow Recreation Center (mid-park at 97th Street). Call 348-4867 to register. Free.

Family Tai Chi—11/14 at 11:30 A.M.: Anybody age 8 and up can join master Derrick Trent to learn this ancient art of relaxation. Meet at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, 110th St. near Fifth Ave. Call 348-4867 to register. Free.

Chase Championships—11/16–11/22: The big stop on the WTA Tour, the Chase Championships enters its twenty-seventh year at Madison Square Garden. All the favorites are to expected to attend, including Seles, Hingis, Davenport, Novotna, among others. Call 465-6521 for ticket and schedule information.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. Where to click this week: The online adventures of Mulder and Scully (the action figures, that is); a Web-based game that lets you take the presidential crisis into your own hands; a site that helps you with your coupon-clipping; a place to day dream in 256 colors; and the online resource for music—and visual Web radio (how trippy). And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily bargains from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, daily New York trivia, and oh so much more.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							GB FOX 4PM
JETS							IND CBS 1PM
RANGERS		TB MSG 7PM	FLA MSG 7:30PM		BOS MSG 7:30PM		
ISLANDERS	TOR FSNY 7:30PM	PIT FSNY 7:30PM		MON FSNY 7:30PM		WAS FSNY 7PM	
DEVILS			MON FSNY 7:30PM		PIT FSNY 7:30PM	PHI MSG 7:30PM	
	11/9	11/10	11/11	11/12	11/13	11/14	11/15

Davis *continued from page 66*

not when she grinds her heel into Figaro's crotch. Unable to compete with her manic maid, Renée Fleming projects little personal magic as the Countess, but she sings the music as exquisitely as I've ever heard it, tuning each note, turning every phrase, and spinning out pianissimos in ways that break the heart.

Bryn Terfel's *Figaro* is by now a familiar figure, still a lovable big bear with a purling bass-baritone that can apparently do anything its owner wants. He is clearly the master in this house, easily overpowering Dwayne Croft's virtually invisible, if elegantly sung, Count Almaviva. A clever Cherubino can often steal the opera from everyone, but Susanne Mentzer is also victimized by the lack of direction. She is a sterling vocal presence but unable to give this hot-as-a-hornet page boy much stage life. Left to their own devices, Paul Plishka (Bartolo), Wendy White (Marcellina), and Heinz Zednik (Basilio) offer pungent character sketches with varying degrees of success. The orchestra makes perfectly gorgeous sounds for James Levine, who puts the seal of musical excellence on a *Figaro* meant for the ears only.

In brief: SINGERS SELL RECORDS THESE DAYS, so it was no surprise to find the power trio of Bartoli, Fleming, and Terfel at Lincoln Center's Tower Records recently, taking time off from *Figaro* to peddle their new solo discs. Although not a complete triumph, **Fleming**'s recital of American opera arias, *I Want Magic* (London 460 567-2), takes the prize for enterprise. The dizzy coloratura of Bernstein's Cunegonde and the cool neoclassicism of Stravinsky's Anne Trulove are not really for her, but such patrician musicianship and lustrous soprano tone nearly raise the two arias from Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* to high art. Best of all are the dramatic confrontation scene from Barber's *Vanessa* (a Met revival, please) and the melting "Letter" song from Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*. **Bartoli**'s recital *Live in Italy* will soon be seen on PBS television, but impatient fans can hear it now (London 455 981-2). The Italian songs, *arie antiche,* and French novelty numbers show the mezzo reluctant to explore new repertory, but as long as Bartoli delivers familiar goods so enchantingly, who cares? Those who suspect that **Terfel** may be a fabulous entertainer rather than a searching interpretive artist will find further confirmation on his latest crossover album, *If Ever I Would Leave You*, songs with lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner (Deutsche Grammophon 457 628-2). To be sure, these tunes never sounded so good on Broadway. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

kids

Illusion... Invention...Itty Bitty Dancing

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Making Good—Join in the cutting, sewing, and decorating at "Toys for Kids: A Celebration of Giving," a family workshop with the goal of making stuffed animals for medically fragile children. 11/15 at 10:30, repeated at 1:30. **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**, 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535). Free with advance registration; free with admission on the day of the event: $5, $2.50 for students and seniors, free for children under 12.●●

Pop-Up Book—"Story Salad XI" brings eight beloved children's books to life in costumed performances that invite the audience to sing along. Intended for children ages 3 to 8, the event (part of the **92ND STREET Y**'s "America on Stage" series) includes bedtime favorites: *Bravo Amelia Bedelia!, Chicken Soup With Rice,* and *Clifford and the Grouchy Neighbors.* 11/15 at 2:30. 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.●

Meet the Maestro—Under-fives learn the basics of wielding a conductor's baton, in a concert featuring an eclectic assortment of musical compositions—including Johann Strauss's *Blue Danube Waltz* and P.D.Q. Bach's *Echo Sonata for Two Unfriendly Groups of Instruments.* 11/14 at 10:30 and noon, 11/15 at 12:30 and 2. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St.; $32. Other upcoming **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY** performances include *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* 12/5 at Avery Fisher Hall; tickets $10–$35, and Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf,* 12/26 through 12/28 at Hunter College's Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, tickets $32. For tickets and further information, call 971-9500.

Dances With Moms—Distinguished folk-dance teacher Ruth Goodman and members of the Israeli Dance Institute's Parparim Ensemble lead children and adults in an afternoon of Israeli folk dancing especially geared to beginners short in stature. The dancing is preceded by a look at the current exhibit "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." 11/15, view the exhibit at 12:30; begin dancing at 1. For ages 6 and up. The **JEWISH MUSEUM**, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (423-3200); $10 per child.●

Itsy Bitsy Drama—"The Fourth Annual Toy Theater Festival" revives a tiny art form all but extinguished by television. Each of the children's matinee programs at **LOS KABAYITOS PUPPET THEATER** presents two out of the following three productions: *Yankee Circus in Outer Space,* a tabletop adaptation of a vast musical extravaganza; *The Big Orange Splot,* in which one woman—the brave Grian MacGregor—operates 75 handmade puppets; and *Our Kitchen,* which reveals whence a child's pancake breakfast came. Remaining performances are 11/14 and 11/15 at 3. Soto Velez Cultural Center, 107 Suffolk St. (260-4080, ext. 14). A temporary museum of toy theaters is in the Gallery Space at Clemente Soto Velez, across from the theater. Tickets are $12 for adults, $8 for children under 12. ●

Cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Now You See It—Illusionist Don Miller, "house magician" at the Indianapolis Zoo, makes objects float and disappear with the help of audience volunteers at **CAROLINES KIDS KLUB**, 11/14, 11/15, 11/21, and 11/22 at 2. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100); $12. Reservations required.●

Comic Relief— Solo slapstick artist Tom Murphy, better known as Murph, promises to bring "the glory and chaos of vaudeville back to 42nd Street" in *Meta-Murphosis Minor.* Through 11/16. **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25. ●

Big Little Top—In **BIG APPLE CIRCUS**'s show *Happy On!,* legendary British ringmaster Norman Barrett ushers in China's Liaoning Acrobatic Troupe and brings his own delightfully absurd budgerigar act. The animals—horses, elephants, and basset hounds—steal the show. No one sits farther than 50 feet from the sawdust, but be warned—those of you in the first couple of rows risk getting pulled into the ring. The circus tent is pitched at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center (307-4100) through 1/10. Tickets are $12–$58.

Light Bulb—Although his report cards in school were downright lousy, Thomas Alva Edison went on to astound the world and figure out a way to let us all stay up late with his illuminating invention. *Young Tom Edison,* a musical about the inventor's life, is presented by **THEATREWORKS**, with book by Peter Parnell, music and lyrics by Eric Schorr. The show, suitable for kids ages 5 and up, lasts about an hour (babies and kids in strollers will not be admitted); 11/14 and 11/15 at 12:30. Individual tickets are $18.50; a ten-ticket subscription is $145. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373).

Santa Sighting—It's not yet Thanksgiving, but six sheep, three camels, two donkeys, and a Norwegian reindeer have set up housekeeping in midtown Manhattan for cameo appearances in the **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** "Christmas Spectacular." One-point-one million people are expected to watch the Rockettes fall like dominoes in "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" this season in a show that's been around, with a change or two, since 1932. Through 1/3; five Spanish-language performances, 1/1 through 1/3. Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (247-4777 for information; 307-1000 for tickets); $27–$72.

Performance

Toys Story

What would possess a self-respecting country-music icon to hole up for two months in Manhattan, of all places? Kenny Rogers admits he has mostly himself to blame: A couple of years ago he made a New Year's resolution to write a play, something he'd never done before. The resulting musical, *Christmas From the Heart,* written with the help of Kelly Junkermann, begins previews November 18 at the Beacon Theater. When it came to casting, says Rogers—hoping not to sound immodest—there just didn't seem to be anyone more suited to play the lead than, well, himself. The story, woven together with songs—half of them new, half familiar—draws on some of his experiences growing up on the wrong side of the tracks in Houston. For instance: Rogers used to stop by a particular five-and-dime store with a bunch of other kids on the way home from school. The owner entertained and inspired the children with tales of his adventures—"which were presented as true," Rogers says diplomatically. The guy also doled out school supplies to the neighborhood kids as needed, and, Rogers recalls fondly more than five decades later, "gave a dollar for every A." So Rogers created the role he plays of a kindly toy-store owner, who is sentimental about a bunch of broken and outdated toys and threatened with the closure of his business to make way for a sleek new superstore. "It's Just Not Christmas," on the companion CD—which, like most of the dozen original songs in the production, was co-written by Rogers—is already a hit on the radio, and Hallmark Entertainment, the producer, hopes the show will be a box-office perennial along the lines of Radio City Music Hall's "Christmas Spectacular" and Madison Square Garden's *A Christmas Carol.* Not that audiences should expect the kind of pyrotechnics that are a signature of those two productions. With songs like "Money Isn't What Really Matters," it might not look right. BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Chris Callis.

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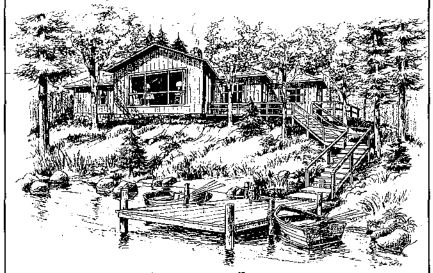

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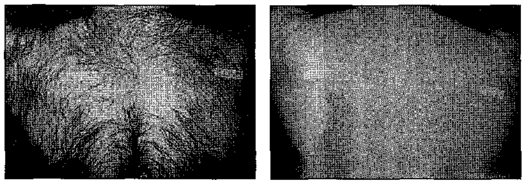

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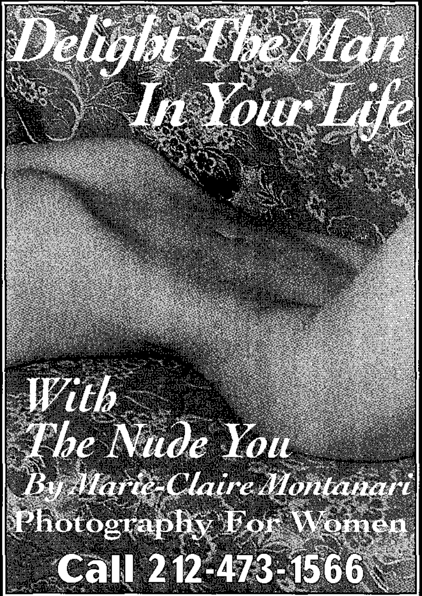

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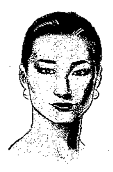

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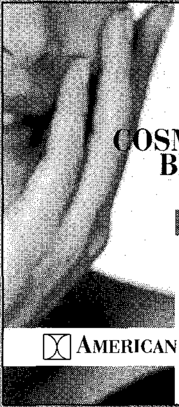

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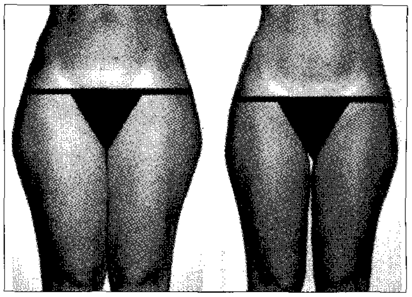

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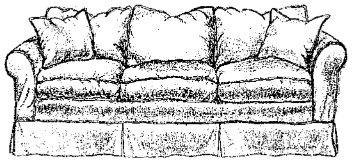

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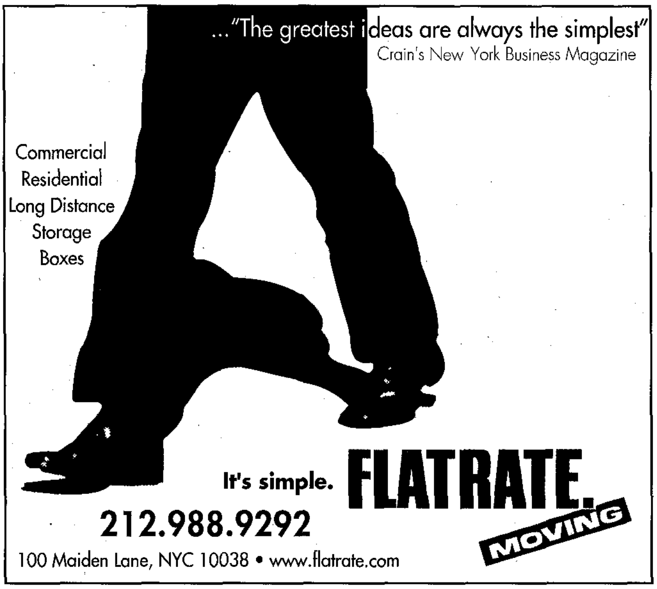
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My Best Friend—Is a bright, beautiful, delightful professional woman, mid 40s. She would like to meet a widowed (or otherwise single) man, preferably with kids, for a relationship built on respect, trust, commitment, love and fun. She deserves a great man because she truly is a great lady. If you are that man, please write to her. 6047 ✉

Adventurous Female—Health-care professional - enjoys skiing, hiking and the great outdoors. Looking for a successful Jewish professional male (33-41) with a warm heart, great smile, a fantastic sense of humor, who knows how to relax and enjoy life. Note/photo. 6004 ✉

Make Love Bloom!—With a dynamic corporate president - a communicative, loving, handsome Renaissance man with passion, warmth, humor, 5'10", lean, 43. Into culture, health/fitness, travel. Seeks bright woman under 38, for the very real thing. Phone/photo necessary. 6056✉☎

Discriminating Woman—Well-educated, slim, stunning, appreciates the finer things in life. Seeks male soul mate, 60ish, for loving relationship. 5996 ✉

Sincere, Kind, Loving Female—Orthodox Jewish, single, professional, 32, 5'5". Seeks same in a Jewish male. 6016 ✉

Be My Missing Link—Youthful, ready-to-retire, 65-year-old physician/investor, attractive, divorced, gym-fit, worldly, conservadox, kind, loyal, with honorable life style, seeks quality, pretty lady, to 55, who is accomplished; LevTov and Jewish commitment. To be my best friend and the werewithal to enjoy family, life and retirement. Recent photo, note/phone. 6014✉

Fabulous At 50—Slim, pretty professional seeks vital, secure, special man to share the Sunday Times. 6037 ✉ ☎

Early 40s White Male—Very successful and generous, looking for very pretty white female, 20-28, model type. Please send note and photo. 6052 ✉

Blue-Eyed, Brainy Brunette Beauty—Model looks, elegant, refined, warm and beautiful person - playful, cultured, has style, wit, charm, international upbringing - Jewish, 36, feminine, long legs, tall, slender, lawyer. Into classical music, the arts, antiques, dogs, luxe travel/dining. Seeks special 6'-plus, handsome, sexy Jewish Renaissance man, 30s-40s, with old-world manners and values, elegance, heart of gold, innate goodness, integrity, superior intellect, great sense of humor, for marriage and kids. Be loving, kind, highly polished, manly, gracious, romantic - enjoys wooing a woman and mutual pampering, is highly educated and very successful. Note/photo. 6023 ✉

Be My Last Love...—And maybe a bride-to-be to share our dreams in smitten harmony with this accomplished, refined, affable, single Manhattan man who relishes embracing a romance-filled, good life in style, with a beguiling, friendly, witty woman who will appreciate being courted by this undeniably attractive, 55-year-young, 5'10", NordicTrack-fit, kind, attentive chap and best friend-to-be. Some meaningful words with a Kodak image sincerely welcomed. 6001 ✉

Jewish Man Seeks—Athletic, Rubenesque woman. POB 20359, NYC 10021

Dark Nights Of Winter—Starting to get to you? Time for a new man in your life. He's a tall, handsome, funny, down-to-earth, affectionate, wealthy, 40s, Jewish businessman. Marriage-minded, 30s? Respond now. Photo essential. 5980 ✉

Beverly Hills - Manhattan Model—Attorney/investor, stunning, chic, slim, long blond hair, great legs, killer smile, dazzling wit, Upper East Side. Loves arts, restaurants, travel, theater, film, cabarets, horses. Seeks tall, lean, handsome, clean-shaven, patrician, highly successful, generous, monogamous, marriage-minded, jet-set upper-echelon gentleman, 35-65. 6021 ✉☎

Blond, Blue-Eyed, Very Beautiful—Female, 30, seeking that special guy, 28-37. Must be handsome, easygoing, honest, and love music, laughter and the large-sized woman. Photo a must, please. 6030✉

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Classy In Connecticut—Youthful 46, Kate Jackson look-alike seeks 6'-plus, successful, 43-53, nonsmoker. Equally comfortable in black tie or sneakers! 6059 ✉☎

Outdoorsy Man—53, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned. Seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 6020 ✉

Adam Seeks Eve—Handsome, adventurous, successful, 28, single male, athletic, 5'9". Enjoys exotic places, intelligent banter, cultural happenings. Seeks interesting, attractive, sweet, passionate female to share love, weekend escapes, silliness, and happily ever after. Note/photo, please. 6019 ✉

Appealing Redhead—Published author/professor, classy-looking, fit, former dancer, outdoorsy, empathic - loves the arts, travel in France and domestic coziness. Seeks cultivated, healthy man of substance, 55-65. Photo/note, please. 5975 ✉

For The Selective Man Only—You've never considered responding to a personal ad. Although extremely handsome, fun, successful, athletic, fit, 5'8" plus, 38-45, financially and emotionally secure, nonsmoker, "Ms. Right" has somehow eluded you. I am a beautiful (truly), sexy, passionate, slim, athletic, successful, intelligent, fun, Jewish, auburn-haired, 5'4" young woman of 38 (looks 30), with a great figure and a good sense of humor. I enjoy many interests and hobbies. Let's take a chance... Note/photo (please). Will exchange. 6032 ✉

Take Me Out To The Ballgame—And make it the World Series of love. I'm a creative, sensitive, slim and attractive, intelligent Manhattan woman, 52, looking for the same in a man to make our team the winner in love and joy. 6027 ✉

Young Widower—Caring, handsome, fun, 6', fit, very secure business owner, seeks under-45, loving, attractive, playful, kind nonsmoker to share great life together. Photo/note. 6025 ✉

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Ready To Travel—Attractive, slender, multifaceted, professional, single white female, early 40s, financially secure and ready to enjoy the pleasures of NYC and life in general. You must be a sensitive, sophisticated, elegant, independent, positive, single white male, emotionally and financially secure, with integrity and a sense of humor, interested in friendship, love, laughter and a permanent relationship. 6054 ✉

Sexy, Smart, Shapely, Funny—Caring and cool woman, 46, seeks a tall, attractive, charming, good-natured man for sincere relationship. Photo/note. 5976 ✉☎

Published Author—50ish, smart, stylish, loyal, likes whitewater rafting and loves to laugh. Committed to serious issues and seeking a very special guy. Are you man enough? No smokers, drugs. Any race okay. Photo preferred. 5999 ✉

The Man Of My Dreams...—Is hip, well-read, brainy and brave, has a job he loves, can make me think, laugh, breathe hard... Me? Brown-eyed and beautiful, creative type, 41, with wit and style, passionate about work, family and traveling to new worlds. And you? 5989 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Athletic Professional—Christian male...enjoys life, laughter, walks in the park or jogs on the beach - sincere, but great sense of humor. Looking for easygoing, pretty lady, 30-38, to share the wonderful things a good relationship leading to marriage has to offer. Photo a must. 6033 ✉

Rare Bird—Suffolk widower, Jewish, 5'11", healthy, handsome, 60ish, slim, unpretentious, humorous - likes classical music, movies, CNN. Financially secure. For long-term relationship with cultured female, nonsmoker, 54-64. Photo. 6063 ✉

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Sweetheart Wanted—All the love your heart can hold by 5'8", 135 lbs, seriously playful, loving, cute, toned man. In search of very slender, sexy female, 35-45 - long-term relationship. Photo. 5974 ✉

Dare To Care And Share?—Slim, pretty, witty and often wise woman wishes to meet sweet and upbeat Jewish man, 60-65, so that we may enjoy the joys of the seasons, the arts and leisure of the city, the news of the day and the times of our lives. Photo/phone/note. 6008 ✉

Ruggedly Handsome Businessman—Jewish, 41, adventurous, with varied interests, seeks woman for friendship, romance and...? Note/photo. 5990 ✉☎

I Imagine Myself—Sitting in front of my fireplace on a cold winter day with a man I care about, perhaps drawing his portrait. Very pretty professional woman, long blond hair, 5'3", warm, easygoing, creative, sensual. Enjoys the arts and the outdoors. Looking for a man (age 48-58) who can see himself in my picture. Note/phone. 6048 ✉

Beautiful Blond Model—Jewish, classy, with MBA, seeks handsome, fit, Jewish, successful MD/DDS/JD, 40-45 years old, who is emotionally secure, financially established and marriage-minded. Note/photo, please. 5972 ✉ ☎

Me: Fat, Ugly And Mean Female—50 years old. You: handsome, rich, successful 50-60 year old man. Well, I got your attention. Wait until you meet me. They say that I'm pretty terrific and great-looking. Photo and short note, please. P.S. this is the first time I've ever done anything like this. 6066 ✉

Get Real—Unpretentious, pretty college administrator - slim, athletic, wide-ranging interests, good sense of humor and self, seeks male counterpart, 40s. Note/photo/phone. 6057 ✉

I'm A—Sophisticated, professional, single Jewish male, 47, slim, 5'10", into travel, ballroom dancing, candlelight dinners, good conversation. Seek female under 40, without children, with similar interests, for a permanent romantic relationship. 5997✉

Very Handsome Attorney—Jewish male, 40s, 5'10", athletic, widower. Seeks very attractive, slim, nonsmoking Jewish female, 25-37. Note/photo/phone. 6007 ✉

Let's Hoop It Up—32-year-old, Jewish, ultra-successful male athlete with movie-star looks, is looking for one-on-one with a marriage-minded, beautiful girl inside/out, 25-33. Photo a must. 6053 ✉

Very Beautiful, Intelligent, Spiritual—And romantic - adventurous with solid values, well-traveled. Loves classical everything. Successful, single, white professional lady who'd like to meet warm, intelligent, successful, classy gentleman with similar values, 35-55. 5983 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Manhattanite With Soul—Fit, petite, curvy, beautiful in/out, sensitive, creative, advertising professional, Jewish, nonreligious, nonsmoker - loves interesting people, music (especially classic rock 'n' roll), culture, sports, reading, discussing current events and the latest films - with great sense of humor. Seeks like-minded professional, 40-50, attractive, fit, youthful. Photo/note. 6043 ✉

Come Dance With Me—Athletic, successful Protestant professional, 6'2', early 40s, with sense of humor - loves traveling, dancing and romantic dinners. Seeks under-38 woman with traditional values, for an honest, committed relationship. Note/photo. 6012 ✉

I'm An Attractive—Affectionate, single white female, 30s, with own business. I seek a man who's settled and ready for marriage, children and lots of fun. 6013 ✉

Attractive, Chinese—Very warm, honest, intelligent, humorous, with various interests, 5'4", slim. Seeks accomplished, compatible, ready-for-commitment male to share passion, laughter and culture together, 50 plus, 5'9" plus. Photo, please. 6009 ✉

5'7", 43, Divorced Female—Nonsmoker with no children, owns own business, green eyes, blond hair, thin, shapely and extremely attractive. Passionate about many things including tennis, ice dancing, sailing, ballroom dancing and skiing. Seeks emotionally and financially secure, physically appealing, intuitively spiritual man, 40-55, for possible long-term relationship. Photo appreciated. 5991 ✉

Second Time Around Should Be Fun—47, 5'2", blond Jewish widow seeks single white male, 40-55, for caring and sharing relationship. Phone/note/photo. 5995 ✉ ☎

Chinese-American Male—39, 5'9", attractive, professional, physically fit, with varied interests, seeks educated, professional Chinese woman who, although proud of her Asian heritage, is well-adapted to American society. Letter/phone. 6018 ✉

Warm, Attractive—Self-employed woman, intelligent, cultured, good humor, seeks male soul mate, late 50s-60s. 6035✉

I'll Share Everything—With an attractive woman, 35-50, interested in art, books, film, the outdoors and the creative quest. I'm in my 50s, a good-looking, successful visual artist with lots of heart. 6065 ✉

I'm A Sexy, Slim, Sophisticated—Funny, athletic female who wants to love and laugh with a Jewish, financially secure male counterpart, 48-58. Photo. 5969 ✉

Blond, Green-Eyed Beauty—With great legs, mid 30s, attorney, enjoys theater, day trips, travel, working out, reading, and is passionate about all life has to offer. Seeks handsome male counterpart with that perfect blend of chemistry, compatibility and commitment. Photo/note. 6060 ✉☎

Tall Man Wanted—Tall, attractive blond, 8, MBA, with engaging smile and tender eart - enjoys rollerblading to skiing, ooking to traveling. Seeks fun-loving, ntelligent, down-to-earth man, 6' plus, with quality heart and long-term hopes. Note/photo, please. 5993 ✉

Enchanting, Slim, Pretty—Jewish emale, well-educated, 35, seeking kind-of-heart, quick-of-wit, financially uccessful maverick. 6031 ✉ ☎

Youthful, Handsome, Athletic—Retired professional, animal lover. Have country home and car. Looking for pretty face, under 60. Photo, please. 6029 ✉

vy, Jewish PhD—Seeks petite woman, preferably 29-39, and without a strong desire for having children. 6024 ✉

Make Your Favorite Mistake—I am a handsome, 25-year-old white man - work n computer profession, single, energetic, and have never been married. I seek a beautiful and charming young woman, 21-29, for relationship. Note/photo. 5973 ✉

Bright, Interesting, Fun-Loving—Athletic, handsome businessman with wide range of pursuits including tennis, skiing, arts and dance. Eager to learn about you and promise not to talk about myself all night. A very youthful 41, 5'10", in great shape. Christian and childless, seeking same. 6069 ✉

Good-Looking Christian Man—39, professional, physically fit, with sense of humor and good values. Enjoys skiing, music and movies. Seeks a caring, attractive woman, 28-38, for romance and to share life with. 6062 ✉ ☎

Slim, Sophisticated Brunette—Youthful widow, early 50s, tall, attractive and slender, with traditional values, residing in Fairfield County, CT - looking for a special man: fun, caring and intelligent, for friendship and romance. Please respond only if you are over 6' and 50-62 years young. 5966 ✉

Sassy, Sexy Mom—Ivy professional, Jewish, slim, pretty, athletic, 40s, seeks a heart-of-gold professional to be my last love. Note/photo/phone. 5981 ✉

Asking Too Much?—Easygoing, funny, very fit and attractive Manhattan professional, 37, seeks bright, warm, playful Jewish woman, 25-35, for laughter, friendship, true connection. Sense of humor, genuine good heart a must. Favorite pastimes and places include all kinds of movies and theater (a real passion), Central Park, bookstores, piano bars. Photo, please. 6000 ✉

Classy, Sexy—French-Russian, 50s, wants man seeking serious relationship, making her dreams come true. 6003 ✉

You Won't Be Disappointed—Very attractive blond, hazel eyes, 37, 5'5" and slender. Believe it or not, also intelligent, successful and fun to be with. Seeking handsome, fit, intelligent, cultured but down-to-earth man, 35-45, who can make me laugh and is ready for the long term. Note/photo. 6042 ✉

Thin, Beautiful Chinese Pediatrician—32, 5'7", 100 lbs, warm, passionate, open-minded, spiritual and accomplished. Loves classical music, opera, film, refined quiet dining, working out, skiing, the beach. Seeks tall, handsome Caucasian male, 35-42, intelligent, sophisticated, athletic, open- and commitment-minded, sincere, generous and extremely successful - for soul mates, companionship, possible marriage and family. 5982 ✉ ☎

Once Upon A Time—There was a handsome, 32-year-old Jewish male who was bright, caring and sincere. He was a successful businessman who enjoyed cooking, modern art, tennis and long *conversations. Life was great, except that* he was still searching for his soulmate: a warm, loving woman he could spend the rest of his life with. One day, she was reading NY Magazine, read his ad, and sent him a letter and a photo. They met and lived happily ever after. 6049 ✉ ☎

Rubenesque, 57, EdD—NJ/NY, bassoonist, chorister, boater, seeks evolved, successful man, 55-62. 6002 ✉

Sexy, Exotic - Leg Man, PhD, 59—Passionate about great legs. Must be tall, slim, leggy! I'm an upscale, well-groomed, desirable, romantic guy who offers marriage, fidelity, security, integrity, generosity, travel and fun. Let's meet in Brooklyn to check out chemistry. Photo/note. 6010 ✉

Breathtaking Brunette—An extremely attractive, bright, fit, fun Jewish female, 33, seeks outstanding male, 32-38, who is sincere, romantic and ready to capture her heart. Note/photo, please. 6040 ✉ ☎

Scholar/Athlete—Handsome, fit, secure, sincere, humorous, giving male, 47, 6', 190 lbs, seeks slim, pretty, intelligent, fit female, 30-42, with charisma and character, to explore and share life's pleasures. Note/photo/phone. 5971 ✉ ☎

Italian-American Princess—41, fit and fun, dark-haired beauty seeks her prince. He must be 38-48, very fit and handsome, successful, warm, kind, honest, with great sense of humor. Photo a must. 6061 ✉

Wanted: Energetic Woman—Athletic, very fit, intellectual, caring, fun man, 54, 5'8", Christian, divorced. Interests include running, biking, hiking, skiing, tennis, squash, books, the arts, chess, movies and travel. Seek vibrant woman for love and friendship. Note/photo. 6015 ✉

Is There A Gentleman—Warm and smart, 48-62, still out there for blond, gentle PhD, cute, thin, sweet, but reluctantly single. Photo. 5970 ✉

Relationship With You Desired—By this attractive male, 6', slim, 63 (looks 50), bright, creative partner. Share sailing, skiing, symphonies and much more. Need a special, compatible, beautiful mate. Photo. 5978 ✉

Gorgeous Jewish Investor—32, 5'9", sexy, strong, smart, seeks merger with fun, bright, fit passionate lady. Photo. 6045 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Smart And Fun—Single professional female, 38, seeks down-to-earth professional guy, 35-45, for long term relationship. Photo/phone/note. 6067 ✉

Exceptional Jewish Guy—35, 5'10", great smile, fit, very funny, successful, caring, romantic, nonsmoking, seeks fit female counterpart. Photo. 6034 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Very Slim—Stylish blond Manhattanite, size 8, 5'6 1/2", 47, Protestant background, well-educated, no dependents, stable, sane, no baggage, financially secure - can travel, relocate. Seeks special man, kind, wholesome, fit, very successful, 50-62. Note/pix. 5977 ✉

Are You Sick Of Bad Blind Dates?—Me too! I'm a very good-looking, well-built Jewish male, 31, 5'11", 175. Had it with the bar scene and bad fix-ups. I've decided to take matters into my own hands. If you are an attractive female who is in great shape, age 24-32, and want to meet a great guy, then please respond. Photo a must. 6005 ✉

Do you feel

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If there is something wrong with everyone you meet, come to me. It is time to meet the *right* people.

Somewhere out there is your *special* someone waiting just for you. This is not a person you will meet in a bar, at a singles party or through the personal ads. Like you, each of my clients is extremely busy furthering his/her career. My clients are not and will not be participants in any singles scene. You will not have the opportunity to meet them. They will not have the opportunity to meet you unless you call now and become my client. The clients I represent are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. Afford me the opportunity to make the ***right*** introduction for you.

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Very Pretty, Successful—Strawberry blond, 36, seeks decent man, 35-45, who's as proud of being genuine and loving as he is of his success. Photo. 5998 ✉

Attractive, Sincere Professional—Asian, born-again Christian, seeks man with same faith, 36-45, 5'10"-6'1", and successful. Note/photo. 5979 ✉

Handsome And Ready—Professional, tall (6'), 59, great sense of humor, gym-trim - enjoys theater, movies, jazz, dining in and out, vacationing, etc. You: tall, trim, beautiful, 42-48, accomplished, happy. (212) preferred. Letter and photo. 6055 ✉

Asian Beauty—30s, have beautiful eyes and a great body, gentle, smart, enjoy life and people. Looking for a financially/emotionally secure Caucasian male for starting a family. If you are tall, good-looking, honest, confident, always have a good smile...I would like to meet you. Note/photo, please. 6026 ✉

My Daughter Says I Need A Mensch—Seeking a perfect gentleman. 51-year-young Manhattanite looking for Jewish male to share life's three "T"s (tennis, theater and travel). 6041 ✉ ☎

Fit Attorney/Investor—Pragmatic, athletic, fun, gym-trim, Jewish, 38, 5'10", seeks educated, fit Jewish female, 27-34, for marriage. Full photo/note. 6058 ✉ ☎

Norwegian/Canadian/New Yorker—5'6", slim, well-built, divorced, 40s, extremely lovely, quietly sexy, chic, with a sense of humor, style, playfulness, depth... seeks guy, 48-60, to get to know. 6051 ✉

First Time—57, attractive, fit businessman - loves music and arts, sports, Central Park, *dining and laughing. Interested in* smart, warm, attractive, fun woman in 40s, 50s. Photo appreciated. 6006 ✉

White Jewish Female, 32—Pretty, thin, blond, 5'5", teacher, challenges you to chess, backgammon or Scrabble if you are a professional man, bright, cute, witty, 30-39, 5'7"-5'10". Photo. 6064 ✉ ☎

And I Cook, Too!—Handsome, athletic, unpretentious entrepreneur, 49, seeks witty, fun and adventurous, natural, slim beauty, 34-44, for a lifetime of love and roses. Photo/note. 5987 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Slim White Female—34, 5'6", seeks fit, tall professional male, 34-40, attractive, sincere. Phone. 6017 ✉ ☎

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MD Seeks MD—Jewish male physician, 40s, seeks Jewish female MD, 28-40, for forever. 6044 ✉

Japanese Lady—Caring, quiet type, well-traveled, educated, seeks honest, intelligent man, 40-55. Photo/note. 5986✉

Going My Way?—Divorced white female, successful entrepreneur, product designer, Upper East Side, classy, classic beauty, 5'7", slim, blond, elegant, educated in England. Passion for the arts, symphony, theater - movie buff. Loves walks, beach, Sunday Times, big dogs, dining well, cooking for friends - a true romantic, athletic, fit nonsmoker... Tennis anyone? With James Bond in your soul, you've stylish good looks (6'), very successful, 48-58, a romantic heart. You're athletic, funny, fit...unrelenting passion for life. My eyes are upon you for a permanent relationship. Note/photo. 5988 ✉

Cerebral Guy—Upscale male, good-looking, successful, high achiever. Seeks classy, career-directed female equal, late 30s (or nearby), 5'5" or under, with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 6038 ✉

To Begin Again—Vibrant, attractive, nonsmoking Jewish widow, mid 60s, 5'2", 117 lbs - loves to travel, play golf and bridge. Seeking classy Jewish widower, late 60s-early 70s, who has also had a loving, caring marriage and is seeking a happy ever after. 6046 ✉ ☎

Head Of The Class—Beautiful (inside and out) teacher/writer, 32, Jewish, gym-fit, sensitive, down-to-earth, with good values and a great smile. Seeks handsome, professional, athletic, clean-cut, relationship-oriented gentleman, about 30-37. Must have integrity, honesty, compassion and stability. Common interests: theater, sports, movies, sushi, dessert at Serendipity, beach, travel, pets, classic rock and Nick at Nite. No smokers, game players, 12-steppers or club/bar hoppers. Serious replies only. Note/photo a must. 6036 ✉

Sincere, Educated Professional—Young and good-looking Italian male, 46, 5'8", fit, sensitive, caring, friendly, sincere, refined and trustworthy yet sensuous, open-minded and uninhibited. Loves travel, the performing arts, weekend getaways, fine dining, antiques, intimate candlelit evenings at home and more. Seeks one special, attractive/exotic-looking woman, late 20s-mid 30s, any race, with similar qualities and interests, very feminine (a stocking-and-garter type of woman), and who understands what "commitment" means, for a relationship hopefully leading to a lifetime of shared dreams. Photo is requested with response. 5985 ✉

Assortments

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Dating Club—Russian women waiting to meet American men. Call: **800-336-0344**

The Singles Network—Intro's for prof'ls Westchester & CT. Est 1983. **914-946-1801**

A+ Rating! Int'l Singles Russian, Jewish and European ladies in NY. **212-736-6870**
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Rings On Their Fingers Five women who took the **Life Works Relationship Workshop** got engaged last month. You could be next! Join us 12/5-6. **212-741-8787**

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DJ, Hors D's, $25. **L.E.A.F. 779-0642**

ARA Meet attract. & edu. **Asian, Russian, Latin** ladies. **Party Sun., Nov. 15, 6pm,** Mona Lisa, 88 Mad. Av/29th St. **253-1971**

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LOA—Meet attractive **Asian/European/Latin** ladies & prof'l American men. **Party:** Sat, 11/14, **Mona Lisa**, 88 Mad. **986-8590**

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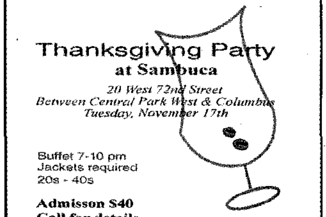

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20s - 40s

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

SHOWER GEL THLON

BEANIE BABY HURLING

POOL TABLE TENNIS

RALPH LAUREN WATER POLO

PAIRS BALSAMIC VINEGAR

Above, after synchronized swimming, *le deluge.* Competitors are invited to suggest *one* new Olympic (summer or winter) event for the year 2000.

Results of Competition 923, in which you were asked for invented toll-free numbers.

Report: We saw many stars. You know—*s. Ken *. Dorothy Stratten, *80. And pound signs. Sarah Lee # cake, and Lassie at the #. You remember the pound sign. Formerly the number sign. Formerly Virgo. And 8 for ate/2 for too. Perfectly lovely ideas. Difficult not to duplicate given twelve characters. In search of a number. You're all remanded to custody. You have the right to remain silent . . . And see that you do.

No individual prizes, but thanks to all:

1-900-555-1212—the movie-character chat line.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

1-800-ICH-DIEN—Charles and Camilla warm line.
Dally Hedsow, Washington, Conn.

1-900-YOU-#**#—Andrew Dice Clay's dial-abuse.
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

1-900-POTATOE—chat with the former vice-president. $3.99/minute.
Thomas D. Warren, Los Angeles, Calif.

1-888-* NO MORE—the actors' retirement home.
R.A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

10-10-1-911—three-cents-a-minute emergency line.
Geralyn Grandison, Bethpage, N.Y
similarly: Walter Katz, Las Vegas, Nev.

1-800-SEE-2020—optometry hot line.
Fred Buffa, Staten Island

1-800-TAPINGU—the Linda Tripp wire.
similarly: Donna Ciancio, Glen Cove, N.Y.
Elaine G. Amdur, Kingston, Pa.

123-4567—the Viagra hot line.
Scot Stevens, Philadelphia, Pa.

1-987-654-3210—Cape Canaveral launch advisory.
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

1-800-PIN DROP—bowlers' hot line.
James C. Wisniewski, Pittsburgh, Pa.

K911—Ralston-Purina emergency line.
Sparky Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

1-800-PPPPPPP—Gregor Mendel.
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

1-800-FLOCKHA—Leave off the last couple of pounds.
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

1-888-822-MUCH—formerly 1-800-ROLAIDS.
Ted Epstein, Woodbridge, N.J.;
Roger D. Kellerman, Albany, N.Y.

1-800-BONE-YES—the Mummy Store.
David Siegal, N.Y.C.

1-800-FAY-ROWE—Egyptologist.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.

1-800-SUPEREGO—Freudian support line. Check your caller ID.
Bill Cohen, Brooklyn

1-800-DOXXRUS—for all of your emergency health-care needs.
Fran Manne, Mahwah, N.J.

1-976-FIND-LEO—$1.75 first minute, $1 each additional; learn where he'll be clubbing next.
Deborah Freedman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

1-888-3-PT-1416—for pies extraordinaire by Pies-R-Us.
Frank S. Stein, Kokomo, Ind.
similarly: Tom Doyle, Bristol, Conn.

314-159-2653—Pythagoras's phone number.
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.
similarly: Louis Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

1-800-PAGESIX—all gossip, all the time.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

1-???-???????—Psychics Anonymous hot line.
Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring, Md.

1-800-4PEPSI1—the New Diet Cola line.
Mark Paladini, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

1-900-100BEST—the hundred best of everything.
J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.

1-800-728-5 _ _ _—provide the next three numbers in the series to reach the Educational Testing Service.
John J. Conti, Norfolk, Mass.

Listen to the band at 1-900-GOPHISH.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

1-900-TAKWIFE—dial–a–Henny Youngman–joke line.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

1-888-TOOMUCH—Weight Watchers.
similarly: Steven Weiss, Scottsdale, Ariz.;
Seung Yun Cha, N.Y.C.;
Mary Anne Hodgson, Athens, Ga.

1-800-000-0000—De Sade residence.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

1-800-000-0000—Department of the Treasury, Moscow.
Darby Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

1-973-YANKEES—call George in 2003.
Joseph Adelhardt, Englishtown, N.J.

1-800-DIEIN3S—celebrity-obituary updates.
Richard Gorelick, Baltimore, Md.

1-800-PET-LOST—press # and your area code.
A. J. Busch, Boonton, N.J.

1-800-KISSOFF—How's my driving? I don't give a damn what you think.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

1-800-ANALYST—start talking; don't expect an answer.
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

1-(111)-111-1111—the obsessive-compulsive-disorder hot line.
similarly: John Bailin, Brooklyn
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

1-800-678-1967—Summer of Love hot line.
Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx

1-800-RIN-1010—Animal Actors, Inc.
Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

1-800-4SCORE7—Gettysburg city hall.
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

1-800-8-2-BRUTE—Caesars Palace.
Barb Sealy, N.Y.C.

1-007-4II-ONLY—Bond. James Bond.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.
sp. ment.: Howard Slenk, Grand Rapids, Mich.

1-000-000-0001—low-self-esteem hot line.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

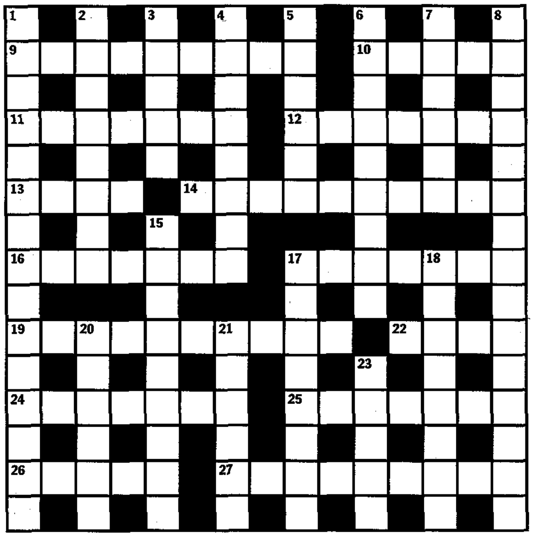
U-111-NYCOMP—when claiming a one-year subscription prize, drop one of the "wons."
John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 926, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by November 20. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the December 21–28 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

9 This may point out a direction—but not East. (9)
10 There's nothing sour in this scent. (5)
11 Listen to a number cheer. (7)
12 Vessel almost departed with the wrong load. (7)
13 A slight touch of the devil. (4)
14 Doesn't it have a service charge? (4,6)
16 Organ bright with flowers. (7)
17 A house on mains supply. (7)
19 On the rocks, shattered and destitute. (5-5)
22 The chances of racing. (4)
24 No answer to F.A. rules being broken. (7)
25 Part of Russia the Yankees marched through. (7)
26 Shade giving cover for troops. (5)
27 There's a lot to be said for having it. (9)



DOWN

1 Discharge for sudden refusal to work. (9,6)
2 Loans saved, can make a move. (8)
3 A charming French accent. (5)
4 Fish and insects turn a drab colour. (8)
5 You may put your foot in it, in a manner of speaking. (6)
6 Cynthia takes a liking to alcohol. (9)
7 Cash or credit? (6)
8 Pauses for inspiration. (9.6)
15 An unfair comparison. (4,2,3)
17 Right to succeed. (4,4)
18 Poor ending it might make. (8)
20 Holiday when one is not at one's best. (3,3)
21 Outstanding work of art. (6)
23 Humphrey's artless look to us appears phoney. (5)

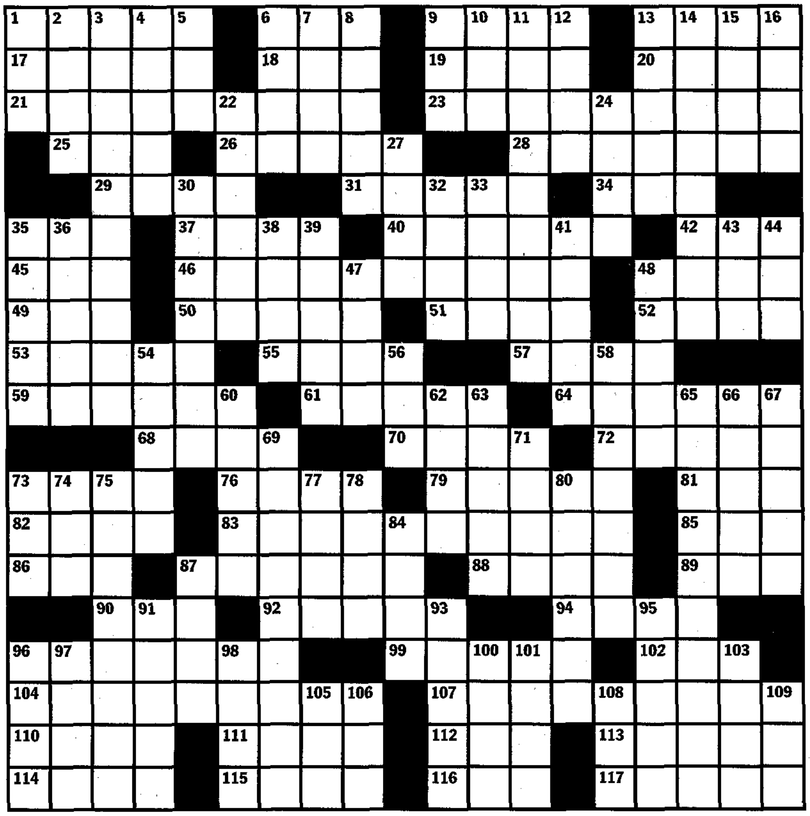
'Name the Horse': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

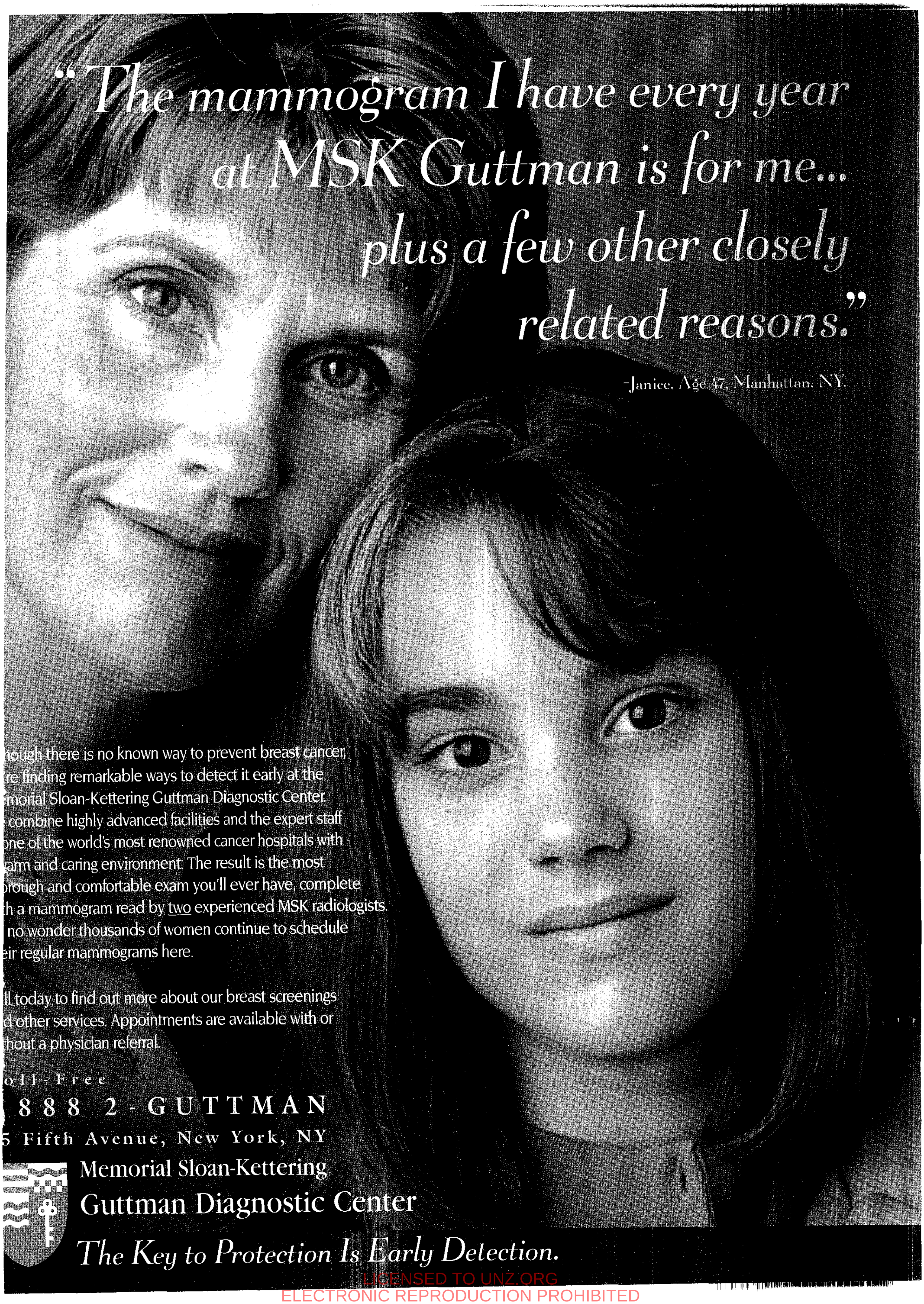
1 Not an express
6 Jeweler's safe
9 Twitches
13 WW II battle town
17 Licorice-flavored herb
18 Losing line at tic-tac-toe
19 Like an unswept fireplace
20 Length times width
21 Rider: Ichabod Crane
23 Rider: Dick Turpin
25 ——-fi
26 AMPAS award
28 Most close
29 "—— Get It for You Wholesale"
31 Defective new car
34 Word with Aviv
35 Coffee dispenser
37 Margot's "Superman" role
40 Virgil hero
42 "Now —— heard everything"
45 Clergywoman
46 Rider: Dale Evans
48 Source of indigo
49 Actress Balin
50 Different
51 Nonpareil
52 All the cards
53 After-school teacher
55 Grand-scale tale
57 Major-—— (maître d')
59 Shape of a coil
61 Rider: Tonto
64 Collared a crook
68 Eisenhower and Turner
70 Eye sore
72 Observe Alumni Day
73 Modern jujitsu
76 Get an —— effort
79 "—— called for his fiddlers three"
81 Corn core
82 Belonging to the same family
83 Rider: Wellington
85 Lilly of pharmaceuticals
86 Toady's reply
87 Destination of a pilgrim
88 Maine, Vermont, etc.: abbr.
89 Lady Bird's successor
90 Furry foot
92 Greek Z's
94 "Portnoy's Complaint" author
96 Scenic scale model
99 Somewhat soused
102 Lout
104 Rider: Don Quixote
107 Rider: Robert E. Lee
110 Bedazzles
111 Object of pagan worship
112 Candy-counter buys, with 24-Down
113 Jane Fonda movie, 1971
114 Walk through water
115 Weaver's need
116 One's born days
117 English homework

DOWN

1 Jet passenger's hangover
2 Burden
3 Rider: Ulysses S. Grant
4 Jellied side dish
5 Summer zodiac sign
6 Olympus residents
7 Office VIP
8 Aesop's message
9 The dinner check
10 Ellis or Parris: abbr.
11 Sent through a directed course
12 Delhi stableman
13 Buffalo hockey pro
14 Arboreal limit on a mountain
15 Minus
16 Brewer's kiln
22 Was the ultimate victor
24 See 112-Across
27 Posterior
30 Rider: Mohammed
32 Jotted reminder
33 —— years (elderly)
35 Monads
36 Accumulate, as a bill
38 "Thou the singer; —— song!"
39 Rungs
41 Tire Town, U.S.A.
43 Rider: General Custer
44 B.P.O.E. member
47 Grammy-winner Clapton
48 Hacienda brick
54 Hunter of the sky
56 Lettuce variety
58 Rider: Napoleon
60 Bloodsucker
62 East of Nevada
63 British critic Kenneth
65 Rider: Alexander the Great
66 Name on the A-bomber
67 Red-ink entry
69 Forcefully, in music
71 Brink
73 Kind of walker or bird
74 Waikiki instrument, for short
75 Thrown away, with "of"
77 Andy Griffith's son, on TV
78 Be a tenant
80 Shakespearean king
84 Kempt
87 The Ugly Duckling, eventually
91 Crop up
93 Former capital of Alaska
95 Bridge-crossing dues
96 "Go for your gun!"
97 Hawkeye State
98 Daily delivery
100 Bluenose
101 Feed to the full
103 Cheese from Greece
105 Overly
106 Street of a "Nightmare" film
108 Duke Ellington's monogram
109 Marina del ——, California



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.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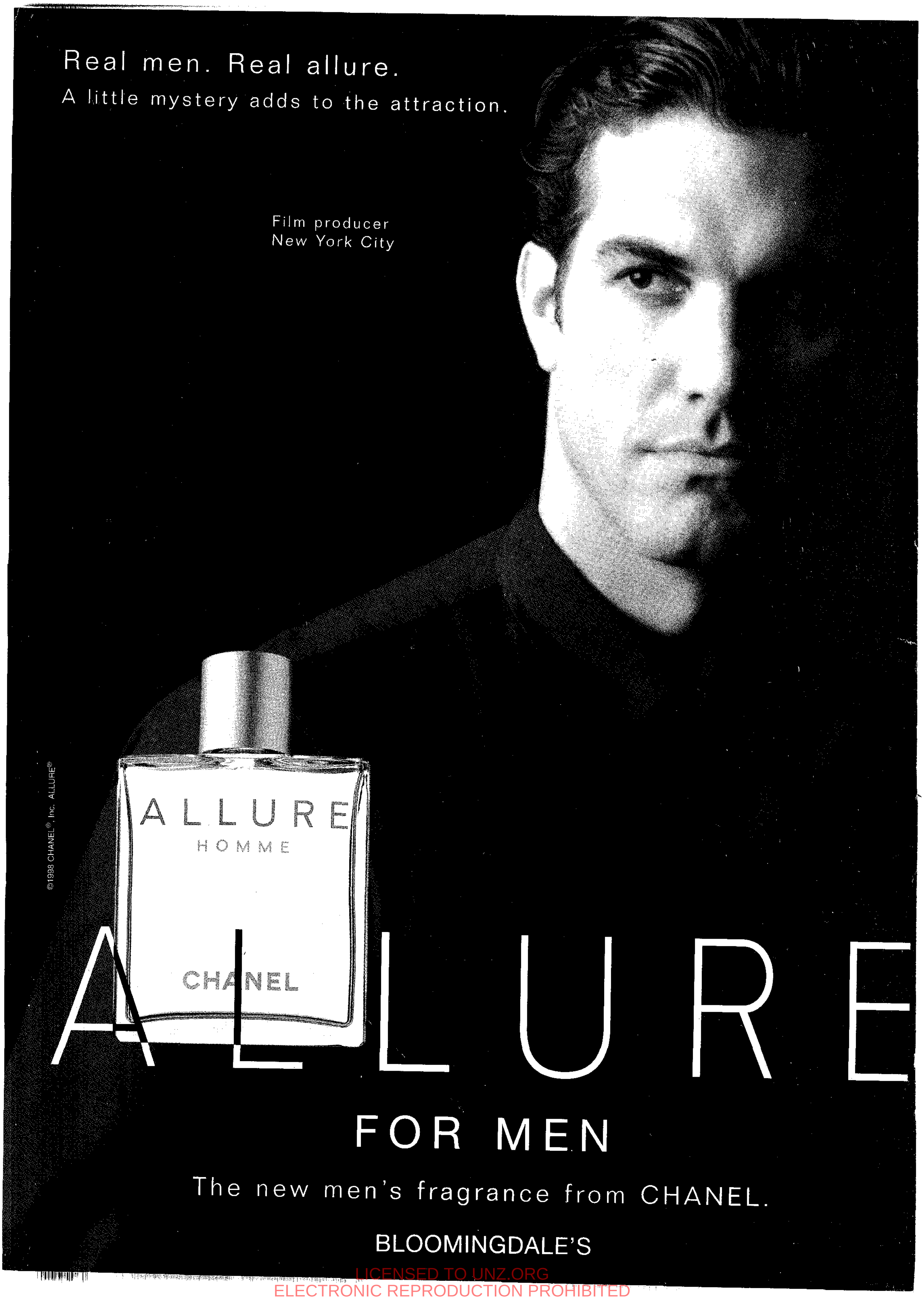
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